

파그마의 후예

MAYA & MARU GAME FANTASY STORY

박새날 게임 판타지 장편소설

OVERGEARED

BOOK 02

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Overgeared

(템빨)

by

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Synopsis

Shin Youngwoo has had an unfortunate life and is now stuck carrying bricks on construction sites. He even had to do labor in the VR game, Satisfy!

However, luck would soon enter his hapless life. His character, 'Grid', would discover the Northern End Cave for a quest, and in that place, he would find 'Pagma's Rare Book' and become a legendary class player...

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Chapter 101

A small town called Pedro, in the south of the Eternal Kingdom.

There were no special resources in this area. It wasn't an important geographical location, and there was only one special product here — strawberry-flavored banana. In addition, people's reactions to the strawberry flavored banana were negative.

'Why do I taste strawberry when eating a banana', 'I would rather eat strawberries than a strawberry flavored banana,' 'It is disgusting because the banana is pink' and so on.

The special product didn't sell well, so no money was earned.

But for the Giant Guild, Pedro was a blessed land. It was due to the presence of the vampire baron, a boss monster who spawned every 11 days in the underground dungeon of Pedro Castle. The vampire baron dropped the vampire accessory set and various elixirs. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that Chris decided to become the lord of Pedro due to the vampire baron.

"Humans...! I will surely rise again to repay this disgrace!"

The vampire baron shouted as he was pierced in the heart with three swords. Chris said with a grin, "Yes, don't forget to rise again."

"Kuaaaaak!"

The vampire baron disappeared into dust. Then all types of riches poured out where he stood. Among the riches were the strength elixir and agility elixir. There was also a vampire necklace. Chris took the elixirs without asking for permission from the other guild members.

[Strength has risen permanently by +3.]

[Agility has risen permanently by +3.]

10 stat points were gained with each level up. It was similar to gaining one level if he drank three elixirs from the vampire baron. For Chris, the value of the elixirs was high since, at level 290, Chris had to spend a fortnight hunting just to gain one level. Chris was happy after drinking the elixirs and taking the vampire necklace.

“Okay. With this, the vampire accessories set is completed.”

“Congratulations, Chris.”

“You are now even stronger.”

The guild members who participated in the raid with Chris applauded. Chris encouraged them, “The drop rate is good and the vampire baron will keep appearing here, so you will get the vampire accessory set as well. Have strength.”

“Yes!”

For a guild of 530 members to be properly controlled, a strict hierarchy was needed. While small guilds had a family-like atmosphere, the Giant Guild was closer to an army. It had a system of absolute obedience to those above them. This system was so efficient that the guild was developing day by day.

After finishing the vampire baron raid.

The executives gathered at the venue for the banquet received whispers from their men. This was the contents of the whisper: A person believed to be the unknown craftsman was discovered in Winston.

As Chris drank his wine, the whisper’s message was delivered to the senior executive Buglima, who organized the content and reported it to Chris.

“The unknown craftsman was found in Winston. However... It seems like the unknown craftsman has already joined the Tzedakah Guild.”

“Tzedakah Guild?”

Chris’ eyes twitched. He was shaking.

The Tzedakah Guild was the guild that dominated the world’s most popular MMORPG L.T.S, before Satisfy was launched. They

were small but created a myriad of legends, and the Giant Guild was one of their legendary scapegoats.

The reason why the Giant Guild, once considered to be one of the top five powers of L.T.S, left as soon as Satisfy was released could be attributed to the Tzedakah Guild. Satisfy became a game that transcended L.T.S so the Giant Guild's quick decision was right, but the Giant Guild's pride had actually been crushed by the Tzedakah Guild.

“Those damn people... I am starting to hear their names often in Satisfy.”

Chris trembled. The memories of the many times he had been beaten by the Tzedakah Guild were still vivid in his head. However, he couldn't stay silent at the unknown craftsman being taken away.

“Send Asellas, Mihara, and Zirkan. Order them to thoroughly hit the Tzedakah Guild until they give up the unknown craftsman.”

“Those three people at the same time...”

“Isn't this too much?”

The executives were agitated. The three people Chris named were part of the five captains of the Giant Guild, each one leading 100 guild members. The fact that they were sent meant that 300 troops would be dispatched to Winston. But didn't the Tzedakah

Guild have less than 20 members?

“It is like using a sword to chase a chicken or cow...”

The Giant Guild had 11 executives, including the five captains. Six of them had been together ever since the L.T.S days, but five of them were only from Satisfy. The five people from Satisfy were the problem. They only heard rumors about the Tzedakah Guild and they ignored the Tzedakah Guild, because they had no experience with their strength.

Chris laughed at them.

“Chicken? Cow? Are you comparing the Tzedakah Guild to mere livestock? Kukuk! You don’t know it yet. Those guys are dragons. They might be curled up right now, but they can ascend at any moment.”

Chris had more than 100 clashes with the Tzedakah Guild. So he knew them better than anyone else. Their strength was immeasurable. Their current position might be different from L.T.S., but Chris didn’t have any intention of being careless.

“Send those three no matter what. Take away the doors of the dragons.”

He would step on them the best he could.

As of today, it was the fourth day after Grid joined the Tzedakah Guild. During that short period of time, Grid performed great things like improving the guild members' weapons and making a unique spear for Pon.

Today, the Tzedakah Guild decided the second person who Grid who make an item for.

He was a boy called Ibellin. He was only 16 years old, but he was a promising boy who took third place in his class rankings. Ibellin had the potential to be Regas' rival, so they were looking forward to his growth.

And Grid was commissioned to make a sword for the boy. However, it wasn't a usual sword but a flamberge. The flamberge was a sword that had the appearance of a wave. It was a cruel weapon that tore the flesh of enemies due to the nature of its shape.

It was very difficult to forge the sword into the form of a wave.

Let's start first with the forging. Forging was a task that made a metal into a solid shape by tapping at it with a hammer. The metal hardened depending on how well the hammering was. As the metal was tempered, it became harder and harder to shape. The complex appearance of the flamberge meant it was almost impossible to maximize the forging process.

Then was it easy to temper it after the forging? That wasn't the case. Tempering would inevitably change the shape. Therefore,

forging and tempering had to proceed at the same time. For the above reasons, ordinary blacksmiths gave up halfway through tempering when making flamberges.

Anyway, the characteristics of the flamberge was in its shape so they focused on the shape rather than tempering. This was also the reason why it was rare to see flamberges above the epic rank. A blade that wasn't tempered properly was weak and lacking durability. Most of the flamberges circulating on the market were normal or rare ranked. Flamberges above the epic rank only dropped from monsters.

But Grid didn't want to see a normal or rare rating. He needed to make at least an epic rating to make money.

“Status window.”

Name: Grid

Level: 97 (140,090/5,531,200)

Class: Pagma's Descendant

* The probability of adding additional options when making items will increase.

* The probably of item enhancement will increase.

* All equipment items can be worn unconditionally. However, there is a penalty depending on the rating of the item.

Title: One who Became a Legend

* Abnormal conditions don't work well on you.

* You won't die when health is at the minimum.

* Easily acknowledged.

Title: First Unique Item Maker

* Dexterity +200

Title: Only Legendary Item Maker

* Dexterity +350

Title: Knight Slayer

* Stamina +100.

* Strength +30

Title: Apostle of Justice

* All stats +10.

* The Apostle of Justice's bravery is unmatched.

Health: 9,016/9,016 Mana: 819/819

Strength: 824 Stamina: 572 Agility: 257 Intelligence: 279

Dexterity: 904 Persistence: 273

Composure: 204 Indomitable: 230 Dignity: 204 Insight: 204

Courage: 148

Stat Points: 0

Weight: 15,508/21,940

‘When combined with the title effect, my dexterity is now approaching 1,500.’

Khan's Advanced Blacksmith Mastery was only at level 2. Grid lived with Khan for months so he guessed that the level of dexterity for Advanced Blacksmith Mastery level 2 was around 500~600. Considering Khan's reputation as the best blacksmith in the north, Grid had around three times the dexterity of the

greatest blacksmiths.

Therefore, Grid was confident in his ability to carry out tempering on a flamberge.

“I will make it with my own hands. A powerful flamberge that has never been made before.”

Grid’s confidence rose up to Andromeda and had no intention of coming back down to Earth.

“Hiyah!”

Peeng!

“Kiyoooh!”

Kwajak!

Regas was in a hurry to find a clue about the thief who stole Grid’s shield. He took care of all the beasts and monsters blocking the way, causing a bloody wind to follow his path.

Taekwon Master Regas! He was called the strongest in the L.T.S days and his strength, which was now representative of the Tzedakah Guild, transcended the concept of ranking. Even Jishuka, who had the highest unified ranking in the guild, couldn’t

beat Regas.

Regas' combat sense was incalculable. He was a person who got stronger as he fought. There was no one who didn't know his reputation. There was no one who dared quarrel with him.

But right now.

“Hey ~ Regas, hasn't it been a really long time?” Mihara, one of the five captains of the Giant Guild and who claimed to be Regas' rival in L.T.S, blocked Regas' way. “I am so happy to fight you again that my head is spinning like crazy. Kukukuk!”

Mihara was a magic swordsman ranked 19th on the unified rankings. As someone who mastered the sword and magic perfectly, he could overcome swordsmen with the sword and magicians with magic. But he used both magic and the sword from the beginning because his opponent was Regas.

Peeng! Seokeok!

He summoned three fire pillars at the same time while blocking Regas' path with the sword. Mihara was excited as he saw blood splashing from Regas' chest.

“Kuahahahat! Regas! You are weak compared to the L.T.S. days! The guy who was once called the strongest looks so sad!”

“...”

Regas barely avoided the pillars of fire and quietly wiped the blood from his chest. Then he asked Mihara, who had started to chant a spell again.

“Who are you?”

“...!”

Mihara was shocked by the unexpected question and couldn't complete his spell. He shouted with rage, “You don't remember me? Damn bastard... No?”

He shook with rage. Regas didn't miss this gap and dug into his side. His hard fist caused Mihara's vision to shift towards the sky.

Peeeeeeok!

“...Keok!”

Regas bowed to Mihara, who had fallen from the unexpected uppercut.

“I don't know who you are, but thank you for being my opponent. I will be able to grow stronger after fighting you. Now, stand up. And concentrate.”

“You...!”

During the time that Regas encountered Mihara. Jishuka and Toban were on the move with eight guild members. They were going to raid the basilisk, the king of the desert and so-called wingless dragon. The basilisk possessed top grade petrification magic! The people participating in the raid now had at least 60% resistance to petrification.

However, they were astounded when magic used to freeze their feet appeared from the sky.

‘A user who can use this magic...?’

The magician Asellas faced the confused party.

“Did only your feet stiffen? This... My specialty is petrification magic, but the timing wasn’t good. If so, it’s better if you can’t leave here.”

Asellas gave a signal. 200 users appeared from the far side of the desert hills.

“What are you guys?” Toban shouted and Asellas explained with an expressionless face.

“The Giant Guild. Give up the unknown craftsman. You will keep dying and won’t be able to play the game properly until you expel him from your guild.”

A dungeon on the outskirts of Winston.

Pon was wielding the Gale Spear at a monster in the dungeon when a sword flew towards him.

Kaaang!

“Kuk!”

Pon blocked the sword with his spear, but he couldn't help groaning at the unexpected weight. He was surprised to see the owner of the sword appear from the darkness.

“Zirkan...!”

Pon knew him well. He was an opponent that Pon competed with more than a 100 times during L.T.S.

“It has been a long time, Pon.”

In L.T.S, Zirkan's unified ranking was 4th. He was the best player after Regas, Jishuka and Pon. Then what about now? Zirkan was 11th on Satisfy's unified rankings. Of course, he was higher than Pon, Regas and Jishuka.

Zirkan pointed his sword at Pon, “You have to play with me here for a while.”

‘The fact that he appeared in front of me means that the other guild members...’

Pon provoked Zirkan. “Are you still wasting time underneath that incompetent Chris?”

Zirkan laughed. “Master has grown beyond my expectations. Don’t you know? He has transcended the you from the past. It is truly worthwhile serving him.”

“Che, this old man looks happy... Okay, I will knock you down first. Just like in the past.”

At the same time, Khan’s smithy.

‘This is what Grid is like...’

Ibellin watched Grid making the sword and was overwhelmed by the force not usually seen from Grid as he stood in front of the furnace. Ibellin didn’t want to disturb him and quietly left the smithy.

Then he saw more than a dozen users wearing the guild mark of a golden mace approach the smithy.

“The Giant Guild?”

At that moment, an emergency notice appeared in the guild chat

window.

{The Giant Guild is intentionally attacking our guild. All free personnel should give priority to protecting Grid.}

“Heh...” Ibellin’s eyes widened as he pulled out his flamberge. Then he stood in front of the smithy’s door and laughed. “Isn’t this quite interesting?”

Chapter 102

“Okay, perfect.”

All preparations for making the item were finished. I took out the weapon production method I received from Ibellin this morning.

[Thorn Production Method]

Prerequisite: Advanced Blacksmith Mastery Level 5 or higher.

Thorn: A flamberge with small thorns like a black rose. It's reminiscent of the stem of a rose.

The target will suffer a painful wound when touched by this weapon.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher.

The Gale Spear required level 240 to use, but the condition for learning the production method was level 4 mastery. However, the level limit of Thorn was 30 levels lower.

‘This means that the difficulty of making this weapon is high.’

Originally, a flamberge was in the shape of fire or a wave. But as the name suggested, Thorn was in the shape of a thorn, so it was harder to make than ordinary flamberges.

‘I have to make small thorn like blades on it... It’s important to make it so that the small blades don’t break easily... This will definitely be a pain.’

I learned the production method. The the details of Thorn appeared along with a notification window.

[‘Thorn Production Method’ has been acquired.]

[Thorn]

Rating: Rare ~ Legendary

Rare Rating Information:

Durability: 135/135 Attack Power: 190

Armor Penetrating Power: +30%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 30% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

Epic Rating Information:

Durability: 160/160 Attack Power: 230

Armor penetrating power: +35%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 35% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 191/191 Attack Power: 280

Armor penetrating power: +45%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 40% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 226/226 Attack Power: 344

Armor penetrating power: +60%

- * Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.
- * There is a 50% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.
- * The skill 'Laceration' will be generated.

A flamberge with small thorns on the blade like a black rose. It is reminiscent of the stem of a rose.

The target will suffer a painful wound when touched by this weapon.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher. More than 750 strength. More than 300 agility. Advanced Sword Mastery level 2 or higher.

Weight: 300

“Laceration? The skill name sounds bloody. Laceration skill information.”

[Laceration]

The target's body will be brutally torn open by Thorn. The target will receive fixed damage equal to 60% of their current health.

Skill Mana Cost: 500

Skill Usage Condition: Target must be in a bound state.

‘Damage is 60% of the target’s health? The skill will have little effect if the target is low on health, but... This is an efficient skill if the target is someone with high health, like a tanker.’

The conditions of use seemed a little tricky, but it was a top-grade skill that was attached to a legendary weapon.

I was in good condition recently. I would be successful in making a legendary item this time.

‘Let’s get started.’

I spread out the materials that Ibellin provided for Thorn and held my hammer. Then as I was about to start...

“\$)@*U\$!!”

“...!!”

Chaaeng! Chaeng chaeng!

“Why is it so noisy?”

I heard the sound of people shouting and weapons clashing

outside the smithy. It was a pity that I couldn't grasp the exact contents of the disturbance because the sound was coming from beyond the wall.

“Watching a fight is the best thing...”

Were people drinking during broad daylight and got into a fight? Maybe someone touched the wife of the wrong person... I wanted to go to the window and watch the fight. But I didn't have room to enjoy the game.

“I need to work hard and earn money instead of worrying about others.”

Pon had promised to deposit the money for the Gale Spear in three days. My goal was to complete Ibellin's spear by then and receive a lot of money at once. After paying off my family's debt, I planned to use the remaining money to buy a foreign car.

‘I'm getting older, so I need a car... I would like to buy a good car that I can bring to the reunion. Then I will make Ahyoung regret tricking me.’

Ttang! Ttang!

I desperately prayed as I moved my hands.

Kwa kwa kwang!

Jjejeong! Chaaeng!

The earth and trees collapsed. Fire and water filled the air, while fists and a sword collided. It wasn't a simple war of attrition. Mihara succeeded in opening the distance from Regas and consumed a lot of mana at once.

Hwaruruk!

A huge flame sprayed straight into Regas' face. The fierce momentum made it seem like a flamethrower. Regas easily avoided it.

Mihara wasn't disappointed, despite his spell being defeated. Rather, he had been waiting for the evasion as he connected another attack like flowing water. His sword aimed straight for Regas' exposed abdomen. It was an attack that was difficult to avoid.

But Regas was as flexible as a leopard. He rolled his body to avoid the sword, then immediately rose up and kicked.

Chaaeng!

Mihara was also an expert in swordsmanship. He was able to correct his balance quickly and block the kick with his sword. Then he once again summoned a large flame to attack Regas.

Peng peng!

Regas couldn't escape the flames this time. He swung his fist to blow the fire away. Mihara's sword swept through the remnants of the scattering flames. Regas turned to avoid the sword and looked disappointed.

“The same pattern of attacks in a row? It's simpler than I thought. This isn't meaningful as training.”

“How can that be? There are slight variations! In the first place, this isn't training!”

Pachichik!

“...!”

Regas' eyes widened. He discovered too late that sparks appeared around Mihara's sword.

Peeeeeeong!

The air had dried out due to successive fire attacks and an explosion occurred due to the lightning. It was also right beside Regas' face!

“Kuaaaak!”

Regas screamed with pain as a notification window flashed before him.

[You have lost sight in your left eye.]

[All stats will fall by 30% until the wound heals.]

[Your head is spinning.]

The fall in stats was accompanied by confusion. It was a hundreds times better than being stunned, but it was undeniable that confusion was one of the worst states. Regas couldn't control his own body properly and hesitated.

‘This is basic attributes linkage... My training is still lacking.’

Regas lamented, while Mihara didn't miss this chance.

‘I will end it in one blow!’

Mihara decided to use his strongest magic and took out jewels that shortened casting time.

“The sapphire's transparency will become a symbol of the ruthlessness of ice, and the ruby's intensity will become a symbol of fire's anger. Oh small emerald to the left of the five pointed star. Oh large emerald on the left of the six pointed star. Merciful wind

that blows in the raging storm. Two energies that can't coexist will be carried in a storm, transcending their strength!"

Mihara wobbled. It was because he used all his mana at once, making his mental power exhausted. Then a storm large enough to swallow a house appeared. Mihara laughed at the sight of his spell.

"Kuahahahat! How is it? This is my strongest skill that exterminated 180 Yatan followers! I named it Mihara's Special Ice Fire Ultra Storm!"

Indeed, it was a fierce storm that contained ice and fire. Thousands of sharp ice shards rotated in the storm and played the role of blades, while the condensed fire calmed down in the storm. Now this storm would devour Regas, turning him into an unrecognizable shape.

Two seconds ago.

"I can imagine the power, but isn't the casting time too long?"

The bloodied Regas was restoring his breathing. Then he took a kicking posture, while a yellow aura surrounding his legs that was reminiscent of the energy of lightning.

Mihara noticed. "Have you recovered from the confusion already?"

The average duration of confusion was five seconds. Mihara, who

borrowed the power of magic stones and jewels, spent an average of three seconds casting his ultimate spell. According to Mihara's calculations, the storm should've already hit Regas before he recovered from the confusion.

But what was this situation?

Regas explained to the confused Mihara. "It isn't just training of the body, but the mind as well. A martial artist should be calm in any situation!"

Martial artists recovered from status conditions quicker than other classes. As he was explaining, the storm hit Regas. Regas had already lost one eye. Due to the shock, he wasn't at full capacity. Mihara laughed as he saw Regas being completely swallowed by the storm.

"Kuahahat! It is like this! Stupid person! Your death was already scheduled!"

To a ranker, death was fatal. The time spent recovering from the experience lost meant their position could be taken by someone else. Mihara wanted to see Regas lose that experience.

Chukakakakak!

There was a loud sound as the fragments of ice started to collide with something. Mihara knew that Regas' flesh and bones were being torn. Then there was a noise that tickled his ears.

Peeeeeeong!

An explosion in the core of the storm! The whole area became razed. Mihara was thrown back by the aftermath, but there was no time to feel the pain. It was because Regas emerged from the storm.

Regas was covered with dust and ashes, but he was still alive. His whole body was injured, but it was far less than Mihara's expectations. Mihara paid attention to the yellow aura that still remained at Regas' toes.

“Don't tell me you... You destroyed my special move with your kicks!?”

Pahat!

Regas' wounds were so large that he couldn't say anything. He leapt forward using his last remaining strength. Once Mihara was in attack range, he stretched out his feet and rotated. It was like a Taekwondo kick. It was a unique synthesis skill that Regas acquired after the Malacus raid, mixing the 'Yellow Dragon' attack with Taekwondo.

Peeeeeeong!

Mihara made a mistake using his strongest spell to assure victory. Mihara lost all his mana in one go and was at his mental limit, so

he couldn't resist Regas' kick to his chest.

“Keeoook!”

Chain mail and flesh were pierced, crushing bone.

[You have been hit by a blow!]

[You have died.]

‘Damn!’

Mihara's vision turned grey. Regas confirmed that Mihara disappeared and sat down.

“It was hard.”

He wanted to go to Grid right away. But his health and stamina were low, so he couldn't move. Regas had to take a potion and wait to recover.

The sun sank beneath the sand, revealing the white moon. Desert nights were cold.

Asellas frowned as he looked at the battlefield. It was rare for him to expose his emotions.

“The more I look, the more it transcends common sense.”

Only 10 people. 200 guild members were being slaughtered by 10 enemies.

Asellas' gaze focused on Jishuka. Whenever she pulled her bowstring, at least three Giant Guild members were wounded or seriously injured. He thought it was ludicrous that she was known as the expert archer, but that title didn't seem excessive now.

‘The attack power of archers might be one of the strongest, but Jishuka's is beyond that. There are no general guild members who can endure a hit from her.’

The average level of the Giant Guild was close to 130. It was quite high compared to the average level of users in Satisfy, but it was nothing in front of the Tzedakah Guild. The difference in basic stats was so huge that it was hard to win.

‘It would be possible if it was just Jishuka...’

Asellas ordered the guild to just go after Jishuka. But Toban of the Tzedakah Guild was the number one paladin, so it seemed impossible to break through his defense. It had already been more than two hours, and the enemy didn't get tired while the number of allies decreased.

‘They started Satisfy later than us...’

Until he arrived here, the Tzedakah Guild seemed a lot weaker than they were in L.T.S. He honestly would've ignored them. But they were still strong.

'The original plan was to completely defeat them but...that won't work. I will focus on buying time until I receive the good news that the unknown craftsman is obtained.'

In fact, if Asellas participated directly, then victory might be possible. But Asellas was cautious. Using magic would expose his position. He couldn't rule out the possibility of Jishuka sniping him, so he hid as much as possible.

Due to his prudence, Jishuka and the main power of the Tzedakah Guild remained tied up in the desert.

"Pant pant..."

In front of Khan's smithy.

Ibellin blocked the Giant Guild members who came to meet Grid. However, there were 16 enemies. They were elites of the guild who seemed to be over level 150. Ibellin was level 212 and a ranker, but it wasn't enough to deal with all of them.

In particular, the flamberge was close to useless against an opponent armed with heavy armor. The durability was so weak

that the sword would break before the heavy armor. More than half the enemies were heavily armed knights.

Peeok!

“Keuak!”

After three hours of struggle. He defeated 4 enemies, but there were still 12 remaining. His movements were slowed due to the limitations on his stamina. He allowed a hammer attack and his shoulder was broken.

Ibellin collapsed with a groan, then a Giant Guild member trampled on him.

“The Tzedakah Guild isn’t a big deal. I thought you were a small group of elites. I don’t know why that guild contains a useless little boy like this. Isn’t that right?”

“That’s right! L.T.S. might be different, but the Giant Guild is the strongest in Satisfy! The Tzedakah Guild is nothing!”

The Giant Guild spoke ridiculing words, despite barely overcoming Ibellin. The process was difficult, but they eventually won. Ibellin was tearful as the Giant Guild disregarded him and the Tzedakah Guild.

‘I allowed them to laugh at the members... I am too weak.’

Rather than being compassionate towards the boy, the Giant Guild members were pleased.

“What is this? Are you crying? Are you a guy or a girl? Your face is pretty and your body is like a girl’s, but your chest is too...”

The Giant Guild member stabbed Ibellin’s chest with his sword. Ibellin felt shame and tried to squeeze out his last remaining power to resist, but he couldn’t go against several enemies. The spectators on the street saw his helpless form and gossiped.

“Rankers aren’t a big deal...”

“I agree. I mean, even if there are a lot of people, shouldn’t he fight like a ranker? But isn’t it too one-sided? Were my expectations too high?”

“Rankers aren’t weak, but the Giant Guild is too strong. Aren’t they considered to be one of the strongest guilds? By the way, what is the Tzedakah Guild doing? Their colleague is being beaten up and no one is showing up to help.”

“They must’ve fled. They’re a small group of elites, but the reality is pathetic.”

The powerful Tzedakah Guild was constantly being slandered. Ibellin was ashamed that he was the cause of this. He blamed himself for being helpless.

“Kilkil... Now, let’s start the real work.”

The Giant Guild felt satisfaction after playing with Ibellin and finally opened the door of the smithy. This was their purpose for coming here. It was for the sake of meeting the unknown craftsman.

Ibellin stumbled up and blocked their way again. “I can’t allow you to meet him...”

The Giant Guild members became angry.

“Ah~ really. This jerk doesn’t give up to the end. Hey, shouldn’t you allow the unknown craftsman to choose? Wouldn’t he rather join our guild than a terrible guild like this? Eh~ go and log out!”

Peok!

The Giant Guild beat Ibellin up. Then a part of Ibellin’s destroyed armor broke off and flew to one side. The direction it flew in...

Hwiririk!

Kaaang!

“ ... ”

The blast furnace. Grid had been hammering without noticing the disturbance occurring right in front of him. He suddenly stopped moving. He had been tempering steel on the anvil, only for a bloody lump of iron to fall on it? It was steel he had been forging and tempering for the last few hours, and now foreign matter was mixed in it.

“...”

Shake shake.

Grid received a big shock and was speechless. The Giant Guild walked up to him and said hello.

“Are you the unknown craftsman? Hello! We have come to invite you in the name of Chris, master of the Giant Guild and 3rd place on the unified rankings...”

“Shit.”

“...?”

The Giant Guild members stopped talking. They greeted him in a courteous manner, only for Grid to suddenly curse. They stared with dismay as Grid looked at them.

“Do you know what you did just now?”

It was the first time he was disturbed while making an item. He was currently a few hours in. The flamberge that Grid thought might be finished with a legendary rating was now ruined.

“Kill.”

Grid’s eyes flashed like a madman as he held the greatsword in his hand and a strange skull helmet covering his face.

Chapter 103

“Mister...?”

The Giant Guild members panicked as Grid suddenly pulled out a weapon. Then they started talking to each other.

<Why is he so angry? Did we do anything wrong?>

<What’s the big deal? Ah! Is it because we made Ibellin like that? —; >

<What? ⇨⇨ He’s angry because of his colleague? ⇨⇨⇨ Does that make sense? He’s been identified as a newcomer who only joined the Tzedakah Guild for a few days. How could he feel a sense of camaraderie after just a few days? An average person wouldn’t feel like that.>

<Maybe he’s the kind type. Or maybe he had a relationship with Ibellin before joining the Tzedakah Guild.>

<Wow... This is rotten — Then this will be a headache...>

As the Giant Guild was misunderstanding, another member gave a new opinion. He was someone with the ID of Grey Bear.

<Maybe his anger isn’t because of Ibellin. Look. That person isn’t even looking at Ibellin.>

The guild members paid attention to Gray Bear's words.

<If it isn't Ibellin, why is he angry?>

<Do you see the anvil and production related items in front of the furnace? He seems to have been making an item.>

<Aha~! He was! He ruined his work because of us! So he's upset!>

Thanks to Grey Bear, the Giant Guild members resolved their question and apologized to Grid.

“Did we disturb your work? We're truly sorry. We will compensate you, so please calm down first and put away your weapon. Then we can talk. We came to invite you to the Giant Guild on Chris' order. How about it? Isn't it an honor? Are you happy? Have some of your upset feelings gone away?”

The number of members in the smithy belonging to the Giant Guild was over 10 people. The Giant Guild had visited smithies several times and saw the process of making items. It took 2~3 hours on average. If it took a long time, the blacksmith would sit in front of the fire for 3~4 hours.

One or two epic items would be produced every month, while everything else was garbage. Would it be a large difference with the unknown craftsman? He was likely to work in the same manner as regular blacksmiths and would make more epic items.

The thoughts of the ordinary guild members were lacking. They dismissed Grid's work.

“Now, put away your sword. Isn't this too shameful just because we disturbed the production of an item? Hahaha!”

“... Just?”

Grid stopped just before he swung his sword. Then kwaduduk! The sound of him gritting his teeth was very loud.

“Just the production of an item? Have you ever tried making an item? Are you making fun of my class? Have you ever thought about my efforts and perseverance? Huh? You think you can disregard me, just because you're a member of a cool guild?”

Kkuok!

Grid held Dainsleif with a tight grip. He looked prepared to do battle.

Ibellin, who was barely able to save his life with the 'Fighter's Beliefs' passive skill, whispered to Grid.

–Grid, calm down first. There are 12 people! Grid will be hurt if you fight alone! Please buy time until I recover!

Ibellin also participated in the Malacus raid, so he knew that Grid

was strong. At that time, Grid had the unique opportunity to show off his strength. But there were 12 strong opponents. The enemies' levels were estimated to be over 150, but Grid was only level 97. He had no chance of winning a 12 against 1 fight.

Ibellin wanted Grid to calm down. But it was just wishful thinking.

“These jerks... I don't like your tone even when you are apologizing. I will kill you.”

Grey Bear clicked his tongue. ‘Really dumb. The silly words of these idiots stimulated the craftsman.’

They had to persuade or kidnap Grid while the main force of the Tzedakah Guild was being held up. This was the command given to them. But the problem was the leader of this group had died two times because of Ibellin and was forcefully logged out.

‘There isn't a leader to talk to him so the situation ended up like this... But it doesn't matter.’

The opponent was a blacksmith. The bizarre looking helmet and the greatsword seemed threatening at first, but it didn't make sense.

‘A blacksmith can't wield a greatsword... It won't be a threat even if he swings it. What can he do even if he's angry? If conversation doesn't work, we'll just kidnap him by force.’

Grey Bear and the Giant Guild were willing to overpower to Grid. Then Grid took one step forward.

Kwajajak!

“Eh?”

The smiles disappeared from the faces of the Giant Guild’s members. This was because the greatsword quickly cut down a fellow colleague.

“Kuaack!”

A single blow. He didn’t use any special skills, just swung the sword. But the health of their colleague fell to less than half in one blow.

“No way!”

The class of the attacked member was an assassin. By default, an assassin had weak defense and low health. If a damage dealer struck, the assassin would lose half their health in one blow. But wasn’t the opponent just a blacksmith? Blacksmiths weren’t a damage dealer. It was a production-related class. Their attack power should be weak.

But Grid’s attack power was abnormally strong.

‘What is with this blacksmith?’

‘An assassin is fast. But he was hit by the attack without being able to escape. From a blacksmith?’

‘In the first place, how can a blacksmith handle a greatsword?’

The greatsword was a weapon that only high strength warriors could handle. This greatsword also seemed bigger and heavier than usual ones. How could Grid, who was a blacksmith, handle the greatsword so perfectly?

‘Damn! What is this?’

As the Giant Guild fell into confusion, Grid attacked the assassin who had suffered great damage and fell into a stunned state.

[Your party member Kido has died.]

“ ... ”

Their colleague died from only two hits. The Giant Guild was astounded.

Ibellin was also surprised. ‘Strong!’

During the Malacus raid, Grid hadn't shown any special combat skills. He just dealt the final blow to Malacus. Ibellin thought that Grid just had high stats and some combat techniques because of his hidden class, while his main role was a blacksmith. But that was a big miscalculation. Grid was wielding the sword proficiently, like he had experienced numerous battles.

Ibellin's vision was correct. Grid had played as a greatsword wielding warrior for a year. He hunted in the same hunting ground with low level monsters every day. Therefore, his level up was slow, but he built up a solid base. That base blossomed after Grid became Pagma's Descendant and got the high stats. Dainsleif played the role of wings.

‘Dainsleif... Great!’

Grid marvelled at the power of Dainsleif.

[Dainsleif (Reproduction)]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 500/500 Attack Power: 451~635(+165)

Attack Speed: -8%

* Additional damage equal to 10% of the target's current defense will be dealt.

* The greater the number of enemies, the greater the damage.

* The skill 'Golden Flash' will be generated.

'I knew it was a weapon specializing in dealing with a large number of enemies, but this much damage...'

After killing Kido, the remaining 11 members of the Giant Guild recognized Grid as an enemy. Dainsleif also got an additional 165 attack power. +15 attack power was added per enemy, so he could gain +1,500 attack power if he faced 100 enemies.

He had to take into consideration that Dainsleif had a maximum attack power of 635 and was currently one of the strongest weapons. The additional attack power value was high enough to destroy the balance.

'Considering the balance... Is there a cap on the additional damage? Anyway, it's true that this is amazing.'

Grid was forced to admire it.

'Compared to my unique items, the performance of Dainsleif is outstanding. My skills still haven't reached Albatino.'

The creator of Dainsleif was the human blacksmith, Albatino! He was clearly great. But he failed to acquire the title of 'legend' like

Pagma. On the other hand, Grid was already a legend due to being Pagma's Descendant. Nevertheless, he wasn't as good as Albatino. It was still too difficult for Grid to claim that he was Pagma's Descendant.

‘I need to put in more effort. First, I will jump over Albatino and then Pagma. But before that...’

He needed to get rid of these bastards.

“I will make you pay for ruining my item! Blacksmith's Rage!”

[Blacksmith's Rage has been activated. Your attack power and attack speed will increase significantly for 20 seconds.]

“Ohhhhhh!”

Grid's strength was boosted and he swung Dainsleif horizontally. Two Giant Guild members standing next to each other were hit at once.

Kwang!

“Kuk!”

“What?”

The guild members used their weapon or shield to defend against the attack, but they were unable to withstand the weight of the greatsword and were pushed back a few steps. The Giant Guild members were convinced the moment they experienced the terrible attack power.

“This... No, he isn’t a blacksmith!”

Grey Bear trembled. “We were tricked! He isn’t the unknown craftsman! These vile Tzedakah people set up a trap!”

“Let’s get out of here!”

They determined it was a trap and couldn’t stay any longer. The Giant Guild members were worried about the worst and started to retreat. But Grid had no intention of letting them go.

“You’re trying to run away?”

Grid opened his inventory. He took out the Ideal Dagger and used Quick Movements.

[Quick Movements has been activated. Your agility and evasion rate will increase significantly for 1 minute.]

“Good.”

After confirming that his body was lighter, Grid chased after the

Giant Guild. He stepped on the shoulders of the spectators and swung Dainsleif downwards as he jumped.

Kwajajak!

“Kuaaack!”

One of the Giant Guild members running away screamed and fell down. He shivered as he felt the power of Dainsleif. His eyes were astonished. Then notification windows popped up in succession.

[You have been hit by a blow!]

[You have suffered 5,900 damage.]

[The durability of the Adolph Full Plate Armor has decreased by 80.]

[The broken pieces of armor penetrated deep into your body. There will be a continuous bleeding effect until the pieces are removed.]

“Cough! This is impossible!”

The name of the man shouting was Maksevun. He was a rare pure tanker who invested all his points into stamina to increase his defense.

But thanks to the passive effect of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Grid gained an additional 20% physical damage and 10% critical chance. Then Blacksmith's Rage increased his attack power and Dainsleif had the passive effect of 'additional damage equal to 10% of the target's current defense will be dealt.' Therefore, even Maksevu's defense was useless.

'Even an ogre's stamina won't be able to endure this blow!'

They should've known the moment they saw the blacksmith hold the greatsword. This man was much stronger than Ibellin, one of the 10 rookies. Grid was clearly the secret weapon that the Tzedakah Guild was hiding.

'We were wrong.'

'We have to escape!'

The Giant Guild members didn't care about the eyes of the spectators. They left the wounded Maksevu and kept running away. Grid once again pulled out the Ideal Dagger and used Wind Blast to block their retreat. He immediately chased after them while swapping back to Dainsleif and used Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave.

Chapter 104

Chaeeeeeng!

Through continuous engagements, the speed of the Gale Spear was maximized. Pon's current attack speed couldn't be followed by human eyes. It felt like a dozen spears were thrusting at the same time.

Zirkan followed it well, but he eventually reached his limit. The moment he saw a gap, Pon flew through the air without missing this opportunity.

“True Illusion!”

Pepepepeok!

The spear poured forward like a shower. The magnificent golden armor around Zirkan's body was instantly turned into rags.

“Kuu...ock!”

Flop!

It was an incredible sight. The first ranked swordsman, also known as the strongest person who led the five captains of the Giant Guild, fell to his knees.

Pon pointed a spear at his heart and said, “Pant pant... You’re still strong. Originally, I would’ve lost.”

Pon was just as seriously injured as Zirkan. He had been completely overwhelmed at the beginning of the battle. But as the battle continued, he became stronger due to the option of the Gale Spear and was able to reverse the situation.

“That spear...” Zirkan smiled bitterly as he examined the splendid appearance of the blue and silver spear. “It is a really amazing spear. Is it an item produced by the unknown craftsman?”

He was defeated by that spear. Pon calmly confirmed it. “That’s correct. I’ve discovered the true power of items thanks to this spear made by him.”

“Huh...” Pon’s coolly accepting attitude meant that all of Zirkan’s bluster went away. Zirkan dropped his head, “End it.”

“Thank you for the hard work.”

Puok!

The Gale Spear pierced Zirkan’s heart. Pon warned Zirkan who was slowly changing into light.

“If you are going to threaten our guild again, tell Chris to prepare a larger force.”

After that, Pon headed straight to Khan's smithy.

The power of skills! The power of stats! The power of items!

Grid currently had a perfect trinity, increasing his attack power to that of top rankers.

Even Maksevun, who was considered one of the top five rankers in the guild, was forced to fall in front of Grid. What would happen if Grid, now more powerful than ever, used an AoE skill that dealt 1.5 times his current attack power?

'Pagma's Swordsmanship.'

It was a disaster.

"Wave."

[Wave]

Unleash a violent sword dance like a high wave.

Inflicts 155% of your attack power to all enemies within 1m, as well as reducing their speed.

The moment that Grid took action! Blue waves emerged from Grid's sword and spread all over the place.

Syuok! Syu syu syu syu syuk!

The sharp waves occurred dozens of times. The Giant Guild instinctively sensed danger and quickly escaped.

“Scatter!”

Papapat!

The Giant Guild scattered in all directions. They wanted to get away from the waves that had a fierce momentum. However, each wave launched by Grid chased after them, as if they had their own will. It was virtually impossible to escape because the speed of the attack skill was so fast.

“What? Is this a guided skill? What is this fraudulent skill?”

In the end, the Giant Guild stood at the crossroad of choice. They took defensive stances or raised their weapons to protect themselves. And then...

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Hiik!”

The 10 Giant Guild members had been scattered all over the place. They tried to defend and the result was devastating.

“This is impossible...”

Grid’s attack power was too strong. Maksevun trembled as he witnessed what happened to his colleagues.

‘An AOE skill can be so powerful...’

AOE skills could attack multiple enemies at the same time, but there was an inherent limitation in the weak attack power. Generally, a first advancement class’ AOE skills dealt 50~70% of their attack power or magic attack power. Then there was the second advancement class. In other words, the AOE skills of rankers above level 200 were capable of dealing 70~90% of their attack power or magic attack power.

However, Grid’s skill seemed to exert more than 100% of his attack power.

Maksevun wondered. ‘Maybe it’s a rare skill?’

Rare skill! Rare skills could be acquired by completing special quests or achievements, acquiring a title and so on. For example, this was the skill Yura acquired after becoming the Eighth Servant.

[Divine Punishment]

Summons a lightning bolt that deals 15,000~23,000 damage within 10 meters.

Range of Damage: 3m radius around the target.

* If you use this skill to kill an enemy, your faith will rise by 50 points for each enemy.

Mana Consumption: 4,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 1,200 seconds

Thus, the destructive value of rare skills wasn't proportional to the attack power of the caster, but to a fixed amount of damage. Their power and function were the strongest in existence. However, there were limits to skills with fixed damage values. Once the levels and items of the users increased, and once their health climbed higher, the power of the fixed damage skills would decrease.

But Pagma's Swordsmanship was different. Was Pagma's Swordsmanship a rare skill? No. It was a legendary skill. The stronger Grid got, the stronger Pagma's Swordsmanship would become. In the future, it would evolve into the best skill.

Right now, Maksevun and others on the street were witnessing the glory of one of Satisfy's best skills. Ibellin was among them.

‘What on earth is Grid's class?’

The Tzedakah Guild knew that Grid had a hidden class. In other words, Grid was predicted to be one of the three known epic classes. Among the three classes, Agnus and Katz were known to have two. Therefore, it was reasonable to assume that Grid was the still unidentified epic class.

But at this moment, Ibellin changed his way of thinking.

“Grid... Perhaps he has a unique hidden class?”

As Ibellin murmured, the Giant Guild members were trembling with fear after being torn to rags from one wide area skill.

‘This is the equivalent of the five captains... No, maybe more than that. Where did the Tzedakah Guild find and obtain a monster like this?’

It was obvious that the man with the bizarre skull helmet would become a great danger to the Giant Guild later on. They had to grasp his capabilities to help the guild.

The determined Grey Bear entered the party chat.

<Does everybody know? We will unconditionally die here. If we can't avoid death anyway, we should fight properly. Then obtain as much information as possible and report it. How about it?>

<Okay... If we return from this failed mission with nothing, we'll be scolded.>

<It is too unfair to die obediently. I will make him bring out all his special moves.>

<⇒⇒⇒His deadly moves! I will make him use it quickly ⇒⇒⇒! Let's go! Anyway, won't we just lose experience?>

<If Grey Bear has bad luck then he will drop items~>

<Don't say such unlucky things.>

The Giant Guild members lying in various places starting getting up one by one. Then they prepared to fight. The spectators on the street were excited.

“Ohh! The Giant Guild is finally going to unleash their skills!”

“Go! Show the skills that defeated Ibellin!”

Satisfy had a video recording function. The Giant Guild VS the Tzedakah Guild! The onlookers in the street were recording the battle between the strongest guilds and relaying it to the Internet.

Various broadcasting stations also dispatched people.

Right now, hundreds of millions of people around the world were watching Grid and the Giant Guild through the Internet and TV. But Grid wasn't aware of this fact. If he was aware that he was on air for the first time in his life...

Grid would pose and say wonderful lines like the protagonist of movies that he dreamed of being.

"These damn people... Why are you suddenly splitting up? Am I funny? Ah, right. From the beginning, I didn't like scum like you. You shouldn't have upset me... Kuk kuk! Okay! I will tear off your limbs and kill you as brutally as I can!"

"Charge of Anger!"

"Spirit Control!"

"Chain Binding!"

The Giant Guild wasn't confident about facing Grid in a simple power struggle. Therefore, they focused on skills that would cause status conditions. Their battle plan was to attack every time Grid was affected by the status condition. But what was this?

<What? Why isn't he affected by the status conditions?>

<It seems like the level difference is too much, so it's useless. Or maybe he has immunity to all types of status conditions.>

<What? This rotten person!>

Kwajak! Puchak! Peok!

It was truly a one-sided slaughter. The black greatsword was turned red.

Over the past few years. When Grid was weak, he met many strong people who ignored him or laughed at him. Now the Giant Guild members in front of him were like those strong people. The feeling of trampling on them caused a pleasure beyond imagination.

“Kuahahaha!”

The person in the skull helmet brutally slaughtering the Giant Guild looked like a monster from a horror movie. The screen filled with blood, and the frightened screams of the Giant Guild members resounded, causing the mainstream stations to eventually stop broadcasting. Thanks to that, the ratings of the cable broadcasting stations increased dramatically, causing a festive atmosphere.

That day.

Headlines about the ‘Human Butcher’ appeared in various media

around the world. In addition, Grid's classmates, who were harassed by Grid at Kesan Canyon, shivered from fear in front of the TV.

“It's that bastard... I knew he was a psychopath...”

“Wow, he really is crazy. Acting like this in the middle of a city... What a scary guy...”

For the next few days, the media had an in-depth discussion on ‘Satisfy's psychopaths, can we neglect them?’ In addition, the position of the Tzedakah Guild rose further. They were able to block the 300-strong army from the Giant Guild with less than 20 people.

“Kuaaah!”

Chris released all his anger by hunting. There were no monsters left in the hunting grounds he was present at.

“Shit! Shit! Shitttt!”

The unknown craftsman was taken away by the Tzedakah Guild and he was publicly humiliated, so Chris was running wild with anger. He wanted to take revenge immediately. But the mysterious person had joined the Tzedakah Guild...

In addition, that skull helmet was stuck in his mind and he couldn't move.

‘The AOE skill showed on the air is proof that he has a hidden class above epic. Who is he? Perhaps... Agnus?’

Agnus obtained the second epic class and was seventh on the unified rankings. He disguised himself and enjoyed causing all types of incidents throughout the continent. Chris couldn't rule out the possibility that Agnus was involved in this.

‘Jishuka is definitely giving me a headache.’

Chris made a guild announcement after a few days of thinking.

“All external activities shall be prohibited! Just focus on leveling up! Let the anger in your hearts erupt when hunting. Become stronger! Become stronger and pay back this disgrace someday!”

As the Giant Guild decided to strengthen themselves, winds of change were also blowing in the Tzedakah Guild. Through this incident, top rankers became aware of the Tzedakah Guild's true strength and visited.

Satisfy was different from L.T.S. There was a limit to what 18 people could do. The Tzedakah Guild, who had been considering the expansion of forces, conducted various tests and accepted new guild members.

But there was a problem. Most of the people who passed the test weren't normal.

“Um... A crazy person attracts other crazy people.”

This was Vantner’s opinion. People were attracted to Grid’s madness and came rushing to join the guild. The Tzedakah Guild gained seven new powerful colleagues, but they felt more anxious than pleased.

And Grid was ready to attend his reunion.

Chapter 105

Not long ago, I was a poor person with a debt. Then in the past week, I became rich. The profit earned from the Malacus raid was over 40 million won in cash. Then I received 960 million won from Pon for the Gale Spear.

In addition, the money earned from appraising and repairing the items of the guild members was around 10 million won. In this way, I earned over one billion won, and there was another unexpected income.

[300,000 gold has been acquired.]

“Huh?”

It was a pouch of money I received from Jishuka the other day. I opened the pouch in a corner of the inventory without thinking, and when I converted it to cash, a huge 360 million won came out.

“Wow... What is this for?”

When I received the pouch from Jishuka, I had been shocked by the incident with Ahyoung. I didn't have the will to check the amount of money in the pouch and just put it in my inventory. At that time, I never imagined that this little pouch would contain such a huge amount of money.

“The orb was worth 600,000 gold?”

The orb that Malacus dropped was only unique, and the performance wasn't very good compared to the unique items I made.

It was strange since I sold the legendary Sword of Self-transcendence for 220,000 gold, while the unique rated Gale Spear was 800,000 gold and Malacus' orb was 600,000 gold. It seemed that Satisfy users really had a lot of money.

“This is it! Pon isn't a pushover! The world is a pushover! I happily sold a legendary sword for 220,000 gold, but there are pushovers who will buy unique items for 600,000 gold and 800,000 gold. Hahahahat... yes! Sob!”

It was big. I lost strength in my legs and fell down. My heart seemed to stop at the sight. My spirit couldn't endure it. Tears started to pour out and I got a runny nose.

“Uhuhuhu!”

Even if I was afraid, I couldn't turn away from the truth. Now was the time to admit it. I was a stupid jerk for selling the Sword of Self-transcendence to Valdi for only 220,000 gold!

“The pushover was me...! I sold a legendary item to an NPC for a shit price! Damn! Damn! How rotten! Uwaaaack!”

Considering the price of unique items, the legendary sword was

estimated to be at least 1.5 million gold. No, there was no need to guess just 1.5 million gold. Just putting it on the auction site would allow it to be sold at an expensive price. It wouldn't be strange if it sold for two or three million gold. But I didn't know anything about it, and was the pushover who sold it to an NPC for the low price of 220,000 gold.

I was indeed a pushover. The king of pushovers.

“... I want to die.”

In any case, the 1.4 billion won earned this time was significant. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that a former debtor like me earning 1.4 billion won and clearing my debts was huge, but I couldn't help feeling that I had lost.

“Sigh.”

I took deep breaths and cleared my mind. Then I tried to think as positively as possible.

In exchange for selling the Sword of Self-transcendence to the administrator, I became Winston's Person of Distinction and was exempted from taxes. In addition, I gained the production method to make the Divine Shield. Then it was robbed and I defeated Malacus and rescued Irene, increasing her affinity to the maximum. The connections meant I joined the Tzedakah Guild, so the result of selling the Sword of Self-transcendence was good.

“Yes! Until now, it isn’t bad! Rather, it’s good! It is good! Let’s not dwell on the past. I would never have these opportunities if it wasn’t for the administrator. Okay! Everything is going well!”

I hypnotized myself and my devastated mind gradually regained stability.

‘In the first place, I can’t afford to dwell on the past.’

I was busy because I had to complete Ibellin’s item.

Two days ago.

Ibellin only saved enough materials to make a single Thorn. Nab’s Diaphragm, one of the items needed to make Thorn, was so rare that only one of them could be obtained with Ibellin’s ability.

The difficulty of making Thorn was the highest among all the items I made so far. I was nervous about having only one chance to make it, so I focused more carefully than usual. Then I was disturbed by the Giant Guild.

A bloody lump of iron suddenly came flying while I was forging and tempering Nab’s Diaphragm. The timing was also unbearable as it was right when my hammer descended. The moment I hit it! The bloody lump of iron was mixed in with the metal.

I lost my temper and hunted the Giant Guild, so the material left could no longer be used. I threw it in a corner of the smithy.

‘I don’t have to waste time finishing an item with a mixed substance, since only a garbage rating will come out from it.’

Then the promised time came as Ibellin arrived at the smithy.

“I finally obtained it!”

Ibellin handed me the new materials for Thorn with a bright expression on his face. Of course, Nab’s Diaphragm was included among them. Ibellin had been trying to obtain this diaphragm for the past two days.

“Good... I’ll make it higher than an epic rating. I will finish it by tomorrow morning and contact you straight away.”

“Yep!”

Ibellin had been looking at me with admiration since two days ago. I looked too cool when destroying the Giant Guild.

‘This child has good eyes. I thought that young men aren’t good-hearted, but he is the exception.’

But unfortunately, the reactions of people other than Ibellin were different.

I also watched the videos of my battle against the Giant Guild on

TV and the Internet. It was nice to see how cool I looked slicing the enemies with Pagma's Swordsmanship. My heart pounded from the exciting and brilliant battle. However, strangely, the reactions of other people were cold.

I was so cruel that I seemed like a villain from a horror movie. On TV, there were discussion programs that denounced me as a psychopath. It might be because battles between guilds were common or maybe they weren't interested in the first place.

They weren't interested in the cause of the fight, only the provocative materials. In other words, they only focused on me. In the end, I got the nicknames of 'Slaughterer,' 'Masked Murderer' or 'Brutal Psychopath.'

'Did I look cruel just because I use a greatsword as a weapon and crushed the enemies? No, rather than my weapon, the problem seems to be the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet. The helmet is too ugly...'

I finally became famous, except with a negative image. I had to become famous with a positive image if I wanted to appear on TV and get the performance fees.

'When I have time, I need to make a helmet that can replace the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet. Yes, if I make a splendid helmet suitable for a hero, then people will praise me instead of being afraid of me. Huhut... I might not be handsome, but I can be a top star if I appear like a macho man, like the protagonist of an action movie. Huhuhut!'

“That... Grid? Are you hurt anywhere?”

Someday, I would become famous and appear on TV. Like other rankers, I would be more famous than any entertainer, would earn a lot of money and become very popular among women. However, Ibellin was looking at me with anxious eyes.

‘This reaction again.’

Why did people react unpleasantly every time I smiled? I took this chance to ask seriously.

“Ibellin, you admire me, right? Then be honest. Does my smile look like the smile of someone in pain? Don’t I look cool?”

Ibellin’s face paled. “Yes...? Were you smiling just now? I thought you were suffering from a stomachache...”

“Shut up! Get out now!”

“G-Grid?”

“Get lost!”

“... ”

I didn't like Ibellin's answer and chased him away. I let go of any selfishness and had to concentrate on the production.

“Hing... Work hard...”

I confirmed that Ibellin left the smithy. I finally picked up the production hammer.

“I only have one chance...”

The hopeless Ibellin had only acquired enough materials to produce one Thorn. I had to complete at least an epic rated Thorn and receive more than 100,000 gold for it. Then I could use 700 million won to pay my father's debt and use 800 million won to buy a car.

The newly released 13 series mid-size sedan from Company B! It was a visual sedan that was popular among the young and wealthy. Since childhood, I had dreamt of driving a Company B car if I succeeded, and now I was on the verge of achieving it.

‘If I buy the car and drive it to the reunion, everyone will be turned upside down...’

Those who disregarded me could no longer make fun of me. Instead, they would be jealous. Then I would make Ahyoung regret not grabbing onto me. Life was no different from Satisfy: the power of items held the most importance. I was determined to demonstrate the power of items with my car.

“Ohhhh!”

Ttang! Ttang~!

I worked really hard. My concentration was at the peak, and I was one with my hammer. The result of working through the night!

[Thorn]

Rating: Rare

Durability: 151/151 Attack Power: 231

Armor Penetrating Power: +30%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 30% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

A flamberge with small thorns on the blade like a black rose. It is reminiscent of the stem of a rose.

The target will suffer a painful wound when touched by this weapon.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher. More than 700 strength. More than 300 agility. Advanced Sword Mastery level 2 or higher.

Weight: 300

[A rare rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +2 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +30.]

“... Ah, damn. This rotten... It’s starting again.”

Recently, only high rated items had been made. Despite being a legendary blacksmith, if I made 100 items, most of them would have a normal or rare rating. But at this important timing, only a rare item was completed. It was seriously the worst.

“Hah...”

I had 100,000 gold. I needed at least 80,000 gold. More would be better, but 80,000 gold was sufficient to buy my desired car. However, it was impossible to sell rare rated items for 80,000 gold.

‘The car is 800 million, but if there is a discount promotion... Should I pay in installments? No. I don’t want to experience that again.’

I became heated up.

“Ah, really! Why is it a rare rating at this time? Ahh! If only I wasn’t deceived by the administrator! Really rotten!”

How could I get 80,000 gold? Should I ask the guild to lend it? No. If I ask them for money now, I might lose profit on the items made later.

‘Should I ask Regas? No... He is busy trying to find my shield these days... I will be burdened asking Regas for money until he finds it.’

Yes, I had one last hope.

–Hey, Ibellin. I think I will be a little late. Come find me in 20 hours, not now.

After sending the one-sided whisper to Ibellin, I picked up a piece of metal rolling around in a corner of the smithy. It was the unfinished Thorn mixed with a foreign material.

“If I smelt it again from the beginning, there might only be a little bit of blood mixed in. Okay, I will try it again.”

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

I excitedly hoped that the new item would be at least epic rated, and the result was amazing.

[Thorn of Deep Grievance]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 269/269 Attack Power: 409

Armor penetrating power: +60%

- * Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.
- * There is a 50% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.
- * The skill 'Laceration' will be generated.
- * The skill 'Cursed Bloodline' will be generated.

An item made by a craftsman with great skills and potential, but his experience and reputation is somewhat lacking.

During the production, this flamberge was left abandoned by the creator when blood was mixed in and left as an unfinished product, so it is filled with an indescribable anger and grudge. It is especially hostile to its creator and has good chemistry with the owner of the blood.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher. More than 700 strength. More than 300 agility. Owner of the blood. Advanced Sword Mastery level 2 or higher.

* If someone other than the owner of the blood equips this item, there is a 100% probability of being cursed.

Weight: 300

[A legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +25 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +1,000.]

“... This is amazing.”

Chapter 106

I desperately wanted to make just 80,000 gold, but what was this? Forget 80,000 gold, I could earn millions of gold.

“Hah, truly.”

An item made from materials contaminated by a foreign substance was completed with a legendary rating!

‘I thought I would be lucky if it didn’t have a garbage rating... Well, it’s strange. Is this a dream?’

There was no sense of reality because it was an unexpected result. I pinched my cheek to make sure. Then I spoke with certainty.

“It isn’t a dream.”

I could barely believe it, but it was reality.

What type of person was Shin Youngwoo?

I was an icon of bad luck during my 27 years of life.

During elementary school, I went on a school trip and was abducted by someone, so I had no pleasant memories. When I was in middle school, I went on a graduation trip and witnessed a hit and run. I had a tendency to get an upset stomach during athletic

meets or picnics, never picked up 100 won on the street and there were exactly 89 times when I was hit by local gangsters or school bullies.

During my university days, I was dragged into volunteer service and was hit by a hit and run on the way back. I had to pay three million won for hospital expenses and when I was hospitalized, I almost died from food poisoning. But the other patients didn't receive food poisoning. In the end, they concluded that I secretly ate outside food and got food poisoning, so I didn't receive any compensation.

At that time, I really only ate the hospital food. It was still a mystery why the other patients were fine while only I got food poisoning.

‘The hospital's rice was dirty or the other patients didn't eat hospital food...’

But was it really possible for every patient except me to not eat hospital food? Maybe it was the work of a terrible ghost.

Anyway, those weren't my only experiences. When I was in military service, the battalion commander would emerge drunk every time I was on guard duty. The battalion commander was crazy from stress and would shout at me to relieve it. Then I remained the youngest in the platoon because my successor didn't enter. Three days before the last vacation, an accident occurred during training and my successor was injured and hospitalized. Thanks to that, I had to work through the holidays.

There were countless other terrible experiences. On the other hand, the number of happy experiences was small enough to be counted on five fingers. One of those happy experiences was eating double portions of rib eye.

‘When I was 13... My grandfather gave me money, stating I was his only grandson... At that time, I had four servings of rib eye that I ate alone...’

I was truly pathetic. One of the best experiences of my life was eating meat! My 27 years of life were terrible with barely any joy. But what about recently? The symbol of bad luck was transforming into a symbol of good luck.

I was glad about this change.

“I believe my mother has been going to church and the temple to pray these days.”

My family had always been non-religious and I was the same. So I seriously worried that I was unlucky because I didn’t have a religion. Lately, my mother left the house on weekends and seemed to pray to God and Buddha for her son.

“Mother, thank you...”

Tears of joy emerged. I realized I wasn’t alone in this world as I became surrounded by my mother’s love. My body and mind

became warm.

Then Ibellin arrived.

“It’s the time you mentioned. Has Thorn been finished?

“Here.”

I threw the Thorn of Deep Grievance towards Ibellin. And...

“Cough!”

Ibellin’s breath was blocked. Ibellin checked the Thorn of Deep Grievance and was so surprised that he forgot to breathe.

“Cough cough! T-This? Grid! Is Grid a bugged user?”

I heard all types of things. “A bugged user? What nonsense are you saying?”

“B-But...”

Ibellin had no idea what to do as he twisted his hands together.

“I’ve heard that blacksmiths are limited to making unique items! I know that legendary items can only be dropped in a raid, so how did Grid make a legendary item? It is impossible unless you are an

operator or a bugged user!”

He wasn’t calm. As I frowned at the confused Ibellin, a woman appeared at the entrance of the smithy.

“Shut up Ibellin. Don’t fall down just because of this.”

It was Jishuka.

Thump, thump.

She approached me while Ibellin tried to calm down.

‘Strange?’

Gulp.

I gulped nervously. Jishuka’s appearance seemed sexier than usual as she said, “Grid.”

“Y-Yes?”

Jishuka’s cheeks were tinged red. She looked at me gently with moist eyes, making my heart beat faster.

‘Why is she so sexy today?’

I looked into her eyes for one second and was literally seduced. I avoided the gaze of the world's sexiest beauty and stepped back. Then Jishuka came up to me, her hot breath touching my face.

"It's impossible to do these things in Satisfy unless you have a legendary class... Isn't that right? Grid."

"..."

"You, do you have a legendary class?"

I never thought I could hide my identity forever. I didn't feel the need to hide my identity anymore. I had decided to open up the moment I made a legendary item.

"You saw it right away."

Jishuka's eyes lit up like lanterns. "Indeed...! Grid! You're really the best!!!!"

"Heok!"

Again. She hugged me tightly again. My soul seemed to leave my body as I was surrounded by her body and scent. But now I didn't misunderstand her behavior.

'It is her way of expressing pure joy.'

But due to her innate sexiness, that innocent joy was hidden. Maybe she struggled because of this part about herself. I ignored the excited Jishuka and reached out to Ibellin.

“How much?”

The calm Ibellin lifted a finger. “One million gold.”

“Huh?”

Were my ears wrong? As a legendary item, shouldn't it be at least two million gold?

Ibellin explained as I was feeling confused. “As described in this item, the ‘Blood Owner’ is me. This means this is my exclusive item. In other words, no one can use this item except for me. So unfortunately, I have to lower the price even if it's a legendary item.”

“ ... ”

Ibellin, normally acted as a boy with a guileless face, but he became an adult according to the circumstances.

‘His image has changed. He didn't become a ranker for no reason.’

I was impressed by this Ibellin.

“The performance of this item is top-notch, but the monetary value is unfortunately low. To be honest, one million gold is a high price. Later on, this item will become useless when I can equip higher levelled items. It’s an item that no one else can use, so I can’t sell it... I’m sorry but it is a severely limited timed item. But that doesn’t change that fact that it is a great item necessary for me right now. I also don’t want to disappoint Grid, so I am willing to pay up to one million gold.”

There were no objections. Ibellin’s words were reasonable. The current Ibellin wasn’t trying to haggle. He was telling the truth. But this truth wasn’t acceptable.

I raised three fingers. “Three million. I won’t accept anything less than that.”

“Huh? G-Grid? I understand, but...”

I shook off Jishuka and approached Ibellin. Then I took the Thorn of Deep Grievance from him and equipped it.

[Due to your class characteristics, you have equipped Thorn of Deep Grievance.]

[A penalty is applied because the item conditions aren’t met.]

“Eh?”

Ibellin was shocked. Looking at the conditions of use, it was an item only he could equip. But unexpectedly, I was using it.

Syuok! Syuok!

I gently swung the Thorn of Deep Grievance a few times. I nodded like I was very satisfied with the exquisite weight. Then I looked at Ibellin with slight impatience.

“Three million. Are you going to buy it? If you don’t buy it at this price, I won’t sell it and will just use it.”

“Eeeeeeeek~~~~~!!”

A scam! Ibellin’s scream echoed through Khan’s smithy.

[The Thorn of Deep Grievance hates and curses you.]

[You have resisted.]

[The Thorn of Deep Grievance hates and curses you.]

[You have resisted.]

[The Thorn of Deep Grievance hates and curses you.]

[You have resisted.]

In the meantime, the same notification windows repeated without end. I felt like I was sitting on a thorn cushion, but I was outwardly as relaxed as possible while Ibellin made his decision.

“Two million...”

“No.”

“2,300,000...”

“I am going.”

“2,500,000! Please sell it for 2.5 million! This is all the money I’ve saved from working hard from my L.T.S. days and the broadcasting fees! Please!”

“... Sigh. I guess it can’t be helped. I will concede, since we’re part of the same guild.”

“T-Thank you!”

“But I have one condition. Give me a deposit of 80,000 gold right now.”

“Huh? Ah, yes!”

It was sufficient, considering the Sword of Self-transcendence. I didn't want to see any more damages. Above all, I was the only legendary item creator that all of Satisfy's users wanted. The guild members were no exception.

[80,000 gold has been acquired.]

I wanted to quickly buy my car. I smiled at Jishuka and Ibellin before logging out.

First, I deposited 700 million won in my father's account.

“H-Heok! Youngwoo! What is this?”

“Pay off your debt first. Use the remaining money to stabilize the store... You don't have any employees these days, so haven't you two been working hard alone?”

“Youngwoo...”

“Don't misunderstand. This is a reasonable amount of money for your hard work, so don't worry about it. Do you believe me?”

“Sob sob! Oh my~~ !! Our spoiled son has become such a wonderful man overnight! This is like a dream!”

“It isn't a dream. Don't worry, it isn't a dream.”

“Youngwoo! Sob sob sob!”

My mother embraced me and cried. These days, I was being inundated with my mother’s tears. Meanwhile, my father just dropped his head without saying anything.

‘I should’ve acted better sooner...’

My parents paid the expensive tuition fees for me to go to university, but I played a game instead of getting a job. Then I became a debtor at a young age, disappointing my parents. My parents had suffered for several years because of me, so I once again vowed to treat them better.

That afternoon.

After buying the 800 million won sedan, I was scolded by my mother, who told me I was still immature. It hurt like hell, but I felt relieved as I felt the strength in my mother’s hand.

Chapter 107

The 13 series, released by Company B in the second half of this year, was the best visual medium sized sedan of the series. The curves were smooth, sleek and balanced, with the bumper that emphasized simplicity. It deserved praise for blending sports and force at the same time. The low body contrasted with the high back. The silver muffler was one of its important charming points.

The 800 million won car, highly acclaimed for its design in a prominent magazine, was now mine.

“Kuoh... Really cool.”

In front of my house. I was impressed as the car arrived. The matte black color gave it an even higher quality feel. I wanted to drive this car on the road right now. It was obvious that everyone would focus their attention on this top of the line car.

I wanted to call out to a beautiful woman.

‘Hey, hop in!’ This was what I wanted to yell.

The 13 series was a car that any woman would want to ride in, so I was confident that I could easily succeed in hunting.

“But hunting will be for later. First...”

I started the car. The heavy and powerful roar of the engine made my heart pound.

In fact, the engine of the 13 series was considerably downsized compared to the 12.8 series. Unlike the 12.8 series which was a super sedan, this was inevitable since the 13 series was more design than power oriented.

Nonetheless, it had a monster performance of 580 horsepower, a maximum torque of 72kgm and a 0-60 of 3.8 seconds. The 13 series could also be called a super sedan.

“Let’s go!”

I prepared to depart in 23, the name of the car.

Buwaaaaang!

An amazing power and speed that reached 100km less than four seconds after starting! I was weak at driving, but this was a perfectly comfortable ride!

“Ohhhh! Amazing! 23, you are really great! Puhahahat!”

This situation seemed like a dream, so only a happy laugh emerged. I was a debtor a few months ago, but now I was the owner of an 800 million won car! I was truly an example of reversing my life!

I was filled with pleasure. My wish had been fulfilled. It was all due to Satisfy! Satisfy was a fantastic game worthy of its name. I appreciated the fact that the virtual reality game, which could never be imagined in the past, was launched in this age and gave me such success.

Young Ladies High School was a female only high school and among the top 10 schools in the nation. It was established less than 50 years ago so its history was short, but numerous females who graduated from there had accomplished a great deal in all walks of life.

And the fame of the Young Ladies High School was at its peak this year. It was due to two schoolgirls, Shin Sehee and Park Yerim. They were two people within the top five scores of the national mock tests, and their beauty was superior to celebrities.

Firstly, Park Yerim.

She was always smiling. Her eyelashes were long enough to shade her eyes, and the moistness blurred them, making her give off a decadent feeling.

There was a mole under her left eye and a thick lower lip. The overall impression combined with her soft and pale flesh was enough to arouse people's imaginations. She was a typical example of a drawing. She had a sex appeal that made it hard to believe she was a high school student.

In addition, she wore her uniform skirt short and undid a few buttons to emphasize her chest, so her fellow peers couldn't sleep while thinking about her. Some adults seriously considered that they might be pedophiles because of her, causing them to consult a psychiatrist.

By contrast, Sehee was a very neat girl. She always looked calm and composed. Her eyes were big and round, and a distinct stubbornness was felt from her closed lips. She just looked beautiful. She had a balanced blend of features and long straight hair. She had the ideal appearance of someone's first love.

If Satisfy had Yura and Jishuka, South Korean high schools had Shin Sehee and Park Yerim. The presence given off by the two girls was unique. Due to that, the streets in front of the Young Ladies High School were packed daily.

“She came out! Sehee!”

“Ohh! Yerim as well!”

The front entrance of the Young Ladies High School. Was this place really a girl's high school? It was natural to question this because many male students were gathered in front of it. The males were only interested in two girls, Sehee and Yerim.

They were gathered to see the faces of Sehee and Yerim. It was a daily sight. The students of the Young Ladies High School naturally didn't mind that boys from other schools were gathered.

The only one suffering was Sehee.

“Revolting.”

Sehee was honestly frightened. It was lucky that the school employed a lot of security guards so the boys weren't able to turn into a mob. She just wanted to go to school as usual, and was angry about why she had to suffer this type of situation when she wasn't a celebrity.

But Yerim was different. She enjoyed this situation, unlike Sehee.

“Aren't there any nice oppas~?” Yerim said to Sehee as she looked around at all the excited boys.

“Do it in moderation. Isn't it tiring to have all these people come every day?”

Yerim didn't feel uncomfortable about Sehee's nagging. Rather, she laughed and hugged Sehee's waist. “But isn't it funny? Take a look at them. Don't you think they look like monkeys? It's like a zoo.”

“...It feels more like we are the monkeys.”

Two girls who were completely different except for their good grades! But both of them had been friends since middle school. Their personality and tastes were so different that the two of them

were able to fit well without any conflict.

Sehee knew a lot about Yerim. For example, Yerim's tastes and her family history. She even knew intimate details about Yerim's intimate details. Sehee didn't know because she wanted to know. Yerim wanted to get closer to Sehee and started confiding everything.

On the contrary, Yerim knew little about Shee. Sehee never really talked about herself. In addition, she seemed to have no interests besides studying. There was only one. Her oppa.

‘She looks like a completely different person when she talks about her oppa.’

Sehee was indifferent to the opposite sex. She didn't know the names of any idols, unlike her peers. What type of person was Sehee's oppa? Yerim started her habit of badgering Sehee.

“Sehee~ I'm going to visit your house today. Huh? Okay?”

Her eyes curved and she shook her chest. This was enough to transcend even gender and make the other person blink. But Sehee showed no reaction.

“I don't want to.”

“Hing ~ Why?”

“I don’t like it, so I don’t want to.”

“I want to go to my friend’s house! Fulfill my wish!”

She started complaining and whining. But there was no effect.

“I don’t want to.”

“...”

A cold wind blew out of nowhere. Sehee walked forward, while Yerim chased behind her. It happened when both girls were walking through the front entrance.

“Se~hee~”

Emerging from the hundreds of students in front of the Young Ladies High School...

“Eh? What, that person?”

Yerim’s always smiling face stiffened. It was because the man in front of her was too unpleasant.

“The worst...”

Those who had a slightly less than average appearance could make up for the shortcomings with style. But this man seemed completely indifferent to style.

He was wearing a brown sweater, green sweat pants, white socks and brown slippers. He had a 5:5 parting that didn't suit his angled face, making this the worst appearance Yerim had ever seen.

“I-I feel like puking.”

“How can he leave the house looking like this?”

The pale-faced schoolgirls moved away from the man.

“Please send support to the front entrance. There is a very suspicious man.”

Was he a patient who escaped from a mental hospital? The guards hurriedly radioed for reinforcements. Then the male students cried out with outrage.

“How dare this dirty trash block Sehee's way!”

“What are you doing? Get rid of that bastard quickly! Don't let Sehee breathe the same germs as him!”

The 10 security guards couldn't endure the anger of the 100 male students. The boys broke down the barricade and rushed towards

the man. A momentum that seemed like they could kill him!

“W-What? What is it?”

Just as the man seemed like he was going to die, Sehee’s words made them all astonished.

“What is Oppa doing at my school?”

“Heok? O-Oppa?” Yerim misunderstood and hugged Sehee tightly. “No Sehee! That bum is your boyfriend? I can’t accept it!”

“B-Boyfriend?”

A beautiful girl like Sehee was dating someone like this? Everyone was confused. Then Sehee turned red as she shouted towards Yerim, “W-What do you mean by boyfriend? He is literally my oppa. My family member.”

“Heok...”

This was also shocking. Why was Sehee’s oppa so ugly? Wasn’t it normal for him to resemble Sehee? The most shocked person was Yerim.

“T-That is your oppa?”

Sehee always had a pleasant smile on her face when she talked about her oppa. So Yerim only knew Sehee's oppa as a good person. She had wanted to meet him for a while. Since Sehee never allowed her to meet him, her curiosity was amplified. After that, her fantasy grew until Sehee's oppa was a prince on a white horse.

But what was this? He was a homeless person in Seoul, not a prince on a white horse!

“...”

Yerim was unimaginably disappointed. Then the girls jealous of Sehee started to gossip among themselves.

“Did you hear? That person is her oppa.”

“They don't resemble each other at all. Sehee must've had plastic surgery. She is so beautiful that I had wondered.”

“Of course it is plastic surgery. Do you think that a person can be such a perfect beauty without any help? It is the same for Yerim and the famous Yura~.”

The man who became the centre of confusion! Sehee's oppa and the best blacksmith in Satisfy, Shin Youngwoo pressed the button of the remote control he was holding. Then...

Buaaaaaang!

The 13 series was equipped with a automatic operating system that sensed the remote control, and it stopped in front of Shin Youngwoo.

“W-Wow!”

The 13 series was a hot topic since its launch, so even the most ignorant student knew about the car. It was also the 199 limited edition model! As the students and guards admired it, Shin Youngwoo opened the driver’s door and said to Sehee.

“Hop in.”

Then Yerim waved her hand, “Yes~ Oppa!”

Yerim’s eyes were shining.

‘He is Prince Charming on a black horse, not a white one!’

Sehee sighed.

‘I’m tired.’

On this day, Sehee, known for her beauty and her ability to study well, had an oppa who made the other girls jealous. She became a wall that they could no longer cross, ensuring a peaceful school life.

And Youngwoo drove through the city with Sehee and Yerim.

“Kiyoooooh~!”

“Kyaaaaak!”

It was a rough drive. The other cars gave way every time the 13 series appeared, so the three people were able to experience the miracle of Moses. Youngwoo and Yerim kept screaming, and Sehee finally decided to enjoy this moment.

After the drive.

Youngwoo asked the two people to style him in a manner that suited him. His hair was cut short in a way that highlighted his angular face, making him appear more masculine. The long bangs made his face seem prettier. He didn't exercise, so a long coat covered up his body, making it look not bad.

“Oppa is tall like Sehee, so the long coat makes your arms and legs look good. Your skin tone is on the darker side so this color...”

Youngwoo smiled with satisfaction as he watched Yerim. “I’m happy that Sehee had a pretty and good friend like you. I’m relieved. I hope you take care of Sehee in the future.”

“Huh? Ah, yes...”

Her first impression of him was the worst, but now he was completely different from his first image. This was Yerim's first experience of meeting a 'successful adult man' so she couldn't help blushing.

Sehee's complexion became worse.

'This is why I didn't bring her home.'

The night deepened as Youngwoo shopped and ate with two beautiful girls, to the envy of all men around him.

The next day.

Grid connected to Satisfy all morning to make items. Then he dressed in the clothes that Sehee and Yerim bought him the day before and entered 23. It was 30 minutes until the reunion began.

His first reunion in two years. Youngwoo was nervous, but more excited.

"I have changed."

He wasn't his pathetic self from the past anymore. Shin Youngwoo's was confidence due to all the recent events.

Chapter 108

Youngwoo was in a hurry. He wanted to meet the alumni sooner now that he was no longer in debt. ‘Look at 23. I’m a success. You can’t ignore or abuse me anymore.’ That’s what he wanted to say. He wanted revenge for how they laughed at and ignored him over the years.

Buaaaaaang!

23 drove on the roads, barely keeping to the speed limit. At this speed, he could reach the gathering place within 10 minutes. Youngwoo felt like that was too long to show everyone his changed appearance.

‘But... Why is the meeting place on the outskirts of the city? It can’t be reached with public transportation, so it is difficult for anyone without a car. Were they aiming at me?’

It would be very difficult for Youngwoo to go to the reunion place today if he hadn’t paid off the debt or bought a car. He didn’t have any friends to borrow a car from, nor could he use public transportation. Therefore, he would’ve needed to take a taxi.

‘Isn’t it too much to decide on a meeting place like this?’

Youngwoo was confident that he was the victim they were aiming at, since they laughed at him for so long. As he focused on driving, he noticed something and slowed down. In front of him, a woman was opening her car bonnet and sending a signal for help.

The usual Youngwoo wouldn't have helped anyone without any benefits. But now was an exception. He was curious because the woman asking for help was an obvious beauty, even from far away.

“Look at that style and ratio... It isn't a joke.”

The woman was wearing jeans, a white t-shirt and a black jacket over it. It was an outfit with no exposure. She also wore large sunglasses, so it was hard to grasp her appearance from afar. But he was convinced that she was a beauty with perfect proportions and white skin. He wanted to check how pretty she was up close. This instinct couldn't be suppressed.

‘I became negative towards women due to Ahyoung, but... As a human being, I can't ignore a woman having trouble in the middle of the road.’

Youngwoo parked his car next to the woman asking for help. Then he was startled.

He didn't notice because of the woman, but the woman's car was the S-model from Company C, which was four times more expensive than Youngwoo's car. The model released by Company C for their 120th anniversary was very different from the 13 series because it targeted conglomerates.

‘A young woman with a car like this... Is she a second generation heir to a conglomerate, like in a drama?’

Youngwoo cleared his throat and released his tension. Then he got out of the car and asked the woman.

“Can I help you?”

She would’ve already contacted her insurance company. It wasn’t a normal car, so she would obviously care about it. Youngwoo wanted to leave. But the woman was asking for help, so he couldn’t leave her.

Then the woman took her sunglasses off, “I hope you will take me along with you.”

“Heok?”

Youngwoo was surprised as he saw the woman’s face. He was so amazed he thought his heart would stop.

“Y-Yura?”

The world famous rankers of Satisfy. Due to their frequent exposure in the media, there were few people playing Satisfy who didn’t know the names and faces of the rankers. They didn’t know the name of the US president, but they knew the names of Satisfy’s rankers. That was a well known joke among the users.

Among them, Yura was special.

She was the only female in the top 10 of the unified rankings. She was regarded as the last hope for Koreans, who had been power gamers until half a century ago. She was also regarded as one of the best beauties in the east and west. She dominated not just domestic, but international CFs, and was ranked 3rd on the list of 100 most influential people in the world.

Why did he come across a woman like that here? Youngwoo was very confused.

‘Does this make sense? No matter how small South Korea is, how can a coincidence like this happen?’

In fact, Youngwoo had a link with Yura. No, it was more of a bad relationship.

After becoming Pagma’s Descendant, he had a conflict with Yura during Doran’s quest. He failed the quest due to Yura’s interference and he wrote bad comments about her on the Internet to resolve his grudge.

‘Perhaps...’ Youngwoo assumed the worst. ‘She commissioned cyber forensics to track me down and get revenge?’

It was possible considering Yura’s wealth and authority.

‘No, that can’t be. This isn’t a manhwa... It’s a mere coincidence.’

Yura drove in a wedge while Youngwoo was trying to calm down,
“It is nice to see you, Grid.”

“Cough...”

She knew his identity? It truly wasn't a coincidence that she appeared before Youngwoo!

‘Revenge! She came to get revenge!’

Youngwoo's confusion and anxiety reached the peak. He had experienced Blood Witch Yura's cruelty already. He didn't know what to expect.

‘S-Should I drive away?’

Youngwoo shook while Yura climbed into his passenger seat without permission.

“You can drive me up to your destination. Please let me ride in your car. I have something to say.”

“...Yes.”

Youngwoo couldn't refuse.

“Why is Shin Youngwoo so late?”

During high school, Lee Junho had cursed and assaulted his classmates. He was a terrible person. There wasn't one person who hadn't needed to pay money to Lee Junho. It was hard for even the seniors and teachers to go against him. He also used violence against his few friends, Sim Kiwan and Choi Chansung.

His violent streak didn't improve after graduating from high school and going to the army and university. Before he knew it, he was 27 years old and still couldn't adapt to society, constantly changing jobs.

Lee Junho worked in a PC room, convenience store, gas station and so on, until one day he suddenly realized.

‘I am nothing.’

When he was a student, everything was okay when he fought. Regardless of their gender, everyone was under his feet. He could do what he wanted.

But the situation was different when he entered society.

Those who studied hard during high school could get a suitable job, but there was no company that would accept Lee Junho, who knew nothing but fighting. Whenever he fought, he was dragged to the police station and forced to pay a settlement.

As it turned out, he wasn't the best in fighting either. He went to the gym to learn martial arts, but there were countless people present.

Lee Junho started to become anxious.

He couldn't get a job or do anything well, so would he be able to marry anyone? He couldn't even afford to worry about his marriage funds, since he might starve to death in a few years. If he managed to survive, he would struggle to cope with an old and lonely life.

Lee Junho kept drinking as he imagined the worst situation. He couldn't sleep without the alcohol.

Then two years ago.

He was able to shake off all his worries once he met Shin Youngwoo at the reunion. For the first time in a long time, he saw someone below him. At least Lee Junho wasn't in debt. But Shin Youngwoo had a large debt and was obsessed with games.

Junho could feel assured when looking at Youngwoo.

'Aren't I at least better than him?'

It really was like magic. Since he met Youngwoo, Junho was able

to fall asleep without drinking. No matter how terrible his life was, he could bear it at the thought of Youngwoo having it worse.

And now.

Junho lived a life that was almost the same as two years ago. He was still wandering around jobs. He was already in his late 20s. Soon he would be 30 years old. Instead of saving money, he still couldn't find proper work.

He couldn't resist cursing or assaulting a customer when working in a convenience store or at a PC room counter. Then he needed to pay the settlements. His pride was badly hurt when working at a gas station. He was covered in oil, unlike his peers. In addition, he was irritated whenever he saw young men or women in foreign cars. Labor was worse. People who did labor work were middle-aged losers who weren't expecting much from their life.

As such, Junho was trying to change the situation. However, he was aware that it was hard, so he got caught up in anxiety and started to rely on alcohol again. He needed a prescription. He had to meet Youngwoo. He would be able to laugh at Youngwoo with his fellow high school classmates and forget his worries.

The other alumni were in a similar position. Junho might be in the worst situation, but they were all uneasy about their futures. They wanted to meet Youngwoo.

The reunion location of the Heroes High School 45th graduation class. Lee Junho, the secretary of the Alumni Association, was

nervous when Youngwoo didn't show up on time.

“Hey, Kim Ahyoung. Are you sure Youngwoo is coming?”

Ahyoung ridiculed him, “I'm not sure. I don't know if he can come because you decided on this meeting place.”

It was a garden restaurant outside the city. A person without their own car would have to take a taxi to get here. It was doubtful if the debt-ridden Youngwoo could afford the taxi fee.

Lee Junho, who deliberately selected this meeting place, started to feel belated regret.

“That pathetic guy... He can't even afford a taxi?”

At that moment.

“Wow! Look over there!”

The alumni started to make a fuss as they looked out the window. Lee Junho and Kim Ahyoung also looked out the window. They witnessed a black vehicle enter the parking lot.

“13 series...!”

A limited edition car worth 800 million won! Lee Junho had seen

a lot of foreign cars while working at the gas station, but he never saw a car of this degree.

‘Shit! There are bastards like this everywhere I go!’

Lee Junho shook his head at the thought that the 13 series would be a 2nd generation conglomerate’s car, while Kim Ahyoung had hearts in her eyes.

‘My life will be set if I can marry a guy with a car like that. When can I date a guy like that?’

Then the car stopped at one side of the parking lot. Everyone was shocked. The person who descended from the driver’s seat was Shin Youngwoo!

“W-What...?”

Lee Junho stood up and cried out. How did Shin Youngwoo, a debt ridden game loser, come in such a luxury car?

“No way!”

It was clear that he stole it. Lee Junho and all the alumni thought so.

But Ahyoung thought differently. ‘He paid off his debt and got a job... It wasn’t a lie? But how good is his job that he can afford a

car like that?’

Ahyoung’s brain was spinning fast.

‘Anyway, it is good. Youngwoo likes me... He doesn’t have any dating experience, so it’ll be easy to catch him, then my life will be set. Okay, I will make him my man.’

At that moment, a woman came down from the passenger seat. Ahyoung became desperate the moment she saw the woman’s beauty. On the other hand, Junho and the other alumni had to spit out their water.

“Pfft!!”

“W-What is this?”

Why were they so shocked? It was due to the identity of the woman in the passenger seat. She was Yura. Her beauty could be recognized even at a distance. There was a halo around her. That was a suitable saying to describe her beauty.

“H-How did this happen?”

No one could understand this situation. As everyone was confused, Yura leaned up and kissed Youngwoo. After a while, a big limousine appeared and took Yura away.

“T-This scene...?”

In the eyes of others, it looked like Yura left the car after enjoying a date with Youngwoo. The imagination of Youngwoo’s fellow alumni ran wild.

‘Did Youngwoo manage to seduce Yura? Did Yura pay off his debt and buy that car for him?’

‘How did he come into contact with a woman like Yura? The worlds they live in are completely different, so there is no place where they could meet. No, maybe... Is Youngwoo actually the young master of a rich house? Is Youngwoo just pretending to be a normal high school and university student with a debt?’

‘Maybe... Youngwoo could form a relationship with Yura because of Satisfy...’

‘Yes. Youngwoo’s time playing Satisfy wasn’t in vain. He met Yura in Satisfy, their relationship developed to lovers and this moved to reality...’

‘Damn! If I unconditionally played Satisfy instead of working, could I be like Youngwoo?’

Youngwoo finally entered the restaurant. Youngwoo already knew that the alumni in the restaurant had witnessed the scene outside, so he waved leisurely.

“Have you been well?”

“...”

This was Youngwoo? He looked and acted completely different from before. No one was able to talk to Youngwoo, who sat on the side. They just looked at him. Then Youngwoo, holding a cup of wine in his hand, extended another cup to Lee Junho.

“Hasn’t it been a while? Have a cup.”

“Eh? Y-Yes. Yes...”

Lee Junho was dumbfounded. Shin Youngwoo had shrunk back from him since their school days, now he was asking them to drink together!

‘I didn’t want to see him for this...’

Anger boiled inside Junho’s heart. Youngwoo emptied his glass and said to Junho. “Come on, have a drink. But how are you doing these days? You still haven’t fixed your habit of biting your nails? You’re getting older, so you should stop it. Isn’t that right?”

Lee Junho snapped and got up from his seat. Then he grabbed Youngwoo and snarled.

“You bastard! I don’t know what happened but don’t pretend to

be elite! I will kill you!”

In the past, Youngwoo would be angry and afraid. But now he was different. He was a man. In particular, for adult men, abilities became power and confidence. Those who had the ability wouldn't shrink back easily in any situation.

“Why are you so mad? Look back at all the words and actions you've made against me. Do you have any idea how angry I was?”

“...!”

At that moment, Junho reflexively shrunk back from the look in Youngwoo's eyes. It was because the appearance of a man flashed through his mind. The psychopath in the skull helmet who beat him up in Kesan Canyon! The look in Youngwoo's eyes was like the psychopath who recently shattered the Giant Guild in Winston.

‘Is this possible? That bastard is him?’

Junho noticed Youngwoo's identity and backed away. Junho, the madman who couldn't be controlled, retreated like a dog. It was hard to believe. To the alumni, Youngwoo felt like a different person than before.

Then Youngwoo started laughing.

“This wine tastes good. What are you doing? Aren't you drinking?”

Youngwoo had suffered many difficulties over the years. The memory of being bullied by the alumni was his biggest trauma. But on this day, he was able to perfectly overcome that trauma, resulting in a psychologically more stable and mature Youngwoo.

This growth was sure to be a great help to him when playing Satisfy in the future.

‘Did this help him?’

A little while ago, Yura had descended from the car and narrowed the distance to Youngwoo to get rid of a piece of dust in his hair. The angle from the restaurant made it seem like a kiss.

Yura smiled as she remembered the help she received from Shin Youngwoo at the Yatan Temple in the past.

‘My debt has been paid.’

Yura had accomplished various feats with her own power. She wanted to get rid of the weak memory of receiving help from another. Thus, she kept paying attention to Grid and after a recent investigation, she determined that she could pay off the debt in this form.

Chapter 109

Most of the people attending the reunion were intent on making fun of me. However, now that I got rid of my debtor status and succeeded, no one could make fun of me. Thus, the reunion lost its primary purpose and became very awkward.

In particular, Lee Junho couldn't say anything and left first after finishing his glass of alcohol. Since then, the mood slowly changed. They noticed Lee Junho leaving and started to bombard me with questions.

“How did you appear with the 13 series? Did you win the lottery or something? Weren't you struggling with a debt the last time I saw you?”

“Youngwoo, have you become a ranker in Satisfy? Did you get a lot of money from recording broadcasts? Will we see you on TV sooner or later?”

“What's your relationship with Yura? Are you two really dating?”

“Dating the woman who is every man's romance... I can't imagine how superior you feel...”

Curiosity, envy, and jealousy were all showing in the alumni's eyes. As I was enjoying this situation, some people from my school days who I thought were friends spoke to me.

“Hey~ Youngwoo, do you remember how close we were in school? It was fun at the time... Don’t you miss it sometimes? Should we hang out together sometime?”

“Oh! This is good! Everyone became distant after going to the army and university, so this will be good!”

“Hehe, you should bring Yura when we hang out. Isn’t it natural to introduce your lover to your friends? Huhuhu.”

“Hey, you know... Can I drive the car? I always wanted to drive the 13 series... Huh? Just five minutes is okay. Please.”

These guys turned away and tormented me like the others when I needed help, now they wanted to be friends again. I definitively put them down.

“You want to come over here and play like we’re friends now? Just shut up. Like everyone else, you are looking at me with jealousy. I’m here just to laugh at you.”

“What?”

“Ha! What’s with this bastard’s tone? Are you acting like this now that you’re doing well?”

I used my words to strike them where it hurt, and they were

upset by it. I scoffed at them, saying, “Isn’t it funny how you sound just like Lee Junho when he was talking earlier? Why did you laugh at me and ignore me until I started doing well? In the first place, weren’t you the bastards harassing people? Huh? Now look at yourselves. Do you think I can be disregarded by you anymore?”

“You...!”

The faces of the alumni went red as they grew angry; however, they couldn’t argue against me.

“You are the bastards who feel superior when harassing people inferior to you.”

I was cold. I had no doubt that after this alumni reunion, my relationship with them was over. I took my coat and left.

Buaaaaaang!

I returned to 23 and started it. After setting the destination in the navigation as my home, I chose the automatic driving function. I was about to depart when someone tapped on my window. It was Ahyoung. I rolled the window down and Ahyoung looked at me with anxious eyes.

“Are you leaving?”

‘Kim Ahyoung...’

Only a few days ago, she was the object of my love. I loved her so much that I dreamed of dating and marrying her more than 100 times. But interestingly, I didn't feel any emotions towards her now.

Once I realized she wasn't who I thought she was, disappointment, betrayal and any lingering emotions disappeared.

"The kids who used to disregard me are now envious. The ones who forsake me are now clinging to me. I have to leave because I am finished getting revenge. If I stay here longer then blows will keep being exchanged. It is a waste of time."

When I liked Ahyoung, I couldn't meet her eyes properly. My heart throbbed and I could only babble nonsense. But now it was different. There were no emotions, so I could look into her eyes and talk clearly.

"Stay well Ahyoung. I liked you."

Ahyoung grabbed me as I was leaving. "L-Liked? Why is it past tense? Are you saying you don't like me anymore? I...! I like you!"

The fact that Ahyoung was my first love wouldn't change, even if she trampled on my heart. I wanted to leave with as good a memory as every, without ruining her illusions. I was blinded by love for 13 years, so I didn't want to leave any room for her to cling onto me.

“Can’t you see? I have Yura now, the sky that you can’t be compared to. It would be foolish of me to leave her. I don’t have any feelings for you.”

“Youngwoo, you...!”

I spoke as cynically as possible. Then I left the sad and hurt Ahyoung.

“This is the end for us.”

The connection between me and you, which was a bad link in the past, was cleanly cut off. Now it was a fresh start.

On the way back home, I recalled the conversation I previously had with Yura,

“After the Tzedakah Guild succeeded in the raid against Malacus, the forces of the Yatan Church rapidly weakened. Therefore, the Tzedakah Guild is now the Yatan Church’s main enemy. The Yatan Church will surely retaliate against the Tzedakah Guild, and as everyone expected, I am the Yatan Church’s Eighth Servant. Conflict between us is inevitable.”

“Then did you come to me to declare war? D-Do you want to kill me here? No matter how angry you are in the game, isn’t it too much to kill people in reality?”

“...Don’t make people into killers. I just want to pay back my debt from when we fought before.”

“Debt?”

“During the quest in the Yatan Temple... Didn’t you log out despite beating me in order to help me clear the quest? Thanks to that, I was able to consolidate my position in the Yatan Church and become the Eighth Servant. You are a great benefactor to me, so it is hard for me to point a weapon at you.”

“I deliberately logged out to help your quest? What does that even mean?”

Yura firmly misunderstood something.

“At that time, I wasn’t intending to help your quest. You owe me nothing.”

I didn’t know how Yura misunderstood this fact, but I wanted to resolve this misunderstanding because I didn’t want to be connected with her. However, she was already deep into her deluded fantasy.

“I don’t know why you are denying it. Even if you didn’t intend to help me like you just said, it doesn’t change the fact that I was helped by you, so I’ll pay off this debt.”

Yura had a very selfish nature. In the end, I could only nod.

“I guess words won’t work. Okay, I understand. Do what you want. Then I can cut this bad connection sooner. How are you planning to pay off the debt?”

“Bad connection...?”

Yura frowned like she didn’t like it. She was so beautiful that even this made me amazed.

‘She is a scam...’

Yura explained her plan while I was admiring her.

“After war breaks out between the Yatan Church and the Tzedakah Guild, I won’t kill you. I can’t kill my benefactor, after all. Although, there might be some situations where fighting is unavoidable.”

“...You’ll spare me? Wow, I’m so thankful that I’m on the verge of tears.”

The role I played in the Tzedakah Guild was a blacksmith, not a soldier. I didn’t plan to involve myself in any guild activities unless I was directly affected, like the recent incident with the Giant Guild. It was 100 times more profitable to make items compared to fighting, so I would rather be the guild’s blacksmith. There was no chance of Yura and I meeting in a war.

I felt assured and nodded.

“Okay, I understand how you will pay off your debt. Then are you done? We’ve arrived at the destination, so let’s separate. Please don’t appear in front of me again since it isn’t good for my heart.”

Yura was a woman who destroyed the Yatan Temple while trying to kill me. Having a connection with her, it was no different from torture. I wanted to quickly separate from her, but she had different thoughts.

“It is over. I want to pay off the debt in another form.”

“What else?”

“Excuse me, but I have been researching your past. Over the years, you have suffered humiliation because of your high school alumni.”

“What?”

No, why was she talking about a man’s shameful past? Didn’t she know about privacy?

‘Is she a stalker?’

I wanted to snap out, but I was so afraid that I couldn’t open my

mouth. She suggested to me, “Aren’t you going to attend the reunion right now? I’ll come as well. Let me pretend to be your lover in front of your fellow alumni.”

What nonsense was she saying?

“Why?”

Yura kindly explained to me, “Once they find out that a famous, intelligent and beautiful woman like me is your lover, they will no longer make fun of you. You will be able to silence the alumni. How is it? Pretend to be lovers. Isn’t this a great way to pay off my debt to you?”

“...”

I was fairly certain that Yura had a princess disease. It didn’t make sense for a famous, intelligent and beautiful woman like her to make this suggestion.

“Isn’t this a scene common in dramas and movies? The gender roles have reversed but...”

I vetoed Yura’s words.

“That’s okay. There is no need for that. I am able to change my position with my own abilities.”

Yes, I refused Yura's suggestion.

But as a result, the alumni witnessed Yura getting down from my car and misunderstood that she was my lover. Then they envied me enormously. It wouldn't have been possible to elicit such a response with just the 13 series.

“... The more I think about it, the stranger she is. What type of person developed such a misunderstanding, did a background check and tried to repay her debt in this manner? Wasn't it preposterous? Paying off a one-sided debt... She is insane.”

Based on common sense, Yura seemed to have a narrower sense of human relationships than me.

‘She seems to have become strange after becoming successful at an early age and living apart from others.’

In no time, I arrived home. I went straight to the capsule and connected to Satisfy.

Winston had lost troops several times in the battle against the Yatan Church, the knight captain was wounded and the lady was kidnapped. The city was becoming one of the best in the north and the population was growing rapidly, but there was a limit to the guard troops.

Earl Steim became aware of the situation and led support troops

to Winston.

“Father!”

“Ohh! My lovely daughter! You have become even more beautiful since last I saw you!”

Earl Steim was one of the most influential nobles in the Eternal Kingdom and the ruler of the north. But he was just a doting dad in front of his daughter, Irene. Despite the numerous soldiers and knights watching, Earl Steim embraced his daughter and shed tears.

“You must’ve suffered! I’m sorry that I burdened you so much! Thank you for being safe! Thank you!”

Irene was Earl Steim’s only child. Rather than keeping her safe by his side, he appointed her as ruler of a territory and let her experience being kidnapped again, so he couldn’t forgive himself.

Irene suggested to him. “Father, he didn’t do anything wrong. The whole thing was my fault. Father, that’s why... I wish I had a strong person taking care of me.”

Earl Steim glared at Phoenix.

“That’s right... You need a strong person... Someone much better than the incompetent Captain Phoenix...”

“Please kill me!”

Phoenix’s guilt was unimaginable after losing in the war and not being able to protect his master. Earl Steim ignored him and spoke to Irene, “But sweetheart, Doran is dead and there is, unfortunately, no one stronger than Phoenix in the north. Leave Winston to Phoenix and return with me.”

“No, there is someone here who I can depend on. He is stronger and more courageous than anyone else.”

“Hoh?”

Irene was the daughter of a warrior. While she wasn’t trained, her ability to recognize strength was excellent. She was complimenting someone so confidently that Earl Steim was filled with expectations.

“Then who is this person?”

“He is a blacksmith.”

“Eh?”

The answer coming from his daughter’s smiling mouth was so unexpected that Earl Steim thought he heard wrongly for a moment. Earl Steim regained his spirit and asked, “Sweetheart,

the strong and brave person you can rely on is a blacksmith? Did I hear it properly just now?”

Irene unabashedly nodded.

“That’s right. He is the great blacksmith who made the sword that became a family treasure not long ago, and also the one who saved me from Malacus. Not just that. He is the hero who saved Winston from the Mero Company.”

“Ha! That rumored person...”

He was clearly a great person just based on the achievements. But Earl Steim became frantic after seeing Irene’s face.

‘My daughter has the face of a woman in love...!’

He knew about the one who helped save Winston from the evils of the Mero Company. It was also reported that he had the power of a legendary blacksmith. But a blacksmith was strong enough to kill one of Yatan’s servants?

Earl Steim couldn’t believe it.

“Sweetheart, no matter how I think about it, I don’t think such a perfect person exists in this world... Is he handsome? It seems like you have been deceived by a scammer...”

Irene proclaimed, “I’m not deceived! Do you think I am a pathetic woman who will be enticed by looks? In the first place, he isn’t really handsome!”

Phoenix and the knights nodded in unison.

“That’s correct. He is good but his appearance...”

Earl Steim didn’t like that either.

“An ugly man dares lure my daughter? Disgraceful person! I want to see what type of person he is! Drag him in front of me right now!”

“Earl, he is Winston’s hero and Irene’s savior. Shouldn’t we bring him respectfully?”

“...Yes, bring him respectfully.”

Chapter 110

Satisfy implemented a system of complete freedom. It had more than two billion users. The two billion people could freely select or pioneer more than 10,000 classes, and there were 10,000 common classes.

Each common class had a top 10 rankings. It seemed like the same IDs every time. This meant that the top 10 of each class was widening the gap with those ranked below 11th, and it was virtually impossible for new figures to enter the top 10 rankings.

But approximately six months ago. There was a major upheaval in the rankings of 16 major classes. The Tzedakah Guild moved from L.T.S to Satisfy and entered the top 10 of each ranking in just four months. It had a large impact on users and the Tzedakah Guild made a spectacular debut in Satisfy, gaining the media's attention.

Then after that...

The rankings became stuck again for a while. After the Tzedakah Guild appeared, the top rankers stayed the same for more than half a year.

It was around a month ago. Just like when the Tzedakah Guild appeared in the past, a major upheaval once again appeared in the rankings. 10 new figures appeared in the rankings of 10 major classes like comets. Those 10 people were called the '10 Rookies' and received people's praise and expectations.

“Cursed Bloodline!”

[The blood imprinted in the Thorn of Deep Grievance has resonated with your blood and makes you run wild.]

[Skill damage has increased by 150%. Movement speed has increased by 80%.]

[Health is continuously consumed while the skill is activated.]

“Ohhhhhh!”

[You have suffered 34,030 damage.]

[You have suffered 25,111 damage.]

[You have suffered 29,600 damage.]

The flamberge, which seemed like the thorny stem of a rose, slashed at the monsters in its orbit. The bleeding didn't stop as Ibellin flew among the monsters. Then he grabbed a monster's neck and used a skill.

“Laceration!”

[You have dealt 505,900 damage.]

“Kieeeeek!”

Ibellin had been succeeding since receiving the Thorn of Deep Grievance from Grid. He cleared difficult dungeons that had frustrated him a few times and earned a great number of rewards from hunting monsters at least 30 levels higher than him.

[Your level has risen.]

“Good!”

After entering the 200th level zone, Ibellin had only been able to raise his level once every five days. But now he could gain one level in just one day.

It was a feat that could be achieved thanks to moving hunting grounds. And he was able to move hunting grounds thanks to the Thorn of Deep Grievance, so the power of items was really amazing.

‘It was worth investing 2.5 million gold. This is a completely new world!’

The number one spot in the swordsman rankings was guarded by Zirkan. Zirkan was an overwhelming presence so it was hard to take first place, but Ibellin would soon be able to take second place if he kept growing like this.

“Just wait, Lauel!”

Ibellin started Satisfy two months later than his other guild members due to finishing his studies. So he wasn't included when the Tzedakah Guild debuted and instead became one of the 10 Rookies.

Until then, Ibellin had been confident that he was the best among the 10 Rookies. He never doubted it as one of the Tzedakah Guild. But what was this?

Lauel debuted in the top 10 of the qigong master's rankings when Ibellin was 9th place in the swordsman rankings. Now Lauel was 1st in the qigong master rankings and 178th on the unified rankings. On the other hand, Ibellin was 3rd on the swordsman rankings and 199th on the unified rankings.

Ibellin saw Lauel on a TV interview and realized that they were the same age. This was a very shocking event for Ibellin, who had the strongest self-esteem among his peers.

Since then, Ibellin recognized Lauel as a rival and strived to surpass him. But this wasn't an easy task. If he took one step closer, the opponent would take two steps. Thus, Ibellin could feel his limitations. He couldn't deny that Lauel was superior to himself.

However, then he got his hands on the Thorn of Deep Grievance.

‘Items are also part of our abilities...! Lauel, this time I will be ahead of you!’

{Grid! You came ^o^}

{I’ve missed you so much!}

{A half day without you is like 10 years... I was desperately waiting for you to come!}

The guild chat window went crazy as soon as Grid connected to the game.

The guild members welcomed Grid like they were reuniting with a separated lover after a long time.

It was all for one reason.

{Make my items quickly!}

{I’m dizzy because I want a legendary rated item πππ}

{Me first! Grid, if you make a legendary item for me, I will shoot up to the top 20 right away!}

‘Please make my items!’

That's what the guild members really longed for. Right now, Grid was a very important and irreplaceable figure.

“Huhuhut... They are prisoners of my items.”

As Grid was laughing and feeling pleased, Ibellin appeared in the guild chat window.

{Brothers, Sisters. Do you think it is so easy for Grid to make a legendary item? ^^ Don't bother Grid. ^^}

{What? Ibellin, you raised your level again? Hasn't it only been one day?}

{Yup! ^^ I moved my hunting grounds. ^^ My experience is rising quickly ^^ Previously I worked hard and only gained 1 level in 5 days ^^ This is the true power of items ^^ ⇒ It is all thanks to Grid. ^^}

{Hey... No matter how excited you are, stop using ^^ <-... It is bad luck.}

{I'm really envious — — I was envious when Pon got a unique item, but Ibellin's is even better. Sooner or later, won't you reach the second ranking?}

{A legendary item is really... I want to have one as well πππ}

After joining the guild, Grid had only produced Pon's spear and Ibellin's Thorn. Both of them were finished with a unique and legendary rating, so the expectations of the guild members were too high.

Grid couldn't unconditionally make unique or legendary items, but the guild members were hoping for at least unique items. Grid was worried about making a normal or rare item, so he told them in advance.

{I don't think I can make unique or legendary items often. In fact, two out of three Gale Spears were completed with an epic rating and one of Ibellin's Thorns had a rare rating. I also often make normal or rare items. So keep in mind that your items might be completed as a rare or epic rating.}

{Yes, that's right. Let's calm down. Didn't we want epic items from Grid in the first place? Let's not lose sight of things. In addition, items made by Grid are unconditionally better than other items of the same level, regardless of their rating. It is enough, even if a rare rating appears.}

{Yes... If we are lucky, one day we will receive unique or legendary items.}

As the excitement of the guild members settled down, Jishuka decided who the next item would be produced for.

{Grid, this time I want you to make armor for Vantner.}

Vantner vetoed it.

{Armor? Why armor? Stop! I don't need armor! I want a weapon! Make a weapon! A weapon allows me to hunt faster and I can level up!}

{Shut up Vantner. Isn't your current weapon good enough thanks to Grid? It is a good weapon, even if it can't be compared with Pon's or Ibellin's. And you are a tanker. Right now, you are useless in raids. ^^}

{ππ Master...}

{What? Do you have something to say?}

{No... I don't...}

Not just Vantner, but all members regardless of age and gender, submitted to Jishuka. They normally acted as family and friends, but once an order dropped, they would follow it unconditionally. It showed how much the guild members trusted Jishuka.

{I already have an armor production method. But I haven't yet obtained all the necessary materials. It will take up to half a day. Until then, feel free to do whatever you want.}

“Half a day...”

It was ambiguous to make one item in half a day.

“Should I hunt for the first time in a while? The place I wanted to see...”

There were hunting grounds of various levels in Winston, ranging from those for beginners and those for rankers.

The hunting ground most popular among users above level 150 was the Golem’s Labyrinth. The golems in the labyrinth were designed by a magician to protect his hidden treasures, so it was suitable to make money due to all the magic stones and minerals dropping. The experience was also worth it.

But there was a fundamental problem. Golems had a strong defense and were almost immune to physical attacks. So the Golem’s Labyrinth was nothing more than a private hunting ground for magicians.

Most parties consisted of either magicians and healers or a paladin, magician, and healer. No physical attackers could be found at all. In this place, there was one person who came alone and was holding a greatsword.

People laughed at him.

“Hey Mister, did you come here to hunt?”

“Yes.”

“Ha? Really? Without a party?”

“I like solo play...”

“Pfff!”

“Kilkil! A beginner!”

People started laughing at the greatsword wielding man. A warrior who came to hunt golems alone seemed to be lacking common sense. On the one hand, the greatsword wielding man didn't care about the people laughing at him.

Dozens of people watched as he approached the golem with loud footsteps. Then he stabbed with his greatsword without delay.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill!”

Peeeeeeong!

“...!”

It was an incredible sight. The giant iron golem, which couldn't be damaged even by dozens of swords, went flying towards one

side of the wall from one blow of the greatsword? The crowd was stunned. Someone shouted,

“W-Wait a minute...! That helmet and black greatsword...! Isn't he the human butcher who smashed the Giant Guild on his own, instantly boosting himself into fame?”

“T-That's right! I see it now! The Cruel Butcher!”

“Kyaaak! He actually looks scarier!”

“Wow... Really dirty... He really did shatter the Giant Guild alone.”

Meanwhile, the helmet-wearing Grid was confused as he held the greatsword.

‘Its health only decreased by half, even though I used Kill? This is really hard.’

Kill was a deadly blow. In addition, Dainsleif dealt more damage the higher the opponent's defense was. So Grid thought he could easily hunt the golems. But he was wrong. The golems of the labyrinth were much harder than Grid expected.

‘However, I have a method.’

Grid put away Dainsleif and pulled out a pickaxe from his

inventory. It was the finest pickaxe made directly by him. He had 100% understanding of the pickaxe, so red dots started appearing all over the golem's body.

Grid aimed his pickaxe at the red dots. Then...

Kaaang! Kaaang!

[Iron ore has been acquired.]

[Deluxe Iron ore has been acquired.]

[Three damaged orichalcum has been acquired.]

Except for the magic stones that served the role of an engine, the golem was made up of only minerals! He was a legendary blacksmith and had 100% understanding of the pickaxe, so the golems were just a mine in front of Grid who was an excellent miner.

“...What the hell is this?”

Every time the golem was hit by the pickaxe, minerals would drop, causing the users to become amazed at the sight. They could barely hunt the golems when pouring out magic, so Grid hunting them with a pickaxe was an unreasonable sight.

“Just one time...”

A paladin user who had a miner side job happily caught a golem passing by before pulling out a pickaxe and hitting the golem hard.

Chaaeng!

“...Kkeok!”

The paladin user screamed and grabbed his wrist that felt like it was broken after hitting the golem with a pickaxe. The golem wasn't even scratched as it turned its head to verify the paladin and struck out.

Meanwhile, Grid approached another golem and started mining after knocking it down. Minerals once again poured out from the golem. Grid was excited as he exclaimed,

“Kukukuk...! What is this? It is really good! Kuahahahat!”

Grid's face was covered by the skull helmet and he seemed like a psychopath as he kept swinging the pickaxe at the golems. The users were terrified.

“What, so scary...”

People were wary of him because Grid had the power to one-sidedly kill the Giant Guild. The distance increased until they were no longer in danger, and then they fled.

Thanks to the wide labyrinth, Grid was left alone.

However, Grid didn't pay attention to his surroundings because he was fully absorbed in collecting minerals. He collected more minerals than he originally aimed for because he was alone. He also gained a level.

Then a whisper from Jishuka came.

–Grid, the preparation of the materials is over.

“Okay, I will go back now.”

Grid hummed at his inventory full of minerals and left the labyrinth. No, he was going to leave but he got lost in the labyrinth.

“No, damn! What is this? Why is this place so complicated? Where have all the people gone? Damn! Even if I want to ask for directions, I can't because there are no people! This #^%!\$~#!”

Grid wandered around for a while. But no matter how much he wandered, he couldn't find the exit to the labyrinth and eventually called the guild.

{I'm in the Golem's Labyrinth, can someone come and help me?}

“Huh?”

Grid had been leaning against a wall while chatting, and his eyes suddenly widened. It was because the wall was collapsing.

“W-What? Aaaaack~~!

Grid’s body fell down along with the wall.

Kuuong!

“Cough! Cough! Huh?”

Grid was struggling with the pain of falling when he suddenly shivered. He raised his head and saw a golem that was at least five times the size of the other golems in the labyrinth.

“...What?”

Kuweeeeeeh!

[The Guardian of the Labyrinth has woken up from a long sleep.]

[The magical traps set up by the Great Magician Braham has been triggered.]

[You have suffered 205,100 damage.]

[You have suffered 399,000 damage.]

[You have suffered 174,340 damage.]

[A legend doesn't die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

Pepeng! Kakakakak!

The magic traps were continuously activated and all types of attribute attacks hit Grid. However, Grid became invincible due to his passive activation and survived all the attacks. Fortunately, the traps finished before Grid's invincibility duration was over.

Finally, the Guardian of the Labyrinth moved. Grid took the highest quality health potion and made a grim expression.

'The invincible passive's cooldown time is one day. Losing my insurance at the start is the very worst.'

He couldn't see a way to escape. Grid decided that he needed to defeat the Guardian of the Labyrinth to escape and grabbed Dainsleif.

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He couldn't see a way to escape. Grid decided that he needed to defeat the Guardian of the Labyrinth to escape, and grabbed Dainsleif. Then he took advantage of his high agility to leap up the wall.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship...!”

Grid used the sword dance while in the air! Then he appeared in front of the guardian’s face and stabbed Dainsleif in deeply.

“Kill!”

Peeeeeeong!

[Critical!]

[The Best Gauntlets option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target twice.]

[You have dealt 68,700 damage.]

Kuwaaah!

The Guardian of the Labyrinth shook after being stabbed with Kill. Thousands of kilograms were pushed back. It was a testament to the tremendous weight behind Kill.

“Okay! I can do it!”

Kill was a skill that dealt 1,500% of the caster’s current damage. It was unfortunate that it was a single target skill, but the attack power was the best among all existing skills in Satisfy. It was also the skill that dealt the last blow to Malacus. Even if it was a boss monster, how safe could the guardian be after being hit directly in the face?

Grid landed on the ground and shouted excitedly.

“I dealt nearly 70,000 damage in one blow! It’s possible! I can knock him down!”

Before falling here. Grid had hunted dozens of golems in the labyrinth and found that the golems had an average health of 80,000. The golems had extremely low health in exchange for their defense.

Based on that, he guessed that the Guardian of the Labyrinth had low health like the golems. But what was this?

“Eh?”

Grid had been grinning at the thought of succeeding in a one-man raid, only to suddenly stiffen with astonishment. He had confirmed the health gauge of the Guardian of the Labyrinth.

“This is nonsense... His blood barely decreased?”

That’s right. The Guardian of the Labyrinth had high defense and high health. This was Grid’s strongest attack skill. No, Kill was one of the strongest attack skills in Satisfy and it was even a critical hit, but only 1/15th of the guardian’s health was decreased.

‘Using simple calculations, I have to hit it with Kill 15 times. It also needs a critical attack every time...’

As it happened, the cooldown time for Kill was 500 seconds. But Grid felt surprisingly positive.

‘Kill isn’t the only skill I have!’

Grid pulled out the Ideal Dagger. Then he aimed Wind Blast at the bottom of the Guardian of the Labyrinth.

[You have dealt 1 damage.]

Wind Blast’s attack power was unable to even scratch the Guardian of the Labyrinth. It was unable to penetrate the high defense. But Grid wasn’t disappointed. In the first place, Wind Blast was only used to block the guardian’s gaze.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link!”

While the guardian was paying attention to Wind Blast, Grid

used Quick Movements to approach the guardian and wielded Dainsleif eight times.

Jjejeong! Jjang! Jjejejeok!

Link had a shorter casting time, less mana cost, and a shorter cooldown time than Kill. It was also a skill that dealt 500% of his attack power. It was weaker than Kill, but it was efficient and strong compared to other skills.

Link should be able to inflict damage on the guardian. Grid thought like this, but reality was quite different. Link's damage couldn't penetrate the guardian's high defense.

[You have dealt 3,500 damage.]

“Shit! Isn't this difference too much?”

Grid was confused because the damage wasn't applied properly due to the overwhelming defense. His confidence declined rapidly.

‘Can I really catch this monster?’

Kuuong!

The Guardian of the Labyrinth took one step towards Grid. Grid had secured a safe distance, but the guardian was so big that it narrowed the distance in just one step.

Kuwaaaah!

The Guardian of the Labyrinth roared and brought down its huge hand. It was like Grid was a fly.

Kwaang!

It was fortunate that the golem's movement speed was slow. Grid easily avoided the attack of the guardian. The guardian's hand struck the ground. The entire underground space shook, causing Grid to wobble.

‘This is a complete earthquake...!’

Grid lost his balance while the guardian's hand came flying towards him again.

Kwaang! Kwaang! Kwaaaaang!

“Aaaaack~!”

It was like the palm of Buddha. Every time Grid escaped an attack, the guardian's hand would strike the walls or ground, causing stones to fall from the ceiling and threaten Grid. Then the wide underground space became quite limited. The collapsed walls and debris from the ceiling was to blame.

“I’m screwed.”

As the space narrowed, his avenues of retreat decreased. There was now a limit to how much he could dodge.

Kwaaaaah!

The guardian roared in a way that indicated it was the end. Then it swung both hands at the same time. Huge hands flying from both the left and the right! The size of one hand was twice as big as Grid, so his visibility was blocked when the big hands came flying from both sides.

‘It’s impossible to avoid. There is no hole to escape into.’

He could defend with the Divine Shield, but it seemed like the shield would break. At that moment. The urgent cry of a woman was heard from the broken ceiling where Grid fell.

“Grid!”

The woman calling out to Grid was Jishuka. She came to pick Grid up because he was lost in the labyrinth. Then she had rushed over when Grid didn’t reply in the guild chat and felt the shockwave.

And now.

She arrived to witness Grid's moment of death.

“He can't avoid this.”

Vantner muttered from beside Jishuka as Grid seemed to be swallowed by both hands. That's right. Grid's death was natural. How could a non-magician exert any power against that giant golem in the first place? Grid was helpless. It was just questionable on how stupid Grid was to deal with this monster alone.

Then something amazing happened.

“If I can't avoid it, then I should confront it.”

They heard Grid's voice.

Pachichik!

A red spark occurred around Grid just before he was swallowed by the guardian's hands. And...

Kakakakak!

A red lightning bolt appeared from the ceiling and fell towards the guardian's head.

Chwachachachak!

The body of the guardian convulsed like it was experiencing an electric shock and then it stopped moving. It turned bright red for a moment. The red lightning bolt seemed to have a much higher voltage than normal lightning bolts.

Jishuka and Vantner were shocked as they watched from above.

“Magic? Grid can use magic?”

“Red lightning...? This is the first time I’ve seen such magic.”

And Grid was clearly unharmed. Grid escaped through the gaps caused by the paused guardian and smiled.

“Isn’t this effect quite good?”

A red bead the size of a small skull was in his left hand. It was the Red Lightning Summoning Bead that he obtained after raiding the frostlight orc chief. The treasure had been lying in his inventory and saved Grid’s life at this moment.

Pachichik! Pachik!

The red sparks surrounded Dainsleif. It was a chance to get revenge on the monster in front of him. Before he knew it, the cooldown time of Kill was over. Grid started his sword dance.

Peeeeeeong!

[Critical!]

[The Best Gauntlets option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target twice.]

[You have dealt 141,000 damage.]

Dainsleif was temporarily a magic sword due to the lightning attribute. The Guardian of the Labyrinth had extremely high physical defense and low magic defense. Grid's Kill dealt two times more damage than before.

“Too strong!”

“His strength is just a scam.”

Jishuka and Vantner thought it was absurd as 1/10th of a boss monster's health decreased with just one blow. The Guardian of the Forest became nervous because of the unexpected damage and swung its left and right arms more quickly than before.

“Yes! Come on, you bastard!”

This time, Grid didn't try to escape. He fought back with Dainsleif.

Jjang! Jjaaang! Kwaang!

The energy of the red lightning within Dainsleif was truly great. The guardian's arms turned red every time it encountered Dainsleif and smoke rose. Some parts even stiffened. The Guardian of the Labyrinth panicked. As it prepared to retreat, Grid pulled out his blacksmith hammer. Then he hit the guardian's arm.

Kaaang!

“...Hah!”

Grid scoffed. The guardian's body was being transformed by the hammering.

‘Isn't this similar to forging smelted minerals?’

This was great!

Kaaang! Kaaang! Kaaang!

Grid moved all over the guardian and kept hammering the arms. Then a sudden change in the guardian's arms was seen. The wrist and elbow joints disappeared, while the five fingers were flattened. Now the guardian's arms were nothing more than heavy pillars.

Kuoh?

The guardian was perplexed as its arms didn't work as intended. The guardian swung its arms at random. The underground space was now in a state of perfect collapse. If this was to be Grid's grave, he was determined to die with the guardian. Therefore, he took out a mana recovery potion. Then he started a new sword dance.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcend.”

It was a skill he never tried to use because of a lack of mana. But he had invested his stats in intelligence with every level up and he also had Malacus' Cloak, giving him enough mana to use this skill.

[Transcend]

A sword dance that transcends imagination.

Your attack power is doubled and your default attacks will turn into ranged attacks.

The air around Grid quickly reversed.

Kuoooooh.

It was like gravity was reversing. Grid's hair rose like the heroes of old anime and stones floated in the air. In the center of it, Grid wielded Dainsleif. Then a dark energy blade shot forward.

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In the center of it, Grid wielded Dainsleif. Then a dark energy blade shot forward.

Peeeong!

Kuwaaaah!

The guardian was confused by its deformed arms and screamed when its face was hit.

“Hoh?”

What was this reaction to just one hit? Grid grinned at the power of Transcend. Then he wielded Dainsleif again.

Papat!

Two blades flew forward in a cross shape and hit the guardian's chest.

Kuweeeeeeh!

The guardian was in more pain. Grid laughed as he saw it and brandished Dainsleif diagonally. The blades bent like a whip and accurately hit the back of the guardian's neck. Grid's black energy swords continued flying forward.

Kwang! Kwaang! Kwa kwa kwang!

[You have dealt 4,100 damage.]

[You have dealt 3,730 damage.]

[You have dealt 4,450 damage.]

Dainsleif's attack power was doubled due to the red lightning. Grid's attacks were more powerful than the previous Link skill. He also had a different skill that could be used without any restrictions.

“Blacksmith's Rage!”

[Blacksmith's Rage has been activated. Your attack power and attack speed will increase significantly for 20 seconds.]

Grid triggered Blacksmith's Rage and started his full-fledged rampage towards the guardian.

“Die! Die! Die! Puhahahat!”

Pepepepeok!

[You have dealt 5,500 damage.]

[You have dealt 5,350 damage.]

[The Best Gauntlets option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target twice.]

[You have dealt 10,940 damage.]

[You have dealt 5,900 damage.]

Kwaaaaah!

It was a one-sided battle. Due to the constantly flying swords, the Guardian of the Labyrinth couldn't approach Grid.

If its arms were fine, it could've used defensive maneuvers with both arms. However, the deformed arms were unable to move as it wanted due to Grid's hammering. It was just a sandbag without being able to defend.

Kuoooh!

A shockwave occurred every time the guardian was hit, increasing the collapse of this space. Jishuka was nervous as she watched the battle from the ceiling.

"Grid is still in danger." Vantner asked Jishuka. "Shouldn't we help? Why are we staying still?"

Jishuka was also a physical damage dealer. But her attack power was unmatched. Her arrows could deal great damage to the Guardian of the Labyrinth. And right now, Jishuka was in the perfect position for sniping. It was natural to question why Jishuka was just watching instead of helping.

Jishuka explained, “Of course, I can help but... I think Grid will become angry at me. Isn’t that right?”

Vantner hit his forehead. Then he nodded at her words.

“Yes, that seems correct when thinking about his personality. It’s obvious that he’ll be angry if someone interferes in the middle and takes his experience.”

“Yes, and Grid alone seems to be sufficient. I just want him to hurry a little bit.”

Jishuka grasped that the Guardian of the Labyrinth was at a level lower than the Guardian of the Forest. The high defense, health and attack power was equal or higher than the Guardian of the Forest, but the Guardian of the Labyrinth had a fatal weakness.

‘It has no skills.’

That’s right. Jishuka had watched for a while and noticed the Guardian of the Labyrinth hadn’t used a single skill. The Guardian of the Forest possessed all sorts of tricky skills such as wide area

stun and summoning golems, but the Guardian of the Labyrinth was just a lump of metal with high stats.

Jishuka shouted towards Grid from the top of the underground space.

“Look behind the guardian. Do you see a small cave? If the space seems to collapse, run away through there!”

“Okay!”

Grid received the information and walked towards the guardian. He continued firing his swords at the guardian, so it couldn't fight back against Grid.

“It's overwhelming firepower.”

“His damage and durability is superior in all respects.”

Jishuka and Vantner felt assured.

‘That guy, he didn't use all his skills during the Malacus raid or against the Giant Guild.’

‘With Grid's power, is it possible for him to win against Regas?’

On the other hand, the Guardian of the Labyrinth backed away

against a wall.

‘There.’

Kuwuong.

He saw the entrance of a small cave in the wall that the guardian fell against. Grid used Quick Movements and wielded Dainsleif. A sword aura flew and hit the guardian’s eyes.

Kuoooh!

The guardian’s eyes blazed red from the lightning. Then Grid appeared in front of it.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship!”

The duration of Transcend was over. Then the cooldown time of Link was over.

“Link!”

Jjejeong! Jjang! Jjeejeeong!

When Grid first learned Link, he had only been able to wield his sword six times. Once he became accustomed to it, he could wield it eight times. Then he grew in battle and it increased to 10 times.

Ku...wooh!

The Guardian of the Labyrinth was hit by 10 red lightning blades and fell to its knees.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship...!”

Grid jumped in the air and squeezed all his strength into Dainsleif.

“Kill!”

Puook!

The black greatsword penetrated the head of the guardian. Then notification windows flashed in front of Grid.

[You have defeated the Great Magician Braham’s Guardian of the Labyrinth!]

[180 gold has been acquired.]

[90 deluxe iron ore have been acquired.]

[33 pieces of black iron have been acquired.]

[45 pieces of orichalcum have been acquired.]

[3 Deluxe Magic Stones have been acquired.]

[Braham's Treasure Chest Key has been acquired.]

[45,350,000 experience has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

During the Malacus raid, Grid had 17 people in his party. Therefore, the amount of experience gained was small due to the

distribution of experience points. But now he gained so much experience because he succeeded in the raid alone.

Grid's level, which had been 106 due to hunting the golems in the labyrinth, jumped to 114 at once. In addition, Grid gained dozens of expensive black iron and Orichalcum, but his expression wasn't good.

“Apart from the experience, the rewards are garbage...”

He was really disappointed. Shouldn't a boss monster drop at least one unique item?

‘The boss has high stats and no special attack skills, but... Shouldn't it give items because it's a boss?’

The Guardian of the Labyrinth didn't use any skills from the beginning to its death. Swinging the arms was its only attack pattern, so it couldn't do anything after the arms were deformed. But there was still a part to consider.

Jishuka and Vantner didn't know this, but didn't Grid activate dozens of Braham's magic traps when he first fell into this space?

It was virtually impossible to react to such sudden traps. The damage was in the hundreds of thousands. Grid only survived because of his passive, but other users would have unconditionally died from those traps.

The traps were included in the raid so even if the Guardian of the Labyrinth was weak, the difficulty of the raid itself was higher than the one against Malacus. Yet the rewards for the raid were only production materials?

‘Of course, black iron and orichalcum are expensive but... I was hoping for items that were more special.’

Kurururung.

Then the space started collapsing around Grid. Grid moved past the remains of the guardian and into the small cave. Then he saw it. Three boxes were placed next to each other inside the cave!

“Ohhh!”

Grid was reminded of Braham’s Treasure Chest Key that the Guardian of the Labyrinth dropped.

“Puhahahat! This is it! The real reward is actually separate!”

Grid stood in front of the three boxes.

The first box was ornately embellished and shone brightly. It was suitable to be called a treasure chest. On the other hand, the second box was scratched all over and the design was plain. Nothing special could be seen. And finally, the third box. It was just an old wooden box.

There was only one key!

A regular person would think the ornate treasure chest was a trick and that the old box was the real treasure. No, an ordinary box without any features might not be the true treasure chest. This would cause deep thoughts.

But Grid was simple.

“Of course, this shining box is the treasure chest! Worrying over a decision will just advertise my indecisiveness!”

Grid pulled out Braham’s Treasure Chest Key from his inventory. Then he placed the key in the ornate box.

Ssik!

Grid was smiling with confidence. He inserted the key into the treasure chest without any worries. The box responded by opening widely.

“Ohhhh!”

There was a brilliant flash of light and the contents were revealed! Grid gulped with anticipated. Then he frowned.

“...What’s this?”

There were neither colourful treasures or rare items in the box. There was only one egg. That's right. It wasn't the egg of a particular monster or animal, it was just an egg. It was an ordinary egg based on its size, shape and color.

“...?”

Grid was speechless. He fought the monster and reached here, only to end up with an egg?

“... ”

Grid's body shook. He finally couldn't suppress his anger and cried out.

“Damn! How rotten! What the hell?! This egg won't even appease my hunger! No, why is an egg in a treasure chest in the first place? Does this make sense, damn operators? If you are going to create a game, think about it a little bit.”

He had forgotten because of his recent bout of luck.

“... Yes, originally I was unlucky.”

Was this a sign that his unhappiness would start again? Grid looked scared then he sighed. He looked at the remaining two boxes with a grouchy expression.

“The real treasure is in one of those boxes...” Looking back, he had been too naive. “I should’ve opened the old box... Hah...”

He looked at the first box to see if he could recycle the used key, but it had already been destroyed.

“I don’t want to go back like this... Wait.”

Grid suddenly had an idea. He started it without any delay.

“Item creation!”

[What item do you want to create?]

Grid replied to the system’s question.

“A key.”

That’s right. Grid was going to create a master key in order to open the remaining two boxes. The Item Creation skill had a limited number of uses, so he needed to be careful, but Grid was fully aware of this after creating Failure.

‘Having a universal key that can open anything will permanently benefit me in the future. It is too good to pass up, even if I need to consume one slot.’

Treasure chests were an important element in games. In particular, players of RPGs and adventure games were obliged to carry keys for treasure chests. They made contact with countless boxes during their adventures. What if there was a master key that could open all types of boxes? It would be truly perfect. He would be able to gain all types of rewards every time he encountered a box.

It was the same with Satisfy.

‘A master key is needed.’

[Have you decided?]

The determined Grid nodded.

“Yes.”

[What materials would you like to use?]

Braham’s key was made using black iron. Black iron was also the material Dainsleif was made of.

‘The durability of black iron is special. If I make it with black iron, I can use it semi-permanently.’

Braham’s key was disposable due to the nature of the event, but

Grid's key would be different. Grid made his decision.

“Black iron.”

[Please design the item.]

“Hmmm.”

From here, Grid was cautious. What should be the appearance of the master key that could open anything? Grid worried about it. It wasn't easy to decide. Suddenly, he remembered the thieves in the dramas, movies and anime that he watched.

‘Wire...!’

The thieves. Couldn't skillful thieves pick all types of locks with just two wires? Even if he saw it in a movie, it might actually be possible. In the end, Grid drew two pieces of wire on the blueprint. It was too thin, so he deleted it and drew it again. After drawing a cylindrical pillar design, he punched a small hole in the centre and connected two wires there.

It was very sloppy but Grid was satisfied and clicked the complete button. Then the system gave him one last chance as usual.

[Have you decided? When you complete the blueprint, the number of available creation skill will decrease by one.]

“I have decided!” Grid energetically replied.

At the same time, all types of numbers and letters appeared all over the blueprint. After a while, the blueprint was completed.

[Please describe the characteristics of the item.]

“An incredible scientifically designed key that can open all types of locks!”

[Please name the item.]

Next was the name.

“Master Key!”

[Have you decided on ‘Master Key?’]

“Yes!”

Yiing~

The finished hologram of the Master Key appeared in front of Grid, along with the description.

[Master Key]

A key made of black iron. The form is a little ambiguous to be called a key. When hung around the neck, it looks like a necklace. When placed around the wrist, it looks like a bracelet.

The appearance is very poor, but it is made of excellent materials. In addition, the performance is surprisingly spectacular. It can open many types of locks.

* The higher the user's dexterity, the more types of locks that can be opened.

Conditions of Use: More than 300 dexterity.

“That’s it!”

The result was a great success. Wasn’t Grid also number one in dexterity?

“This is an item for me! Puhahat.”

Now he simply needed to make it. But in order to do that, smelting black iron was necessary. He would need to go back to the smithy. Grid didn’t want to do that.

‘I was lost in this labyrinth. It was a coincidence that I fell here. Will I be able to find my way back? And what if this cave entirely disappears while I am gone? It’s a treasure trove, so it won’t be

easily exposed to others... Maybe there is a time limit that will make it disappear?’

Then he heard Jishuka’s voice from behind him.

“Grid! Are you safe?”

She was worried after Grid didn’t exit the cave for a long time. Then Grid smiled widely.

“Was it Phoenix Arrow...? It seems to have a fairly high temperature...”

Jishuka’s Phoenix Arrow was the ultimate attack that she showed during the Malacus raid. The fire arrow was reminiscent of a gigantic phoenix and seething lava emerged where it exploded. It was a skill that dealt tremendous damage, but Jishuka didn’t often use it because it consumed 100% of her mana. But now, Grid forced Jishuka.

“Jishuka, do you see me right outside the cave? Please fire Phoenix Arrow there.”

“What?”

Jishuka frowned. He wanted her to use her skill where there was nothing? She thought Grid was crazy. Grid saw that she didn’t understand and explained.

“I need fire right now to smelt minerals. Just a minute. I need to make a small item.”

“... Are you saying that you want to use my Phoenix Arrow to make a fire?”

“That’s right.”

“...”

The ultimate technique of an expert archer was being used to smelt minerals? Jishuka felt ashamed. She bit her lower lip and trembled as Grid drove it in.

“You aren’t in a position to refuse my request. Do you understand? There are many guilds who would welcome me.”

“...”

“It isn’t that hard, is it? Don’t be so proud.”

Grid was no longer timid in front of her. He was flexible enough to take advantage of people. Jishuka felt like he was a completely different person compared to the Grid she met a fortnight ago. It was rather reassuring.

“Okay.”

It was better to help each other.

‘Grid is a blacksmith who can make legendary items. Helping him produce an item isn’t a bad thing.’

Jishuka thought as positively as possible as she aimed her bow towards the remnant of the underground space. Then she warned Grid.

“Pay attention to the impact.”

Hwaruruk!

A small fire appeared at the end of the arrow and suddenly became a gigantic fireball. Then Jishuka called out.

“Phoenix Arrow!”

Kaaaaaack!

Was this the cry of a pterodactyl? A huge scream echoed through the cave, hurting Grid’s ears. As he was in pain, the flaming bird flew out of the cave, leaving a burning path behind it. Then it instantly disappeared.

Grid identified the place that was burning and ran towards it with a bright expression. He pulled out an anvil and hammer and

started smelting black iron. Meanwhile, Jishuka had 100% of her mana drained and leaned against the wall while feeling dizzy.

“My special move is being used like this... It really doesn't feel good.”

On the other hand, Vantner had seen what happened and was gazing at Grid with envy.

‘Being able to deal with Jishuka like this... This is the first time I've met a man like you Grid! You're great!’

Chapter 113

Approximately 10 minutes later. After hammering a few times while squatting in front of the lava, Grid stood up and cheered.

“Good! It’s complete!”

Jishuka and Vantner asked from where they were watching on the side.

“Already? What is it?”

It wasn’t possible to know the identity of the item made by Grid. Who would imagine a small cylindrical object with two wires attached was a key?

“Watch.”

Grid confidently entered the cave. Then he chose the old wooden box among the two remaining and he placed the wire... No, he inserted the key.

“Open!”

Due to making numerous items, Grid’s dexterity was now over 1,600. Considering that Khan was known as the best blacksmith in the north and he had around 600 dexterity, Grid’s dexterity was unique. And the Master Key was an item affected by dexterity. As

long as Grid used this key, there was no lock that couldn't be opened.

Clink!

The rusty padlock on the old wooden box was released with a loud sound. Then a bright purple light came from the open box.

“Ohh!!”

Grid cheered as he verified what was inside the box.

[Braham's Boots]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 140/150 Defense: 130

Movement Speed: +10%

* 20% reduction in skill cooldown time.

* The skill 'Fly' will be generated.

Boots that Great Magician Braham loved.

The boots go to just below the knee, but they aren't inconvenient because they are made of griffon leather.

The black iron guards gives off a wonderful appearance and has high defense. The pattern of silver embroidered clouds adds a classic charm.

It is imbued with Braham's mysterious magic.

User Restriction: Level 240 or higher.

Weight: 50

Pagma's Swordsmanship was made up of the strongest skill tree. But each skill had a fatal drawback in the long cooldown time. In particular, Kill and Transcend were the two most powerful skills, but their cooldown time was too long. Therefore, they couldn't be used efficiently.

The option of a 20% reduction in skill cooldown time on Braham's Boots was like a brilliant light for Grid.

‘Furthermore, Fly magic is attached...’

Wasn't Fly an exclusive skill of a few magicians?

[Fly]

Summons invisible wings of magic power to fly like a bird.

Flying speed is proportional to the caster's magic power. There are no restrictions on height, but be careful about oxygen deficiency.

Skill Mana Cost: 2 per second.

“Kuk...!”

Vantner enthusiastically urged Grid.

“Please share the information about the boots with me!”

Vantner saw that the boots inside the chest clearly had a high value. He wanted to know their performance. Jishuka was the same. She didn't ask directly like Vantner, but her intensely shining eyes expressed her curiosity. She looked very cute trying to restrain herself.

“Heh... If you are curious about what I have gained...”

Grid shared the item information with a boastful expression. Both people saw it and freaked out.

“Heok... Fly?”

Magicians had to have their second advancement to acquire flying magic. A user needed to be at least level 200 to get their second advancement. In other words, it meant the number of magicians who had learned flying magic at this point could be counted on one hand.

Yet anyone who wore these boots could use Fly? It was an extremely rare item!

“These shoes are really amazing. I can only admire it.”

“Being able to fly... The options attached are really great. The defense is also excellent, so anyone would covet these boots.” Vantner’s words were sincere. “Can you sell it to me? I have a lot of money. I will buy it for an expensive price. Yes?”

Imagine it! The ability to fly freely in the sky! It was a rare opportunity to buy a privilege that only senior magicians could enjoy. Vantner sincerely wanted Braham’s Boots. He was willing to invest a fortune.

In addition, Grid had already tasted the goodness of money. He could clearly feel people’s gazes towards him changing after he drove an expensive car. He received special treatment wherever he went. Grid was able to realize why people bragged with foreign cars and luxury bags.

‘Yes, my goal is to be rich.’

Grid no longer wanted to live like a beggar. He would no longer experience the sadness of having no money. He made so much money that he could eat chicken whenever he wanted, and could add two eggs to ramyun if he wanted.

However, there was no need to rush. The debt was already paid and he had a stable income source. He had also bought a car already. In the end, Grid rejected Vantner's offer.

"I'm not in a hurry for money... These shoes are very useful for me, so I don't want to sell it right now."

Vantner felt regret.

"Kuk... Then it can't be helped."

Braham's Boots's had a level limit of 240. Grid was only level 114 so it would take him a while to wear it. But Vantner didn't say anything else. What could he do if the owner didn't want to sell it?

'Maybe he won't make my item if I irritate him...'

Grid patted the shoulder of the depressed Vantner.

"Don't worry. Mister, I am going to make your armor, right? I'll make a great item for you. Of course, as long as you give me a good production method."

Grid was confident. He had already made a unique spear and legendary sword. These words were naturally reassuring.

Vantner grinned. “That sounds good. The armor production method we have is special~ So I will believe you. But... Why are you calling me Mister? I am the same age as Pon! If you call Pon by his name, why are you calling me Mister?”

To Grid, Pon looked to be in his late 20's. On the other hand, Vantner was at least in his 50's. Vantner seemed like a madman whenever he insisted that he was the same age as Pon. So as usual, Grid dismissed it and approached the last remaining box.

‘The most ordinary box...’

It wasn't too flashy or too old, just a normal box. What was inside it?

“I shall check it!”

Destroying the giant monster and finding treasure chests! Grid was like a hero in a story. The atmosphere was full of excitement as he shouted. Then he pulled out the master key and inserted it.

Clink clink.

“ ... ”

Grid squirming as he wriggled the wire around in the padlock was very unsightly. Jishuka became enraged as she watched him.

‘He really seems like a thief.’

As she thought about Phoenix Arrow being used to make wires, she became more irate. It happened as Jishuka’s patience was starting to wane.

Clink!

The last box finally opened. What treasure would appear?

Gulp!

Grid, Jishuka and Vantner gulped with anticipation and tension. Then from inside the box, a sharp streak of light struck Grid’s heart.

Peeng!

“...?!”

It was a sudden accident. Jishuka and Vantner couldn’t react. They were forced to watch as a colleague died under their noses.

“Grid?”

“D-Dead?”

An untimely blow. The speed was too quick. It struck exactly at the heart, so Grid would be fatally wounded. Jishuka was furious as she confirmed that Grid was thrown back.

“Who dares kill a guild member in front of me?”

Her sharp gaze was fixed on the iron box. Then white smoke emerged from the box. There was someone inside. Vantner pulled out his twin axes. Then he yelled from next to Jishuka.

“You! You won’t be safe after touching a Tzedakah Guild member! I’ll make you pay for killing Grid!”

As Vantner’s scream sounded through the cave, Grid jumped up from where he had been lying.

“Why are you treating me as someone who is dead?”

“Grid? Yes?”

Jishuka and Vantner turned their heads and stared at Grid with surprise. Then they saw an egg floating in front of Grid.

“What? That egg?”

It was a really strange sight. Grid shrugged at both of them.

“I’m not sure...”

The egg that Grid obtained from the first treasure chest. The shape, color and even weight was perfectly like a normal egg. He threw it into a corner, but it flew over and protected him?

‘It isn’t an ordinary egg.’

Grid recalled the moment when he opened the last box.

A light flashed as soon as the box open and a sharp blade of magic power aimed at his heart. Grid fully expected to die. But at that moment, the egg suddenly flew over and protected Grid from the attack.

It was fast and moved by itself! It also had excellent durability. This wasn’t a mere egg. The egg was obviously a tremendous unique item.

‘It isn’t a simple chicken egg but the egg of a mythical creature... Is such a thing possible?’

Maybe it was a dragon!

‘The egg is small, but who knows? Is there any law that a dragon

egg can't be small?'

Duguen! Duguen! Duguen!

Maybe he would be the first one to have a dragon as a pet in Satisfy. Grid's heart thudded in anticipation and it started to resonate throughout the cave.

Then the eggshell moved! Jjejejeok! It cracked open. What type of life would hatch? Grid watched with a blank expression. The shell was completely peeled off, but the contents weren't a living creature.

It was a lump of metal in liquid form. Yes, the lump was exactly the size of the egg. While mercury was silver, this metal was gold. It was like gold water.

"What is this?"

Susuk. Sususuk.

Grid was stunned at the lump of gold in front of him. In the meantime, someone's shadow appeared from the box that was emitting smoke.

Chapter 114

Grid was stunned at the lump of gold in front of him. In the meantime, someone's shadow appeared from the box that was emitting smoke. Jishuka detected it and reflexively attacked.

Paang!

She loaded an arrow in less than a second and fired. How would the presence reply to the rapid-fire attack?

Peng!

“Eh?”

“What?”

Jishuka and Vantner were shocked. The shadow protruding from the box extended a finger and burned Jishuka's arrow to ashes.

[I'm not welcome in the world after 300 years? It's sad.]

The shadow was a long-haired, handsome man. The eyes that could be seen through the flowing hair were sharp. He looked at Jishuka and Vantner in turn, before looking at Grid like he wasn't interested in them.

‘This man, he is strong. At minimum, he's on the same level as

Malacus.'

He had directly invalidated Jishuka's quick fire attack. Jishuka and Vantner were certain they would lose if they fought. They were relieved that he wasn't interested in them. But Grid was different. He was unable to grasp the situation and shouted furiously at the one who tried to kill him.

"You jerk! Why are you trying to kill a person all of a sudden? You lousy bastard! How are you going to take responsibility for your actions? Huh? Heok?"

Grid, who had pulled out Dainsleif, suddenly winced with fear and backed down. The man who appeared from the box had a transparent body and his feet were floating in the air. He was a ghost.

"H-Hik...!"

He thought a person with a flexible body had emerged from the small box, but it was actually a ghost.

Grid was an army soldier who dedicated himself to his country, but he was sadly weak against ghosts. He was filled with so much fear he thought he would urinate. His face was pale and stricken.

'I should've entered the marines!'

Grid was caught up in a belated regret when the ghost spoke to

him.

[You survived my magic traps. You opened all three boxes that had different types of locks. Since you were protected by the pavranium, are you Pagma's Descendant?]

“Pagma's Descendant? What is that?”

“Shh. Grid's quest seems to be progressing. Be quiet and don't interrupt.”

Jishuka withdrew to a corner and brought the bewildered Vantner with her. Her eyes were shining as she stared at Grid and the ghost talking.

‘This is an opportunity to find out exactly what Grid's class is.’

On the other hand, Grid started to recover from seeing a ghost.

‘He mentioned Pagma's Descendant... Is the stagnant class quest going to proceed again?’

Grid's spirit had now completely recovered. He took a deep breath and replied.

“That's right. I am Pagma's Descendant. Who are you?”

The ghost man responded.

[I was known as the Great Magician Braham. Did you come to the labyrinth that I designed for the minerals? If you are Pagma's Descendant, you should've been interested in this place a long time ago. You don't seem to have much curiosity and attachment to minerals, unlike Pagma.]

This ghost claimed to be the legendary great magician, Braham! If Grid interpreted what he was saying, the Golem's Labyrinth seemed to be a place created for Pagma's Descendant. It was a very attractive place to Grid because the golems were made of many minerals and the labyrinth itself was a mine. He was able to collect minerals from anywhere in the labyrinth.

'I would've come sooner if I heard about this place earlier... But...'

It was ludicrous.

"You made a place like this because you were waiting for me? No, what if I never came here in my whole life?"

[I've created 27 more places like this across the continent. Even if it was delayed, I believed that one day there would be a meeting. Personally, I hoped that the meeting would be sooner.]

"...So why did you want to meet me?"

Braham pointed at the metal floating in front of Grid.

[Its name is pavranium. It is the pinnacle of all minerals created with Pagma's skill and my magic. It's harder than the god's metal adamantium, lighter than mithril, and has a good compatibility with magic power. It also has the outstanding elasticity of jaffa.]

“What?”

A mineral containing all the advantages of top-class minerals? If this was true, it could truly be called the peak.

[...It can decide by itself and move with its own will. That is its only drawback.]

‘A mineral made by Pagma...’

Grid no longer heard Braham's voice. He was lost in the richness and beauty of the pavranium that was floating in the air.

Could he handle a mineral made by Pagma? He would like to try, even if he failed. What would be the result if he made an item with this mineral? It was a chance to indirectly experience Pagma's skill through the mineral he created.

Curiosity dominated Grid. But Braham didn't like that Grid wasn't focusing on him. He pointed his narrow finger once more. Then ttak! Flames were generated. It was the fire that burned Jishuka's arrow. The fireball flew towards Grid's face and

exploded.

Kwaang!

“Crazy..!”

Once again, the pavranium protected Grid. Grid was safe due to its fast actions, then he gritted his teeth.

“What? Why are you suddenly attacking me again?”

Braham’s gaze was directed towards the pavranium, not Grid.

[That damn piece of metal... You’re still showing favoritism towards the blacksmith.]

“Hey! What was that? Eh? You are crazy! Why did you attack me all of a sudden?”

Grid was upset at being ignored. Braham’s gaze shifted back to him. Braham briefly explained why he attacked.

[Stay focused.]

“ ... ”

It was the attitude of an expensive tutor! Grid didn’t like it, but

he focused in order to progress the quest. Then Braham started his explanation.

[The end of life... I hoped for Pagma to make me something. I only helped Pagma make pavranium so that my wish could be fulfilled. It took us 9 years and 11 months to complete pavranium. But there was a limit. Pagma, who was full of strength and health, died shortly after the completion of pavranium. Even someone who was revered as a legend couldn't escape the years and died of old age.]

“...”

[It was in vain. Everything I hoped to accomplish seemed lost. I visited the dwarves and asked them to make something from the pavranium, but their tiny masses of muscle couldn't even smelt it. I was desperate! I felt despair!]

Braham screamed before coming closer to Grid. His eyes were filled with mixed emotions like anger, joy and even madness.

[But now I met you! Pagma's Descendant! I want you to achieve the last hope that Pagma couldn't fulfill! Make it! The Vessel of the Soul! Reward all my efforts to protect the pavranium even after my death!]

“The Vessel of the Soul?”

Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[Pagma's Descendant]

Difficulty: Class quest.

You have surely inherited Pagma's blacksmith skills, as well as his swordsmanship.

But you still don't know who Pagma was.

Who was Pagma? If he was simply a blacksmith with good skills, his legends wouldn't be scattered across the continent.

Follow the legends of Pagma. If you can collect all of the legends, you will truly understand Pagma and succeed his will.

At that moment, a new legend will be born.

* There is no time limit for this class quest.

* The legendary class quest has the power to transform Satisfy's world, according to the result.

Class Quest Clear Conditions: Complete all linked quests successfully.

Class Quest Clear Reward: Unknown.

* Second Class Quest: [Great Magician's Resurrection.]

The legendary great magician Braham was a genius. He reigned as the best magician ever since he started learning magic. There was a myth that he survived against the fire dragon Trauka without dying. As he grew old, he started mourning the fact that he was a mortal. Mentally and physically, he had already transcended humanity. Therefore, he wanted to become immortal.

After much research, he designed the 'Vessel of the Soul' that would regenerate his mortal soul into an immortal soul. But the Vessel of the Soul is an object that doesn't exist in this world and is impossible to create.

He searched for an entirely new mineral that could be used as a material for the Vessel of the Soul and learned that his old friend Pagma was trying to create a mineral that wasn't part of this world. He went to Pagma and assisted in the work. The two combined their power and created the mineral called pavranium.

Braham had no doubts that pavranium could be used to make the Vessel of the Soul. But the only blacksmith who could smelt pavranium was Pagma, who unfortunately died of old age.

In the end, Braham didn't achieve his wish!

He looked forward to the day that Pagma's Descendant would be born to create the Vessel of the Soul, creating 28 mines and setting up a maze all over the place before he died. Each labyrinth is full of

minerals, and he believed that it would be enough to lure Pagma's Descendant.

Now 300 years have passed. Out of 28 pieces of Braham's soul that were sealed in 28 labyrinths, one has finally encountered you.

Braham wants you to make the Vessel of the Soul. Through the Vessel of the Soul, he will be resurrected with the soul and body of an immortal.

* Second Class Quest Clear Condition: Create the Vessel of the Soul.

Second Class Quest Clear Reward: A large amount of pavranium.

"A large amount of pavranium? This isn't all of the pavranium?"

[Didn't I say that 27 more labyrinths are scattered across the continent? 27 more pavranium also exist. If you make the Vessel of the Soul with that pavranium, I will give you the rest.]

Adamantium was said to be from the world of the gods. The human world only contained a very small amount, making it the rarest among all minerals. But a large amount of adamantium in the world of the gods couldn't be ruled out.

On the other hand, pavranium was an artificially produced mineral. The method of creating it no longer existed in this world. The volume was more limited than adamantium. Not just that, the

performance was also superior to adamantium. The opportunity to get such a valuable mineral wasn't something that Grid could miss. He also had no reason to refuse the class quest.

Grid easily made a decision and nodded.

“Okay! I will make the Vessel of the Soul!”

But there was one problem.

“How do I make it? Can I just make a rice bowl?”

[Rice bowl?]

The Vessel of the Soul that would unite 28 torn pieces of soul and regenerate it into an immortal soul was likened to a rice bowl! The furious Braham wanted to kill Grid right now. But he suppressed it and barely managed to explain.

[The god of health and wisdom, Judar. The god of war, Dominion. The goddess of light, Rebecca. The god of darkness and pestilence, Yatan. Let them bless the pavranium. After that, use the divine pavranium to make whatever bowl you like, as long as it can hold something. Then bring it to me. Don't be late.]

Grid expressed his disapproval.

“I have to get a blessing from the four gods? How can I do that?”

In particular, I have a hostile relationship with the Yatan Church.”

[In the past, I forcefully overpowered each church and asked them to bless it... If that’s impossible, try to figure out another method. Flatter or beg them. Either way, you must do it by any means.]

Braham seemed like he was going to kill Grid if it wasn’t done. Then his soul started to fade away. He was just one of 28 pieces of soul, so it was difficult to maintain this form for long.

[Th...en Pag...ma’s Des...cend...ant... I be...lieve in yo...u...]

It was like watching a video. Braham used his strength to say final words before completely disappearing.

Grid’s thoughts became busy.

‘Thanks to the Malacus raid, my affinity with the Rebecca, Dominion and Judar churches has risen. I don’t know whether this affinity is high or low, but at least I won’t be killed. Yes, the problem is the Yatan Church. Dammit! How can I receive a blessing from God Yatan?’

On the other hand, Jishuka watched the event quietly and sent a whisper to Laella, the guild’s magician.

–Do you know the magician called Braham?

Laella answered immediately.

-Absolutely. Braham is the strongest magician in history. Most of the magic in Satisfy is created by Braham and he could be called the teacher of all magicians. There is no magician who doesn't know of Braham.

-Heh... He is that big? Then what about Pagma? Who is Pagma?

-Pagma? I'm not sure... This is the first time I've heard of him.

Pagma and Braham were the greatest blacksmith and magician of all time, with numerous legends about them. NPCs were familiar with historical people like Pagma and Braham because they had been studying Satisfy's history from a young age.

But it was different for users. Unlike NPCs, users only investigated their own interests. Jishuka was an archer, so she didn't know about Braham, while the magician Laella only knew about Braham and was completely unaware of Pagma.

Jishuka gave an order to Vantner.

"I want you to investigate who Pagma is."

If they knew who Pagma was, they could naturally grasp the identity of Grid, who was Pagma's Descendant.

‘I originally hadn’t planned to dig deeper...’

Grid was presumed to have a legendary hidden class. She couldn’t miss the chance to know what this class was.

“Huh?”

Jishuka’s eyes widened while she was lost in thought. It was because Grid’s body had started to float in the air.

“Ah! The boots...! How is this possible?”

Vantner was shocked after discovering that Grid was using Braham’s Boots. Didn’t Braham’s Boots have a level limit of 240? Meanwhile, Grid was only level 114. Originally, Grid shouldn’t be able to wear this item.

‘Actually, the cloak Grid is wearing is Malacus’ Cloak... I remember that Malacus’ Cloak has a level limit of 200.’ Jishuka recalled how Grid was able to wield Ibellin’s Thorn of Deep Grievance. ‘Maybe Grid can use all items, regardless of the conditions of use?’

She kept being surprised the more she knew about Grid. Meanwhile, Grid flew to the ceiling of the collapsed underground space and said to the two of them.

“I will return to the smithy first.”

Peeng!

Grid rose through the top of the ceiling and instantly disappeared from sight. Jishuka and Vantner cried out in admiration.

“Kuk~~~~! Amazing!”

“...It is more amazing than I thought. This game truly is about the power of items. Right?”

They imagined how awesome Grid looked flying around and wielding a greatsword. Maybe it would cause a big wave. A warrior who could fly had appeared! A warrior taking away the magic of magicians! The headlines continued in a similar manner.

In fact, he was a blacksmith.

Chapter 115

A hunting ground near Winston that was a favourite for level 100 users.

“Eh? What’s that?”

The users struggling with monsters noticed a black dot approaching in the sky. Then they started murmuring.

“It’s too big to be a bird. Is it perhaps a griffon?”

“There are no griffon habitats in the area. But I don’t think there is anything else besides a griffon... It’s serious if it is a griffon. Will we die?”

“U-Uh? A person?”

The dot soon got closer. Surprisingly, the identity was revealed to be a user.

“Wow... A second advancement magician.”

“It’s my first time seeing a ranker up close. So cool!”

“What is that thing shining next to him? A pet?”

Kuwaaang!

A man in a red cloak was flying through the sky! The object following him flashed in the blazing sun. The identity of the person was Grid. He flew through the sky without stopping and soon disappeared from the sight of the users.

Then he reached a wide forest and stopped.

‘I’m out of mana.’

He had already taken one mana potion. Then his mana became depleted again before the potion cooldown was over. Grid was forced to land on the ground.

“Winston is beyond this forest. I can recover some mana while walking.”

It was a deep forest.

Grid measured the distance to Winston and looked at the frostlight orc chief’s helmet. After this forest, he would encounter a lot of people. The helmet was the sign of the Human Slaughterer so there would be a fuss.

“I have to quickly replace this helmet.”

Grid once again vowed to wear an awesome helmet that was

suitable for a mythical hero, while the pavranium circled his head. It seemed to be in a good mood.

“Are you excited to get fresh air after being trapped in a box for 300 years?”

Grid asked while walking. But the pavranium didn't answer. It was natural. It had a will, but it was just a mineral. It couldn't carry out a conversation. But Grid continued to talk to it.

“But aren't you unbelievably fast? My flight speed was 100 meters in 7 seconds, yet you managed to keep up? Do you have tireless stamina as well?”

Grid looked at the pavranium with affection. It was natural for a blacksmith to feel favorable towards the best minerals.

“Kuwooh!”

“Give it to me! Human! Your life! Flesh and bone! Separate!”

Grid was carrying out a pleasant conversation (?) with pavranium when he was interrupted by sturdy orcs. They were armed with crude red leather and had a large wolf with them. Considering that they spoke the human language fairly well, they were obviously the wolf fang orcs known for being powerful among the various orcs.

Grrrung.

The wolf shook its nose. It was clearly reacting to the bloody smell coming from Malacus' Cloak. It smelled the blood and led the orcs here. In addition...

Kuuong! Kung!

Kyaooooooh!

Various monsters such as ogres, goblins and snakes moved through the forest. In an instant, Grid was surrounded by 100 enemies.

“Wow... What is this?”

The users hunting nearby were surprised by the turmoil and came running. It was the first time they saw all types of monsters focusing on just one person.

“That person is screwed.”

“What did he do wrong that angered so many mobs?”

“Tsk tsk~ purposely angering mobs like this~ he should hunt in moderation~”

The people weren't aware of the situation and talked among themselves.

Syuok! Syuok!

The goblin archers in the rear shot at Grid. The users saw the dark rain of arrows covering the sky and knew that Grid would die. But Grid's high stats made him similar to a level 200 combat class. In addition, he'd observed Jishuka's expert archery, so the goblin's clumsy firing seemed like a kid's prank to him.

“Are there any idiots who would be killed by these arrows?”

Grid laughed while holding the Ideal Dagger and aimed Wind Blast at the arrows.

Kuwaaaang!

Grid invested all the points he gained reaching level 114 into strength. The damage of Wind Blast was proportional to his attack power. Now that the power of Grid's Wind Blast was upgraded, the level 100 goblins couldn't endure it.

“Kiek!”

“Kyak!”

The rain of arrows was neutralized and the goblin archers who had their arms or legs cut off collapsed with a scream. This was the signal for all monsters to simultaneously attack Grid.

“Wearing the cloak was worthwhile!”

Hunting had a direct correlation to levels!

Grid swapped to Dainsleif and drank a mana potion. Then he used Wave and fired it all over the place. The monsters approaching him simultaneously collapsed. The ogres were durable enough to survive, but they were hit by Wave and slowed down by the debuff. They couldn't threaten Grid with their slow movements and struggled in vain.

Peeok! Pajik!

“Keok!”

Puook!

“Kkieek!”

Wave killed most of the monsters in one blow, while Grid subdued the rest by killing them one by one. Meanwhile, the few remaining goblins fired arrows with all their might. A few arrows actually flew directly at Grid.

“Che!”

Grid was too caught up in killing and belatedly noticed the

arrows. He braced himself for the pain. But the arrows didn't reach Grid's body.

Kwajak! Kwajajak!

Pavranium rotated around Grid's body and destroyed all the arrows.

“Wow...”

Was it normal for a class to have a strong offense and defense? The swordsman with the black greatsword killed the monsters with overwhelming attack power, while the metal pet protected the body. This balance seemed perfect.

“That's amazing... Excuse me, but what is your class?”

Grid swept away the rest of the monsters with pavranium's help and started picking up items. This gave the users a chance to barrage him with questions.

“What is that gold object floating next to you? Is that a pet? Or maybe a new style of armor?”

“Mister, how about you? Aren't you actually a high level user? Why is a high level user hunting in a place like this? Is there anything good here?”

“Mister~?”

“Mister, are you deaf? Answer us.”

The users here saw that Grid was in a crisis and no one tried to help. In addition, Grid was inherently unfriendly towards people. He had no obligation to answer the users’ questions.

“This is too annoying. Fly.”

Grid cried out to the annoying users and used Fly. Then he literally flew away in the sky.

“...?”

The users left behind were stunned and could only blink. After a few minutes, people in various communities around the world became interested in something.

<I saw a swordsman flying.>

It was a place called Popo Forest near Winston. I hunted with my friend there and saw a high level user slaughtering mobs. Then after wiping out all the mobs, he flew away. A swordsman was flying?

RnfkRk’s comment: ⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨ A swordsman can’t fly ⇨⇨⇨⇨
⇨

Durururubam's reply: A swordsman was flying? I'm a priest but I can't use Heal. ㄷㄹ

Black Dragon's Right Arm's comment: Kukuk... That swordsman was me... Kukukuk... I was careful but I never thought someone would witness it... Yare yare...

Zkxhfm's comment: Liar's disease.

Admiral's comment: Did you mother eat seaweed soup on the day you were born?

30,000 won Salary's comment: Don't write shit just to gain traffic.

It was a terrible method. The users abused the poster who wrote about the flying swordsman, so the other witnesses no longer bragged about it. Thus, it was a temporary problem and the topic wasn't mentioned any longer.

In the meantime, Grid arrived at Khan's smithy and ran straight to the furnace. He placed the pavranium in the furnace and controlled the temperature in order to determine the melting point.

"It is 1,900 degrees."

The pavranium was so small that it was instantly smelted.

“I don’t want to carry it around in an egg shape until I make the Vessel of the Soul, so I should transform it into something else...”

But the volume was too small to produce a lot of items. The pavranium wasn’t enough to even make a dagger. In order to make an item, Grid would have to mix in other materials. However, he didn’t want to contaminate the pure pavranium.

“Let’s be satisfied with changing the shape.”

After being with the pavranium for a while, he noticed that it had a propensity to stay by the owner’s side for protection. He needed to take advantage of this feature.

“A shape more suitable for defense than an egg... Ah!”

Grid recalled Malacus’ shield.

“He formed a disc-shaped shield with magic power at each attacked point, effectively blocking the attack...”

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid started carefully hammering. Then after a while, the pavranium became two disks. Each disc was slightly smaller than the palms of an adult.

“Okay.”

Grid finished the discs. The discs floated in the air before starting to revolve around Grid again. Grid felt reassured. It seemed like he could be protected from most attacks. Then Jishuka arrived at the smithy. Grid told her.

“Shoot an arrow at me.”

“Huh?”

“Hurry.”

“Hmmm, okay.”

Jishuka saw the golden discs circling around Grid and noticed his intentions. Then she fired an arrow without hesitation.

Syuk!

Chaaeng!

It was a beautiful sight. The two discs around Grid’s body flew in the direction of the arrow and fully stopped it.

“That is great...”

Jishuka's expression wasn't good, compared to her admiring words. Her ego was bruised.

“It's that simple to block? Did I shoot it too weakly?”

“Hey, wait a minute...!”

Grid was scared. Jishuka fired again, but this time she pulled the bowstring back to the maximum.

Swaeek!

“Aaaagh!”

The arrow that contained all her power flew towards Grid's death.

Then!

Jjejeong!

“...Hah!”

Grid and Jishuka let out a sound at the same time. Jishuka's was a displeased sneer, while Grid was filled with delight.

“This arrow can even pierce through steel... Isn’t this extremely durable? Like Braham said, it’s the peak of all minerals.”

That’s right. The golden discs had perfectly blocked the arrow fired by Jishuka. But the impact was quite strong, so it couldn’t move for a little while after the point of collision. Then it started moving again after two seconds.

‘If it receives excessive shock, it is immobilized for two seconds...’

If Jishuka continuously fired her strength arrows, the two discs wouldn’t be able to completely protect his body. Grid felt the need to complete this quest and obtain the rest of the pavranium.

‘But... If there are 27 more pavranium of this size, it won’t be enough to make armor... Well, it isn’t a problem. I can still use it.’

Grid was flexible. Rather than striving to make a complete item with a limited volume of pavranium, it was best to maximize its efficiency by making several small items.

‘For example, attaching a blade made of pavranium to armor. The blade would move on its own to protect me from attacks I can’t react to, or if the enemy attacks me from an unexpected angle.’

An item that could move on its own! If he cleared this quest and gained the remaining pavranium, he would be able to write the

true history of the power of items. As Grid was overwhelmed with pleasure, someone knocked on the door of the smithy. Jishuka asked him.

“These discs, they don’t need to be exposed to other people right?”

“Of course. Isn’t it common sense to hide it?”

“Yes.”

Grid placed the discs in his inventory. Then the doors of the smithy opened. One knight and dozens of soldiers entered. They politely saluted to Grid and said.

“Earl Steim is looking for you.”

“Earl Steim? Lady Irene’s father?”

“Yes.”

“Oh? Okay! Let’s go!”

Why was the master of the north, one of the big powers in the Eternal Kingdom, looking for Grid? In the first place, it was strange that the high level NPC knight, famous for their arrogance, would act so respectfully towards a user.

Jishuka watched the knight and soldiers escort Grid from the smithy and asked.

“What is this?”

Vantner’s armor production request needed to be delayed for a while.

Chapter 116

“Put that decoration here!”

“Hey, the new curtain color doesn’t match the wallpaper. Change it back to the previous one.”

“Chef! Is the food preparation finished?”

“There’s dust left on the carpet! Clean again!”

80 servants working in Winston Castle were busy. In a little while, Winston’s top VIP would be here. Earl Steim was the one who invited the VIP, but he didn’t look pleased.

‘I don’t like it....’

Irene was Earl Steim’s only child. She was truly a lovely daughter. He was confident that she was the most beautiful and gentlest woman in the world. Therefore, he thought that her husband should at least be the prince of another country.

Then!

His precious daughter, famous for being aloof in social circles, had her heart taken by a con artist! What a blunder!

“Hum hum hum~” Irene was smiling happily and humming to

herself. She seemed like a new bride waiting for her husband.

Earl Steim's expression became increasingly darker. 'That person called Grid... No matter how I think about it, he's just a scammer.'

Grid was the hero who saved Winston from the Mero Company and previous lord, and the one who made the Sword of Self-transcendence that was a new heirloom in their family. Above all, he saved Irene's life.

No, wasn't it just words?

He couldn't believe that the young blacksmith who made the best sword would be skilled enough in the sword to kill Malacus, one of the Eight Servants, and rescue Irene from the remaining Yatan followers.

It was impossible the more he thought about it. Perhaps Irene was deceived by him?

'My daughter... You're being fooled by a scammer... You don't have any eye for men. Come on Grid! I will reveal that you are a scammer!'

"Lord Earl."

A young man approached Earl Steim. His blond hair made him look like he was the protagonist of a romantic drama. His luxurious attire and elegant demeanor made it obvious that he was

a noble.

His name was Bland de Ian. He was the son of Earl Ashur, lord of the south, and a disciple of Earl Steim. In addition, he was Irene's childhood friend. Having adored Irene since childhood, he was filled with greater anger and jealousy than Earl Steim.

“I've thought about it all night, and that person called Grid is definitely a con artist.”

Earl Steim nodded. “I was thinking the same thing. So let's wait for him to come. We will reveal the truth!”

“Yes!”

Then after a while.

Earl Steim, Bland and Irene anxiously waited for Grid with different feelings. Grid was delivered by a knight and kneeled down in front of Earl Steim.

“I greet the great lord of the north, Earl Steim.”

Grid usually wore scruffy beginner's clothing, but he was worried about meeting nobles. On the way to the castle, he stopped by a clothing store and bought clothes worth one gold. But while the one gold clothes might seem luxurious for beginners, it looked cheap even for mid level users, and the materials weren't good. In the eyes of the nobles, he was like a beggar.

‘His appearance is shabby...’

It wasn’t just Grid’s clothing. The forearms and shoulder muscles showed that his body was trained, but it wasn’t at a special level. There wasn’t one element where Grid was superior to Bland. Bland was sure of this and shouted.

“Who are you? Even if you are a commoner, shouldn’t you know the basic etiquette?”

Grid made a mistake. Originally when greeting the nobility, it was a etiquette to reveal his identity.

‘It was a mistake I made after not meeting nobles for a long time. But even so...’

Grid looked at the noble with the name ‘Bland’ over his head.

‘Why is that jerk so high-strung and tense?’

Grid was aware of the reason why he was brought here. He was the creator of the Sword of Self-transcendence and the hero who saved both Winston and Irene, so Earl Steim was probably going to reward his achievements. But instead of a warm welcome, he received this unpleasant reaction.

However, he remained patient.

‘This isn’t just any noble... Earl Steim might become my father-in-law so...’

Grid smiled and corrected his mistake.

“The blacksmith Grid living in Winston greets the lord of the north, Earl Steim.”

Earl Steim nodded. “Ah, yes. I have heard the story. Thus, I am glad to meet you. However... You introduced yourself as a blacksmith? I heard you are also an excellent swordsman.”

Grid humbly explained, “I’m not a swordsman. My main vocation is a blacksmith, and my swordsmanship is just shallow.”

“Huh, it must not be shallow if you manage to defeat Malacus. Shouldn’t you be the best?”

“I didn’t defeat Malacus alone. It was with my colleagues.”

“But isn’t it true that you defeated dozens of Yatan followers? Irene was a direct witness.”

“It is true but... The followers of Yatan were so weak that I could deal with them with my shallow fencing.”

“Hah... The followers are Yatan are weak? If they are so

insignificant, how have they troubled the soldiers and people of this land for decades? Is it true that your opponents were the Yatan followers? In the first place, was it the Yatan Church who actually kidnapped Irene? Perhaps someone deceived Irene in order to make himself stand out?”

Rather than being rewarded, Earl Steim was pushing the conversation in a strange direction. Grid grasped the situation.

‘Earl Steim, I sold you the Sword of Self-transcendence and saved your daughter’s life, but you are making me out to be a con artist?’

It was very unpleasant. Anger flared inside Grid. He had tried to show humility because the other person was a noble. Grid’s face turned red as Irene came forward, “Father! What do you mean by that? Are you suspicious of Grid right now?”

“That’s right!” Earl Steim snapped and got up from his seat. Then he spoke bluntly. “Grid! I’m sorry, but aren’t you too suspicious? You’re the greatest blacksmith on the continent and the strongest swordsman at the same time? Common sense suggests that it isn’t possible! First, I have to check if your swordsmanship is real or not. Bland!”

“Yes, My Lord!”

Chaang!

When Earl Steim called, Bland pulled out his sword like he had

been waiting. Then he rushed towards Grid.

‘Yes, this is better.’

Honestly, this method was better to resolve their doubts. Grid thought positively and pulled Dainsleif out of his inventory. He jumped forward and shouted.

“This is how it is! Yes, my swordsmanship isn’t shallow! I will show you!”

“Are you prepared? I will defeat you now!”

Bland jumped up and aimed his sword towards Grid’s head.

Chaaeng!

“...?!”

Bland was perplexed. The striking force that had the weight of his body applied was rendered ineffective by that big sword in Grid’s hand.

‘Che! I guess he trained up his strength and muscle development!’

Bland determined that it was difficult to compete with strength,

so he used the repulsive force to spin in the air and land. Then he lowered his body as much as possible and attacked Grid's lower body.

Grid stuck his greatsword to the ground. Bland's sword flying towards Grid's ankles was blocked by the greatsword.

'He's good at fighting!'

A chill went down Bland's spine. He was certain that Grid was a scammer due to his appearance, but what was this? He hurriedly moved as Grid drew up his feet. A kick.

"Cough..."

Bland coughed out some gastric juices. Grid stood over him and said, "You are like a kid who only fought in your house... No, I'm sorry to your sword."

"T-This guy...!"

NPC knights had a minimum level of 180. Among the knights, Bland was one of the most talented and had a level of 200. Yet he was overwhelmed by Grid who was only level 114. It was inevitable. Grid's stats were high enough to be considered level 200, and the items he used had a level limit of over 200. In particular, Dainsleif was the strongest weapon. His stats, skills, items and combat experience made the difference in level meaningless.

But Bland was also a formidable presence. His father Earl Ashur was one of the best magicians in the Eternal Kingdom. He'd also inherited his father's talent for magic. That's right. He was a magic swordsman. It wasn't attack or defense magic, but buff and debuffs which were the most powerful in a one-on-one match.

“Sword's Grace! Armor's Will!”

Bland's sword and armor started to shine blue. It was imbued with the power of magic. This wasn't the end.

“Storm's Fury!”

Heavy winds stirred around Bland. The wind magic increased the speed of his blade and provided a certain amount of shielding.

‘Now I will unconditionally win!’

Bland regained his confidence, “I am the youngest son of the great magician, Earl Ashur! It is possible for me to use powerful magic! Hahaha! Can you go against Earl Steim's swordsmanship and my father's magic?”

“Earl Ashur...?”

Grid's face distorted at that moment.

Earl Ashur! Who was he? He was the lord of the fortified city Patrian, and the one who ordered Grid to find the Northern End Cave and obtain Pagma's Rare Book.

At the time, Grid was forced to take a quest that didn't fit his level and suffered for months. He experienced more than a dozen deaths, lost many items and became broke, increasing the risk of being chased after by the creditors. Grid had really wanted to quit the game. Logging into the game itself was like hell. He would rather go into the army one more time. An average person would've given up the game.

Grid's only advantage was his patience, so he persevered and persevered until he finally found Pagma's Rare Book. But he wasn't greeted with a happy ending. All the reputation he built up with Earl Ashur and Patrian turned into infamy and he was killed by Earl Ashur's knight.

As a result of Earl Ashur, Grid was able to change to Pagma's Descendant and reverse his life, but that was all due to Grid's efforts. Grid was only filled with hostile emotions towards Ashur.

“Oho, you are Earl Ashur's son?”

Grid had promised several times that he would someday kill Earl Ashur. And now! He found a target that could get rid of some of that deep grudge. Bland in front of him had identified himself as Earl Ashur's son.

Bland was still unable to grasp the atmosphere.

“Hahaha! You are afraid after knowing my identity! But it is too late! You will be completely trampled on by me!”

Bland grew up as a member of the nobility and was always victorious thanks to his outstanding talents. He was very confident in himself. He didn't think that the commoner in front of him could be stronger than himself.

“Lord of the Storm!”

Bland's debuff magic aimed at Grid and strong winds started to press at him. Grid couldn't move even one hand. Bland smiled with satisfaction and rushed towards Grid, stabbing forward with his magic enhanced sword.

[A strong wind has suppressed your body. Agility will become zero for two seconds and you can't move.]

[You have resisted.]

Grid scoffed as he checked the notification window.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship.”

‘Pagma? Pagma?! Don't tell me?’

Earl Steim was shocked as he heard Grid's voice. Grid unleashed

a dazzling sword dance.

“Link!”

Jjejeong! Jjejejeok! Pepepepeok!

The greatsword swiftly moved 10 times, regardless of its heavy weight. Bland’s attack was easily neutralized and the wind shield protecting Bland’s body shattered. Even his armor strengthened by magic was torn apart.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Bland couldn’t believe it. How could this man move freely? And what was this beam of light?

Pipipipit!

Bland’s body was swept by the 10 silver lights of different orbits, causing him to bleed and kneel down.

‘This can’t be...! This is me! Me!’

He couldn’t show this shameful image in front of the woman he liked and his respected teacher. Bland didn’t want it to end like this. He wanted to get up and kill Grid right now. But his wounded body didn’t move as intended.

Grid snorted and turned his gaze towards Earl Steim. Then he straightened and asked, “With this, are there any doubts about my swordsmanship? Shall I show you my blacksmithing skills next? Huh?”

“Yes! This is good! Okay! I want to know everything about you! But before that!” Earl Steim ran up in front of Grid. He grasped both of Grid’s hands and pleaded. “Grid! Please take my daughter as your bride!”

The greatest blacksmith and swordsman in history. The name of this famous person was Pagma. Earl Steim had realized that Grid was Pagma’s Descendant.

At this moment, Grid was the first to obtain the status of a noble’s son-in-law from among the two billion users playing Satisfy. It was the position he failed to obtain in the past after being interrupted by Yura during Doran’s quest.

Chapter 117

This was the best development for Grid.

‘Isn’t this the best financial backer!’

He would become the husband of a lady, which meant he could abuse his authority and intercept some taxes. Winston had grown to be one of the cities representing the Eternal Kingdom. The taxes collected here were enormous. He would be rich if he could obtain even a portion of it. In addition, Irene was the successor of a prestigious noble family. If he married her, he could become a high-ranking noble, not just rich.

‘I can simultaneously get riches and power. More than anything else...’

Irene was pretty. She had shiny silver hair. She had big eyes that were slightly curved. Her mouth was always smiling and she had a small nose. Grid got a really gently impression from her. She was famous for her excellent character and was the best female, except that her breasts were average in size.

Grid had no reason to refuse. But there was still something he had to consider.

“Just now, didn’t My Lord consider me as a fraud? Now you are suddenly telling me to take your daughter as my bride... Are you serious?”

Earl Steim explained to Grid who was watching suspiciously.

“There is only one person in history who is the best blacksmith and strongest swordsman. He was Pagma.”

“...”

“The sword dance you used is very similar to Pagma’s swordsmanship described in the legends. No, you aren’t a con artist. You are certainly Pagma’s Descendant.”

“It’s enough that I am Pagma’s Descendant?”

“That’s right! It is enough! Rather, it’s the main reason!”

Grid moved his gaze and looked at Irene’s reaction. Her face was flushed but the smile indicated that she was feeling positive towards this.

‘Huhuhu!’

Grid’s mouth watered. After the bad ending of his first love, he thought he would never have a relationship with a woman again. But now he had a chance with Irene! Some people would laugh and say they were just NPCs in a game, but Satisfy was like another reality, not a game. Satisfy’s NPCs were just like humans in all respects, from their emotions, thoughts, bodies and physiological

needs.

Grid was so thrilled that he shed tears of joy.

‘I am finally going to get rid of my virgin status...!’

It was a great opportunity to get rid of his unwanted virgin status that he had kept for 27 years. At the same time, his status would rise and he would become rich. Grid absolutely couldn’t miss this opportunity of a lifetime. But there was one problem.

‘I want to marry her straight away and start the first night... But I need to proceed with the class quest... I also need to continue working at the smithy.’

Grid explained the situation.

“I... It is a great honor that I can marry a beautiful and caring lady like Irene. However, it is difficult to marry now because I have a personal matter. In addition, I would like to keep working as a blacksmith after our marriage... Is it okay for the son-in-law of a noble family to be a mere blacksmith?”

“Isn’t Pagma’s Descendant supposed to be a blacksmith? It isn’t your fault that you have to do a blacksmith’s job. Rather, it is something to be proud of. The marriage schedule will be set at a comfortable time for you.”

“This can’t be!”

Bland, who had been unable to lift his head after his defeat to Grid, couldn't bear it anymore and shouted.

“Lord! He is a corrupt being! He has the curse of the gods. He will revive again after dying, and he will never grow old! In other words, he can't be described as a human! Are you really going to accept him as your son-in-law?”

Corrupt was one of the titles that Satisfy's NPCs used to refer to users. In the NPC's point of view, users who couldn't grow old or die weren't humans. So, NPCs considered users to be cursed by the gods. However, there were many NPCs who thought the opposite. It was the case with Earl Steim.

“Why is eternal life a curse? Rather, isn't it a blessing? I don't think of them as corrupt, but blessed beings. They have certainly received the love of the gods. I am glad that the man who will be my daughter's groom is loved by the gods.”

Bland gritted his teeth.

“Blessing? You're mistaken! Imagine how Irene will feel growing old alone! How sad and lonely will Irene be? My Lord, right now you are caught up in greed and don't care about Irene at all!”

“It's a matter for both of them to deal with. We shouldn't be quarreling about it.”

Irene nodded, “That’s right. Sir Bland, I like Mr. Grid. Mr. Grid’s appearance might not change for the rest of my life, but I can cope when I am sad or alone. I want to be with Mr. Grid.”

Kwaduduk!

In fact, over the past few years, Bland had confessed to Irene a few times. But Irene never considered Bland in that way and he was forced to give up on her. He chose to become a knight of her family and watch her from a distance.

He sincerely wished for Irene to meet with a great man and be happy. However, the man she selected was a corrupt being!

‘I don’t know how this is possible... Is being Pagma’s Descendant great enough to transcend his status?’

Pagma was a legend. Bland knew that Pagma was a great figure. However, Grid was the person who inherited Pagma’s abilities, not Pagma himself. He was clearly worse than Pagma. Bland wanted to prove that fact. If he could defeat Grid, Pagma’s Descendant would seem like a separate entity from Pagma. Then maybe Earl Steim would change his mind.

Bland once again grasped his sword.

“Grid! I want to reapply for a duel.”

Bland had been careless before. If they fought again, he could get

better results than before. Bland believed this and strengthened his abilities with all types of buffs. He combined the techniques passed on by Earl Steim with Storm Sword.

Kuwoooooh!

The storm generated by Bland's magic made the carpet and decorations shake. In the midst of this mess, Bland's sword emitted a powerful force. The energy was so intense and harsh that Irene was wounded when retreating.

“Sir Bland! Stop!” Irene shouted at him, but Bland was stubborn.

‘I will defeat this guy!’

This was his sacred duty. He would cut off the bond that would make the woman he loved unhappy.

Kwaang!

“Ohhhhhh!”

Bland's body used the storm as a booster engine and quickly approached Grid. Grid's face distorted.

‘You want to come again? This kid doesn't understand who he is going against.’

Grid could use Restraint to block him from attacking, could avoid Bland with Fly or defend using pavranium. But Grid chose to go head on. He intended to show Bland the difference in attack power, so that Bland couldn't come again.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Kill!”

Peeeeeeong!

Intense hate was focused on Dainsleif and collided with Bland’s storm blade in front of him. At the same time, the shockwave shattered the pillars and inner walls supporting the room, and the ceiling collapsed instantly.

“Bland, you!”

Bland’s actions caused Irene to be seriously hurt. Earl Steim was furious after barely rescuing Irene from the blast.

“You wounded Irene! You have forgotten your duties! My own daughter...!”

Earl Steim stopped in the middle of his words. Bland had already collapsed. On the other hand, Grid had no wounds. He just had a few pieces of his clothes torn off. Grid identified that Irene was in Earl Steim’s arms and said with a sad expression.

“My Lady was hurt because of me.”

Earl Steim shook his head, “Why is this because of you? It’s my fault. In the first place, I suspected you and caused this to happen. I was too rude. I’m sorry.”

Earl Steim apologized.

Nobles had high pride. Nobles had no reason to bow down to a person lower than them. But Earl Steim could honestly apologize because he valued responsibilities more than his fellow peers.

‘He’s a better father-in-law than I thought.’

Grid felt pleased as he asked Earl Steim, “If you are sincerely sorry, can I ask you for one favor?”

Earl Steim smiled at Grid’s words.

‘He isn’t an easy person... Truly the descendant of a legend.’

He liked that ambition.

Earl Steim nodded. “In the first place, you deserve a reward for creating the Sword of Self-transcendence and rescuing Irene. Yes, whatever you want. I will do my best.”

“I heard that Earl Steim has a good relationship with the Rebecca Church. I need to see the pope of the Rebecca Church... Can you

write an introduction for me? I might be able to meet the pope if I have your introduction.”

Earl Steim nodded.

“I understand. Aren’t you the one who defeated Malacus? The pope will gladly welcome you.”

After that, the banquet was cancelled due to the turmoil. Grid left the castle after agreeing to marry Irene and receiving the letter of introduction. There was someone waiting for him when he returned to Khan’s smithy.

“Are you Grid?”

It was a man with a strong body and tattoos on both cheeks that were reminiscent of animal claws. His grey hair rose into the sky like he had been struck by lightning, attracting the eye. His ID was ‘Toon.’ He was one of the six new rankers who joined the Tzedakah Guild not long ago after passing a high strength test.

He commanded Grid.

“I heard you are a great blacksmith? Make a weapon for me. Do you know the one who smashed the Giant Guild on the street before? I want to fight him, but I think I need a better weapon first. So make me a weapon. I will use my new weapon to fight that person. Kyaaack~ spit!”

Toon spat while talking, looking like a typical neighbourhood gangster. Grid was reminded of the Mother's Heart is Happy employees who harassed him. Grid glared at him like he wanted to kill Toon.

“Do you know where you are spitting right now?”

“Hah? Hahahat!”

Toon blinked at Grid's words. He checked the guild information window and saw that the blacksmith's level was in the early 100s, so he couldn't help finding it cute.

“Hey, your blacksmith skills are great so you can join any guild... But I am different. The reason I joined the guild was to approach that butcher. I will leave the guild immediately after fighting him. Do you understand? Do you know the atmosphere now? Unlike the others, I'm not going to curry favor with you. If you don't want to die, make me a weapon quickly. Eh~? Kyaack! Spit!”

“...”

The six new guild members didn't know that Grid was the helmeted person who destroyed the Giant Guild. It was because the guild wasn't willing to leak information about Grid to those they couldn't trust yet.

“Hey, do you know the ID of that butcher? The other guild members won't speak no matter what I ask. Why do they need to

hide it from me? It is just a bother trying to find him... Kyaaack~~ spit!”

Grid’s patience reached its limit.

Ah... He was tired from acting nice in front of nobles, and an annoying bastard now appeared in front of him. “Hey, you !#.”

This smithy was a very precious place to Grid.

It was the place where his connection with Khan started and the place where he started to work earnestly as a blacksmith. He had lots of memories here and would continue using it in the future. To exaggerate it a little bit, it was his place of destiny. Grid couldn’t stand by when this person kept spitting in here.

He was seriously angry as he pulled out the Ideal Dagger.

“You will be punished for defiling my sacred space.”

“Pfff!” Toon grabbed his belly and started to laugh. “Puhahahat! Hey~ Doesn’t this blacksmith seem really angry? Sacred space? Kuhahaha! I will kill you once!”

Clink!

Toon swung his right hand vigorously. Then three blades sprang

out from the wrist blades at his wrists. Toon approached Grid with a menacing look in his eyes.

“You dare take a weapon out in front of me? Die.”

He was serious. Toon was determined to kill Grid once so that Grid wouldn't argue anymore.

Chaaeng!

Toon swung his wristblades like they were a beast's foot, aiming at Grid's chest. Grid defended with the Ideal Dagger and was half pushed down.

‘Three or four times?’

Grid was confused. After the Malacus raid, his strength had grown steadily from making unique and legendary items, as well as repeated level ups. Therefore, it was now above 1,000. He was confident that he could compete with anyone in strength.

But he was completely pushed in this match against Toon.

Kikik! Kkikikik!

The dagger shook as the wrist blades pressed down on it. Grid eventually stepped back as the tip of the longest blade touched his chest. He tilted the dagger and flowed around the wrist blades,

avoiding the attack and opening some distance away from Toon.

‘It is hard to win against him in strength.’

Grid was fully aware that he was strong. He was confident that he was stronger than Ibellin, the weakest in the guild, before Ibellin obtained the Thorn of Deep Grievance. Ibellin was defeated by the Giant Guild, but Grid was overwhelmingly victorious.

However, he didn’t have a chance to accurately assess his strength against the other guild members. So Grid didn’t know for sure how his skills would go against the top rankers. And Toon was 40th on the unified rankings.

Toon whistled. “Hwiik~ what, you? You managed to stop my attack? Isn’t this great?”

Ssik.

The corners of Toon’s mouth went up. He noticed that Grid wasn’t just a blacksmith and felt interested.

“Interesting!”

Flash!

Toon’s eyes became tinged with red. Then grey hair started to sprout from his muscular body. At that moment, an explosive

energy was emitted and Grid shrunk back.

‘What tremendous power...!’

Grid decided that he needed to fight properly. He prepared to take out all the items in his inventory, including Dainsleif and the Frostlight Orc Chief’s Helmet.

Peeeong!

Suddenly, a kick came from the side and Toon went flying.

“Cough!”

Kwaduduk!

There was the sound of breaking bones and the whites of Toon’s eyes were exposed as he fell.

“Crazy...! This bastard!” After cursing, Toon turned to see who was attacking him. Then he discovered a smiling Regas. “What is this, Regas? A cowardly surprise attack from behind? I thought you were a Taekwon Master.”

Toon said sarcastically as he glared at Regas.

“Toon, if you do anything impolite to Grid one more time, you

will lose your head.”

Regas was always smiling and friendly. This was the first time that Grid saw him angry. Toon was also confused.

‘The man who is rumored to be mild-mannered... His anger is frightening.’

Toon stood up quietly. His waist, which had been twisted in a bizarre direction, recovered normally. It was a phenomenal recovery. He put away his wrist blades.

“Taekwon Master Regas... One day I will have a fight with you, but not now. That blacksmith is a little surprising... To be honest, I think 2 against 1 is hard. Well, I’ll see you later.”

“Hey you bastard! Clean up before you go!”

Regas stopped Grid, who tried to chase after Toon. “That person, he is quite strong in beast form. He will be a hard person to fight again.”

“No! I have to beat him up right now! And why was he accepted into the guild in the first place? His behaviour is completely out of control! Shouldn’t the guild members be checked carefully?”

“His way of thinking is extremely simple, so Jishuka can easily control him. However, you don’t need to worry about that. I have found the Divine Shield.”

“...!”

Regas had been searching for the Divine Shield since it was stolen until now, and he finally found it. Grid forgot all about Toon as he asked excitedly.

“Where? Where is it?”

Regas’ expression wasn’t good. “Well... One of Rebecca’s Daughters has it. I asked to meet her and she refused. She seems reluctant to return the shield.”

“Rebecca’s Daughter?”

Grid was reminded of the beautiful girl in the blue dress who burst through the wall and confronted the Yatan followed who stole the Divine Shield.

‘Her name was Isabel? I remember the Yatan following being shocked that she was Rebecca’s Daughter...’

Grid asked.

“What is a Rebecca’s Daughter?”

Regas explained what he knew.

“It is the title that refers to the top three paladins in the Rebecca Church. They received sacred weapons from Goddess Rebecca and it is said that their power is comparable to the Second and Third Servants. They are a relatively small force, but few people can threaten the Rebecca Church thanks to Rebecca’s Daughters.”

“...In a nutshell, that girl won’t return my shield?”

“That’s right.”

“...”

Grid had a headache. He needed to meet the pope, but now things became twisted due to the Rebecca’s Daughter. He had an ominous feeling.

Regas smiled with a gentle expression.

“You don’t have to worry. Aren’t you part of the Tzedakah Guild? If you need assistance at any time, then please call the guild members. Everyone will be willing to help you. The six new members are especially full of enthusiasm.”

“...I’ve heard that those six people are called psychos. It doesn’t seem to be a lie when looking at Toon... They seem useless.”

“Haha.”

Afterwards, Grid sent a whisper to Jishuka to explain the situation. Then Jishuka fully understood Grid's position.

–Of course, your quest comes first. I won't ask you to make any items for the guild members until your quest is finished. And if you need help, call at anytime. I will come running.

That night, Grid immediately left Winston. The destination was the Rebecca Vatican.

Chapter 118

Like any game, the role of a healer was very important in Satisfy. They were indispensable for stable party hunting and the success of a raid. In Satisfy, the healers were priests who served Rebecca, the goddess of light. Only those who served Rebecca could become acquainted with Heal.

“Looking for a priest to finish the Dunpapa raid in two minutes!”

“Looking for a priest for a party that has an average level of 150~”

“Priests! Please join the party! You will have priority on items!”

The popularity of priests was unimaginable. Unfortunately, the number of priests was very limited. It was very hard to become a priest of the Rebecca Church. Dating was forbidden and there was a series of hardships such as praying for days, intermittent silence, and fasting.

There were jokes that the priest of the Rebecca Church were monks in reality. Therefore, most users were reluctant to become priests of the Rebecca Church and most Rebecca priests were NPCs.

“Sigh... There are no priests today.”

“We have to go to the temple again to hire a priest.”

Parties looking for priests had to visit the Rebecca Church. Then they had to pay a large sum in donations to hire NPC priests. These actions repeated, so the Rebecca Church gained tremendous wealth. The high priests of the Rebecca Church, known for their integrity, were overwhelming without knowing.

It was the current pope who led to all of this. Drevigo, the 13th pope of the Rebecca Church, was a far cry from the first clergymen. He was eager to meet his individual needs.

After he became the pope. He understood the market and built up wealth by turning the priests into a commodity. He provided incense to the high priests and corrupted them, committing all types of wrongdoings with them.

As a result, the Rebecca Church fell over time and became a symbol of decadence.

“There is no answer.”

In this place, there was a beautiful girl who had a habit of sighing. Her name was Isabel. She was one of Rebecca’s Daughters, the ultimate paladins of the Rebecca Church, and the master of the Lifael Spear.

She shuddered as she listened to the noises coming from the pope from her room.

“The supposedly divine presence is shaking his waist like a dog

every night.”

The priest Cassus paid attention to her. “Shh. Your words aren’t appropriate for a virgin of sacred light.”

Isabel frowned. “Then what should I say? Our pope is engaging in sexual intercourse every night... Oof! Oof!”

In the end, Cassus blocked Isabel’s mouth with his hand. He nervously looked at the hot-tempered Isabel.

“I can’t speak in front of His Holiness, and now I can’t even complain behind his back?”

“...His Holiness has eyes and ears everywhere. Please be careful.”

“Che...!”

The two people were talking when the pope came to visit.

“It’s noisy. Were you cursing at me?”

The pope opened the door and appeared naked. His sweaty skin shone in the moonlight. Despite turning 60 the day after tomorrow, he had elastic skin and a healthy body.

Isabel and Cassus bowed.

“It is great to see Your Holiness.”

“Isabel, you look as beautiful as ever.”

Pope Drevigo smiled and touched Isabel’s hair like she was precious. Isabel felt ashamed and bit her lip. She wanted to shake off the pope’s hand. But she didn’t dare, so she swallowed down her rage. She carefully pleaded.

“Your Holiness, surely you are busy with those prostitutes in your bed? Is it okay to leave them to come to talk to me?”

“Huhu, no matter your position, isn’t it too much to insult me?”

The smiling pope pulled his hand away from Isabel’s hair. The other person was the pope, so Isabel didn’t dare show her distaste.

“I have figured out why the Yatan Church wants the Divine Shield. There is a phenomenon where the Divine Shield can be imbued with dark magic power. Then the enormous divine power of the Divine Shield will be converted to dark magic. The Yatan Church are thinking of turning the Divine Church into their weapon.”

The pope showed interest. “Darkness dwells where there is light... In fact, doesn’t divine power and dark power have a good compatibility?”

“We must take steps to prevent them from ever getting their hands on the Divine Shield.”

“We’ll have to recall all of them back.”

The method of making the Divine Shield had been spread to some countries and families close to the Rebecca Church. In the first place, a Rebecca priest was needed to help make the Divine Shield. It was impossible for a blacksmith to make it alone, so the church grasped why, when, who and which priest was used to help build the Divine Shield. It wouldn’t be difficult to reclaim the Divine Shields.

“I will direct the paladins to collect the Divine Shield from each country and family.” Isabel said.

“Let other people do the menial work. I have something else for you to do.”

“...?”

The pope made a meaningful expression. “I received a divine message last night. Goddess Rebecca said that one of her daughters will betray me sooner or later.”

“What does that mean?”

What did he mean by that? Isabel had an ominous feeling and stiffened, while the pope ordered with a cool smile.

“Get Rin. She is surely the traitor that the goddess spoke of. I intend to punish her.”

Isabel didn't agree. “Rebecca's Daughters are only loyal to Goddess Rebecca and Your Holiness! There are no traitors among us.”

“Rin is at a temple in a small village and hasn't responded to my call three times. How can she do that unless she is thinking about betraying me?”

In the end, Isabel couldn't hide her anger.

“Surely she has a reason for not responding to your call! Your Holiness! Are you sure the divine message given to you is correct? Your Holiness, I didn't know you could hear divine messages!”

“How presumptuous!”

The pope grabbed Isabelle's throat with one hand. Then he spoke in a menacing manner.

“My will is the will of Goddess Rebecca. Do you distrust me?”

Isabel had been raised in the church. Like any other priest or paladin, she had been trained to have absolute loyalty to Goddess Rebecca and the pope. It was a type of brainwashing, so she

couldn't defy the pope, even if she was inherently free-spirited.

“...I believe you.” Isabel barely managed to say. Then the pope released the hand that was choking her. He gave her a friendly smile that seemed creepy.

“I will give you two days. Bring Rin back here.”

Kwang!

The pope ordered her and left the room. Cassus, who had been bowing the whole time, hurried got up. He carefully reached out to Isabel and said.

“...What will you do?”

Isabel was silent for a while after the pope's visit. Then she dropped her head and said in a weak voice.

“What can I do? I have to do as he says.”

Rin also a Rebecca's Daughter. The pope might be garbage and the church fallen, but there was no way Rin would betray them. Rin probably couldn't endure the rotten church and was wandering for a while.

Isabel knew better than anyone. But she was forced to follow the command.

“ ... ”

Cassus was sympathetic to the suffering Isabel and quickly moved his gaze towards the window. He prayed towards the moon.

‘Goddess Rebecca... Please send a divine punishment towards the corrupt pope...’

It had been four days since Grid left Winston. In those four days, Grid reached level 130. It was all due to Malacus’ Cloak. Grid had been wearing Malacus’ Cloak since leaving Winston.

“This is great.”

Grrrung.

The border of the Eternal Kingdom and the Saharan Empire. Dozens of monsters gathered as Grid crossed the Suaz Mountains. They were drawn to the bloody smell coming from Malacus’ Cloak.

For the past four days, Grid had repeated hunting in this way.

“Haap!”

The mobs in the Suaz Mountains had an average level of 160.

Right now, Grid was strong enough that he didn't have to use skills against the level 160 monsters. As part of his training, he used pure swordsmanship to cut the monsters one by one.

Kuaaak~!

Yip! Yelp!

Grid's body was phenomenal and surpassed human limits based on his overwhelming stats. Grid's body moved according to his will, allowing him to display swordsmanship that wasn't possible even when he was a warrior.

Sukakak!

Grid jumped up while holding Dainsleif with both hands, turning around three times to use the centrifugal force to destroy the body of an eti. Then he immediately responded to the axe swung by a troll beyond the eti's destroyed body.

At the same time, an ogre's axe swung through the air and three rocks were thrown by the etis. His right side was obstructed by huge trees. He cut the troll's neck but it didn't die as it swung its axe again.

Chengkang!

Grid avoided the troll's axe and jumped to the right. After avoiding the ogre's axe, he used it as a footstool and broke all three

rocks with Dainsleif. Then he entered the center of the dismayed etis.

Papat! Pa pa pa pa!

The dark sword moved in a unpredictable orbit through the etis' bodies. The etis briefly lost their field of view due to the flapping cloak and quickly found themselves wiped out. Grid ran and caught up with the monsters escaping. After penetrating the eti's heart, he threw the dying eti towards a gargoyle descending from the sky.

Peok!

The gargoyle kicked the eti nervously. Grid laughed after already using Fly to move above the gargoyle's head.

“Hello?”

Kyaack!

The gargoyle was startled and hurriedly shot off a beam. They were so close that Grid couldn't avoid the beam, but he was kept flying directly at it. The gargoyle thought that Grid would be turned to stone and cried out excitedly.

But Grid was fine. The confused gargoyle received Dainsleif to the neck.

“Hahat!”

Grid was still laughing. The more he fought, the more experience and levels he gained, allowing him to feel like he was getting stronger.

“Let’s go!”

There were still a large number of monsters on the ground. Grid pulled out pavranium from his inventory. For the past four days, he had been trying to improve his communication with pavranium, and it increased by leaps and bounds.

Right now, pavranium didn’t just rotate and protect Grid. Instead, it attacked the enemy first in response to Grid’s will.

Pipit!

The golden discs moved like boomerangs and swept the Achilles tendons of the ogre. Grid pounced on the fallen ogre and a one-sided slaughter began. More monsters flocked due to Malacus’ Cloak as he was fighting, and night came quickly.

“Heok... Heok...”

Grid’s stamina and strength stats were so high that it was unreasonable. But even Grid would become exhausted if he fought

all day. After hunting hundreds of monsters...

Grid raised his level to a satisfactory level, took off the cloak and rested. If he reached out, it seemed like he would be able to catch the stars in the night sky.

‘It would be nice to be able to level up while wearing Malacus’ Cloak and move... But there are creatures everywhere, so the movement speed is too slow.’

In order to carry out the class quest, he had to go to the Judar, Dominion and Yatan churches as well as the Rebecca Church. It seemed like it would take a long time to clear the quest, so he couldn’t delay too long.

Should he take off his cloak starting from tomorrow? Grid was troubled before making a decision.

‘I can’t wander around often... After this quest, I have to get married and work at the smithy... Yes, let’s take advantage of it now.’

The next day. The day was bright and his stamina recharged, so Grid put on Malacus’ Cloak again. Then he kept hunting while crossing the mountains. As a result, Grid spent a week crossing the Suaz Mountains that ordinary people could cross in three days.

Thanks to that, Grid was enjoying himself.

But at this point.

The person suffering because of Grid...

“Grid... When are you going to come back...?”

Grid disappeared from Khan’s smithy. There was a bald man squatting in a corner of the smithy. He was Vantner. He was muttering while watching the entrance of the smithy.

“Grid... Come now... Hurry... Come back...”

It was finally the end of his wait! It was his turn to receive Grid’s item. Yet the bastard didn’t make an item and disappeared on a quest, and now it had been 10 days. When the hell was he going to come back?

“Why...? Why on my turn...?”

In the midst of this, Pon and Ibellin were raising their levels thanks to Grid. Pon’s level was far ahead of Vantner, and now Ibellin was catching up to Vantner.

“Please come back soon~~~!!”

The other guild members brought their items to Khan to be repaired, and found Vantner.

“Why is he acting like that?”

“Perhaps he saw Pon and Ibellin sweeping up the monsters with their weapons. After that, he couldn’t go hunting.”

“No, isn’t he in a better situation than us? Didn’t Grid strengthen his axes through appraisal?”

“Still... He can’t hunt in a hunting ground suitable for his level because his defense is too weak.”

“True, if he paid a little more attention to his defense... Despite being a guardian knight, he placed all his points in strength and only cared about weapons. This eventually screwed him up.”

Then one day, Vantner made a suggestion to Jishuka. “Next time Grid goes on a quest, all guild members should accompany him. We will cooperate to complete his quest. Then Grid won’t waste time on quests and can devote himself to making our items.”

“...Grid should also enjoy playing the game.”

“He is a blacksmith! He should do his duties!”

“ ... ”

Vantner’s heart was locked on the smithy where he wanted Grid to make an item for him.

Chapter 119

After crossing the Suaz Mountains, Grid was able to arrive in Rolling. Rolling was a small village, but if he headed south for half a day, he would finally arrive at the Vatican.

“There are Rebecca statues everywhere.”

There were large and small Rebecca statues in every street, store or house. He could find one or two statues no matter what direction he turned his head. Well, the residents of Rolling seemed to serve Goddess Rebecca.

‘It is geographically located near the Vatican, so it makes sense that the Rebecca Church is the main religion of the village...’

Nyang~

He leaned back against a Rebecca statue and enjoyed the warm sun and the peaceful cats. The merchants and residents were going about their daily routine without moving fast. Grid also felt calm.

‘It’s a different place from Winston. It feels like a resort.’

A hum emerged. Grid walked around the village with a free heart.

‘Am I crazy?’

He needed to complete the quest as quickly as possible! Tourism was just a waste of time!

‘I have been lazy lately.’

Grid was well aware of what happened when a person became lazy. He might become debt-ridden again if he wasn’t alert. Due to his past trauma, Grid became irritated and hastened his pace. He headed towards a smithy.

[The effect of mastering ‘Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill’ is activated. Blacksmith NPCs whose craftsmanship skill is beyond the intermediate level will treat you in a friendly manner.]

[‘Pagma’s Descendant’ class effect is activated. Blacksmith NPCs whose craftsmanship skill is at the advanced level will treat recognize you and worship you.]

Notification windows he hadn’t seen for a while popped up when he entered the smithy. He had been living in Winston for a while and only entered Khan’s smithy. Was Rolling’s blacksmith an intermediate or advanced blacksmith? Grid wanted to be admired. However...

“Welcome~”

The blacksmith approached Grid. Unfortunately, he was a young blacksmith and seemed to only be at a beginner level. He was

unable to tell Grid apart from an ordinary customer.

“Is there anything you were looking for?”

Grid sighed with disappointment and replied. “I want to repair my items.”

“Yes, I will repair it for you.”

Grid doubted his ears.

“What? You will repair my items?”

A beginner blacksmith was going to repair the items of a legendary blacksmith!

Grid scoffed. “You are either brave or ignorant... You don’t even know who I am...”

“Huh?”

“Hey hey. Cut it out. I’m a blacksmith, so I will fix my own items. Can I borrow your furnace? I will pay a fee.”

Rolling’s blacksmith, Rector, cautioned Grid. “Are you really a blacksmith?”

Grid was armed with steel gauntlets, black iron boots and heavy armor. What type of blacksmith would go around wearing this? Grid seemed like a warrior at first glance, so it was hard to see him as a blacksmith.

Grid clicked his tongue. “Do you doubt that I am a blacksmith? What a poor guy... You can’t even tell who a great blacksmith is.”

“W-What?”

Rector was a young man who was only 20 years old. He was young, but he could understand that Grid was talking badly about him. Rector’s face reddened with shame. Grid felt sorry for him and cleared his throat several times. Then he carefully said.

“But who can tell the future? Even if your eyes are rotten right now, they can be trained... Watch me. This is a rare chance. You should thank Goddess Rebecca for being able to meet me and see how I work.”

“...?”

Grid no longer sought permission from Rector. He approached the furnace and started to light it.

“Hey! You will be burned if you do that... Heok?”

Rector’s eyes widened. It was because Grid quickly raised the temperature of the blast furnace.

‘Handling the fire so freely? How is that possible?’

Even his father, an intermediate blacksmith who died two years ago, couldn’t handle the fire as easily as Grid. Grid seemed like the embodiment of fire. As Rector was feeling admiration, Grid pulled out a hammer and anvil from his inventory. Then he started to repair his items one by one.

[The durability of the Ideal Dagger has been maximized.]

[This is an item you created. Your understanding is 100%.]

[The durability of the Best Gauntlets has been maximized.]

[This is an item you created. Your understanding is 100%.]

[In the case of items made by you, a penalty will be applied if you don’t meet the item usage requirements, even if you have full understanding.]

[The durability of Khan’s Masterpiece has been maximized.]

[Your understanding of Khan’s Masterpiece is at 100%. You have learned the production method and can use it without any penalties.]

[The durability of Dainsleif (Reproduction) has been maximized.]

[Your understanding of Dainsleif (Reproduction) has increased from 3% to 31%.]

[The durability of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has been maximized.]

[Your understanding of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has increased from 7% to 85%.]

[The durability of Braham's Boots has been maximized.]

[Your understanding of Braham's Boots has increased from 3% to 6%.]

Understanding an item was a concept that only existed for Pagma's Descendant.

Pagma's Descendant was able to increase their understanding of an item by using the item, appraising it, repairing and disassembling it. They were then able to freely use items with 100% understanding. It was even possible to learn the production method.

If Dainsleif's understanding was at 100%, Grid would be able to produce Dainsleif. However, the higher the rating and usage conditions of the item, the slower the comprehension. Therefore, it was still unclear when he would be able to learn how to make it.

‘But the Orc Frostlight Chief’s Helmet has a high understanding. Hmm, should I try for 100% understanding?’

Kaaang!

Grid placed the perfectly repaired Frostlight Orc Chief’s Helmet on the anvil and started hammering again.

‘He’s crazy.’

Rector was amazed and surprised while watching Grid repair the items. Grid suddenly hitting the perfectly fine skull helmet seemed like a crazy person. And...

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Thanks to Grid’s unstoppable hammering, the Frostlight Orc Chief’s Helmet was instantly shattered.

‘Why is he destroying a perfectly good helmet like this? He’s too violent.’

Rector misunderstood. He thought that Grid was destroying the helmet, but he was actually using the Legendary Blacksmith’s Disassembly skill to break down and reassemble it.

“Putting the wires in the seams like this... It’s sloppy. I’m going to need to supplement this part.”

Grid perfectly grasped the structure of the helmet and started to assemble it again. It wasn't a simple assembly. Grid complemented the disadvantages of the helmet during the assembly process. It didn't take long for the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet to be restored to its original shape.

[Your understanding of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has increased to 100%.]

[From now on, you can use the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet without any penalties.]

[The production method of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has been acquired.]

“Okay.”

Grid equipped the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet with a pleased face.

[Due to your class characteristics, you have equipped the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet.]

[You don't meet the conditions to use the item. However, your understanding is 100%, so no penalties will be applied.]

[Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet]

Rating: Unique (Set)

Durability: 290/290 Defense: 190

- * The chance of suffering a critical blow is reduced by 25%.

- * Health will increase by 15%.

- * Has a certain chance to cast fear at the target.

- * Frostlight Orc Chief's set effect:

- 3 set items equipped: Strength +50, stamina +80.

- 5 set items equipped: Strength +100, stamina +200, can transform into the frostlight orc chief.

- *Frostlight Orc Chief's transformation:

- It is possible to command the frostlight orcs.

- The skill 'Rotation Cut' will be generated.

The frostlight orc chief can be described as the ruler of the northern snowfields. This helmet, which he loved, was made from

the skull of a snowy ogre and has a terrible appearance. In particular, the horn on the left has a very threatening appearance. Just wearing this helmet can cause fear.

Originally there was a sense of crudeness, but a craftsman with great talent and potential had reassembled it, complementing the weaknesses and enhancing the function.

Conditions of Use: Level 150 or more. More than 400 strength.

Weight: 800

“Kuk... Truly great.”

Grid was impressed as he verified the improved performance of the helmet. Then he turned his attention to Rector while wearing the helmet.

“How about it? Don’t you think this helmet is somewhat cool?”

“H-Hik...”

Rector paled. It was because the bizarre skull helmet felt so terrible.

Grid saw his expression and sighed. “It seems to be my mistake... Damn, I need to replace this helmet quickly.”

Grid grumbled as he approached Rector and handed over 10 silver.

“Did you watch me well? You should start practicing from now on, while trying to recall how I used the bellows and my hammering. Perhaps we’ll see each other again. Your skills might be low now, but you might become an intermediate blacksmith after 10 years of practice.”

Grid was joking. He never imagined that Rector would take his joke seriously as he left the smithy.

After a while. Rector jumped up. Then he locked the door of the smith and listened to Grid’s advice(?), practicing his handling of the bellows and hammering.

And later. Rector, who was inherently gifted, became an advanced blacksmith who represented this area. He would often tell his disciples the story of how he met Grid. But Grid didn’t know this.

The village center.

Grid was amazed as he stood in front of the Rebecca Temple.

‘Gold?’

The temple here was small compared to other temples in the area. It was a single story building that was less than 100 pyeongs (1 pyeong=3.3058m). But the outer walls were painted in gold and shining brilliantly.

“Is there any way to get this...?”

Grid looked around at the other people before scratching the gold with his nails. But no matter how hard he scratched, not one speck of gold dust fell off.

“How rotten and dirty.”

Grid didn't give up. He didn't want to miss an opportunity to get free gold. His appearance and scratching at the gold revealed that he was obvious a first time visitor to Rolling. A middle-aged priest found him and gave a meaningful smile.

‘It has been a long time since I’ve seen a sucker.’

The priest's ID was Dong Pao. He was a Chinese user. He followed the rigid laws of the Rebecca Church such as forbidding love, forced silence and fasting, and managed to raise his level to 160.

He grinned and approached Grid. “Brother, is this your first visit to Rolling?”

“...!”

Grid flinched from where he was squatting in a corner and scratching at the gold. ‘I’m not a thief, hahaha!’ He laughed loudly while trembling.

“Ah~! Yes! It is my first time here! Oh, this temple is so beautiful! It reminds me of the beautiful Goddess Rebecca! Hahahahat! Yes?”

The person who suddenly greeted him was wearing the clothes of the Rebecca Church. Grid was so worried about being called a thief that he hadn’t noticed until now. The priest in front of him was a user, not an NPC.

‘It is the first time I’ve seen a priest user.’

Grid had heard rumors about how difficult it was to become a Rebecca priest. In fact, all Rebecca priests that Grid had met since playing Satisfy were NPCs. So it was surprising that middle-aged priest in front of him was a user, not an NPC.

‘His ID is Dong Pao... Chinese...’

The ID was somewhat appetizing. Grid pledged to visit a Chinese restaurant today with his family and eat Dongpo pork.

“Are you a monk in reality? How did you manage to clear the Rebecca Church’s class change quest?”

Dong Pao laughed heartily.

“In reality, I’m just an ordinary person. However, in Satisfy, I succeeded in suppressing all desires while thinking that I only want to serve Goddess Rebecca... Then I was able to become a priest of sacred light.”

“Wow... I don’t know about anything else, but staying silent seems pretty hard. Well, I can’t date anyway... No, I don’t want a relationship, but it will be hard to withstand the silence and fasting... Weren’t you supposed to stay silent for 20 days? How did you manage it? And even if you succeed in the priest class change quest, don’t you have to perform quests often if you want to keep the position? It’s great that you could endure all of that.”

The original Grid was indifferent to other people’s matters. But this was his first experience meeting a priest user, so he was naturally interested. When he was in a bad situation, he became sick when he saw others doing well. Now he had paid off his debt and was running along a part of success, so he could praise others.

Dong Pao smiled at him.

“It was difficult to remain silent. But when I prayed to Goddess Rebecca, the time passed quickly. The act of praying itself raises the divine power stat, so if you think about it positively, it is good to be disciplined. But what brings you to Rolling? There’s no special hunting ground or sightseeing spots besides the Vatican, so most people who visit here have business in the Vatican...”

“I’m on the way to the Vatican. I need to meet the pope for a quest.”

“Hah... His Holiness?”

Dong Pao’s eyes shone sharply at the words.

‘Someone who isn’t part of the Rebecca Church is on a quest to meet the pope? Even I have only seen the pope from afar. It seems like he is on a S-grade or higher quest.’

Dong Pao observed Grid’s equipment closely.

‘The armor and gauntlets are ordinary... That cloak is garbage... The only accessory is a ring that looks simple... But the boots are tremendously expensive. Yes, he must be a high level.’

Rolling was far from the centre of the continent. It was difficult to come here without being a high level because the roads were difficult and full of monsters. Dong Pao was pleased at the thought of Grid being a high level user.

‘He will have a high value.’

Dong Pao’s eyes curved into a half moon as he suggested to Grid, “I am also on my way to the Vatican. Do you want to accompany me?”

If a healer accompanied him, how much money would he save on potions? Others had to pay money to party with a healer, but he could party with one for free? Grid readily accepted this.

“Of course I would like that.”

Thus, the two people formed a party. Grid was surprised when he saw Dong Pao’s level in the party window.

“Level 160? I know that priest is a difficult class to level up, so isn’t this level very high?”

“There are many quests to be done, so there’s no time to raise my level. However, due to the nature of the class, it’s easy to find a party. I hunted with a high level party and quickly raised my level. But Mister Grid... You’re level 147? That is surprisingly low.”

“Haha, I don’t have much time to raise my level. I’ve only been able to raise it lately.”

“Ah, yes...”

Dong Pao made an uncomfortable expression.

‘He crossed the Suaz Mountains alone at this level? Did he avoid the ogres and gargoyles? He has good luck... Damm, I thought he would be at least level 160...’

Dong Pao used his status as a priest to lure high-level travellers to a certain place that couldn't be logged out of. He made money by intimidating, killing or ransoming travellers.

‘Level 147...’

It was obvious, but the higher the level of prey, the higher the ransom value. Level 147 was ambiguous. It was higher than the average level, but it wasn't that high compared to the rankers.

‘If he's level 147, he can recover the experience lost through dying by hunting... He won't pay a large amount of money for his life... Tsk, this is annoying. I'll have to make money by killing him and selling the boots.’

Thus, the two of them went on a short journey to the Vatican. There was a group watching them from the entrance of the village.

“Dong Pao has started the game.”

“Okay. We can follow slowly and eat up the profit.”

They were three people. They were assassin users who joined hands with Dong Pao. The fifth ranked assassin Shay, the 11th ranked Kerb, and the 13th ranked Sniffer. The three of them had managed to assassinate a user who was 51st on the unified rankings, so there was no doubting their skill.

Grid was the target of some bigwigs. But Grid didn't know this

and was just excited at the thought of partying with a priest.

Chapter 120

‘What? What’s this?’

Dong Pao was greatly confused.

The road from Rolling to the Vatican was originally very peaceful. The paladins regularly scouted, so it was difficult to find thieves, monsters and beasts. It could be called one of the few safe zones on the continent.

However, today the monsters popped out without any hesitation. Just like water pouring from a collapsed dam, the monsters swooped down and attacked Grid and Dong Pao.

“Pant... Pant... There are so many monsters in the vicinity...”

Thanks to that, Dong Pao was exhausted.

It had been less than a hour since they left Rolling, and they had already fought over 100 monsters without a break. His mana had been depleted a few times, making him drink mana potions. Now his stamina was going to be depleted.

“Pant pant! Strange! Really strange! I’ve used this road several hundred times, but it is the first time I’ve seen this! Pant pant!” Dong Pao couldn’t accept the current situation. He struggled to use Heal on Grid, who was killing the lizardmen surrounding them. “Why are there so many monsters here... Strange!”

They needed to move 15km more to reach the point he was supposed to lure Grid. But monsters kept showing up, so it seemed like the two people would lose their lives before even reaching the target. How many people met and died from monsters in the safety zones? Perhaps he would be the first. How unfair and embarrassing was this?

Dong Pao despaired.

Then the source of this incident, Grid furtively took off his cloak.

‘I currently have a healing shuttle... Unfortunately, it’s time for a break.’

[Malacus’ Cloak has been unequipped.]

Malacus’ Cloak gave off a bloody scent that attracted all types of monsters hiding in the vicinity. As soon as Grid put the cloak into the inventory, no more monsters appeared. But Dong Pao was too busy to observe Grid properly, so he didn’t realize that Grid was the source.

Grid dealt with the remaining monsters.

Kiyaaaaak!

[You have defeated a giant salamander.]

[Party leader 'Grid' has acquired the salamander's gallbladder.]

[Party leader 'Grid' has acquired the rare pearl.]

[203,000 experience has been acquired.]

[You have defeated an iran clan lizardman.]

[Party leader 'Grid' has acquired the Usable Scimitar.]

[Party leader 'Grid' has acquired a sapphire.]

[255,000 experience has been acquired.]

Dran Valley, where crystal clear water flowed!

The monsters here were much stronger than the monsters of Suaz Mountains. They had a minimum level of 190 and higher, so even Grid struggled if there were more than seven monsters. However, he had Dong Pao's healing, so he could successfully hunt them.

'The Heal of a level 160 priest is truly tremendous. Kukuk, I can wait to go to the Vatican as long as I have this heal shuttle.'

Grid was delighted because he gained a tremendous amount of

experience, despite being in a party with Dong Pao. However, he made a disgruntled facial expression and groaned. “Phew, I thought I was going to die. This is the first time I’ve seen so many monsters. Was this area originally like this?”

Dong Pao shook his head at Grid’s words. “I don’t know what’s going on. Originally, this is a place where monsters rarely pop up... I didn’t even know that there were so many monsters here. I have goosebumps... Sigh...”

Dong Pao peeked at the dagger held in Grid’s hands while he was lamenting.

‘There is a deep blue aura like sea around that dagger... It’s a weapon enhanced to at least +8. Huge.’

It was after he joined the party with Grid. He originally thought that Grid managed to come to Rolling alone, despite being only level 147, was purely because of luck.

Now that they’d fought together, he realized that Grid was really strong compared to his level. The reason Grid was able to cross the Suaz Mountains wasn’t because of luck, but because of strength.

‘The secret of his strength is that +8 dagger... A dagger might be weak in attack power compared to a one-handed sword or blunt weapon, but... A dagger enhanced to this extent can deal more damage than a blunt weapon.’

A dagger had a fast attack speed, but weak attack power. However, Grid's dagger had both excellent attack speed and attack power.

‘He must be quite rich if he is carrying that weapon. Okay, I can get more profit than I thought. If I can take this dagger...!’

‘This is enough rest.’ As Dong Pao was smiling nastily, Grid put on Malacus' Cloak. He got up from his seat and urged Dong Pao. “It is time to move. We don't want to be too late.”

“Yes... But before that...”

Dong Pao stared at Grid with sharp eyes. Grid thought Dong Pao noticed Malacus' Cloak and gulped. Then Dong Pao said to him. “Item distribution... Can you change it to sequential distribution instead of party leader distribution? Brother, let's be fair.”

“...Just keep it as party leader distribution for now. With sequential distribution, the expensive items might be given to only one person and that isn't fair. We'll split the proceeds in half once we arrive at the destination, so don't worry.”

“No, but...”

Grid's destination was the Vatican. But Dong Pao's planned destination was a place where Grid would die before he arrived at the Vatican. If the item distribution method wasn't changed now, Dong Pao wouldn't receive the items. So he wanted to change it to

sequential distribution.

But Grid was stubborn. Ho was already walking.

‘Damn bastard!’ Dong Pao cursed to himself. Then he tried to think positively. ‘Yes, I will get a lot of money from him.’

Dong Pao smiled as he watched the quickly walking Grid. He thought that Grid’s urgent demand was funny. But the smile on Dong Pao’s face quickly disappeared. Had it been five minutes since they started walking again? New monsters appeared like a cloud and Dong Pao went crazy.

“What the hell is this? Why do these monsters keep constantly appearing?”

“Didn’t you do hard quests as part of the Rebecca Church? Perhaps this is a trial from Goddess Rebecca?”

Grid was using method acting. He was good at pretending that he wasn’t the source attracting the monsters. As a result, Dong Pao didn’t suspect Grid at all.

“No! I’ve never heard of a trial that involved hunting monsters! And a quest window didn’t pop up...!”

“Hrmm... Please support me while I’m taking care of them. Thank you.”

“Yes...”

Dong Pao was depressed at the thought of consuming so many expensive mana potions. On the other hand, Grid was rejoicing.

‘I have a free heal shuttle so I should use it as much as possible!’

That’s right. Grid had been aiming for this since he got a party with a healer for free. Until they arrived at the Vatican, he was going to rely on Dong Pao’s healing for infinite hunting. Dong Pao was aiming for Grid’s life while Grid was aiming to use him.

The two men continued the repeated hunting and...

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

“Yes!”

“Ohh! I also levelled up...!”

Just 12 hours after leaving Rolling! Grid gained three levels while Dong Pao gained one level.

It was surprising for Dong Pao. They were hunting high level

monsters with only two people, so their level rose quickly. It was better than hunting with a few high level parties. Like Grid, he wanted to stay in this place for a while to hunt. If he could do that, he could challenge becoming a ranker. But he was soon reminded of his original goals.

‘Money is more important than levelling.’

Crime Forest.

Originally, they should’ve arrived here 3 hours after leaving Rolling. But it took them 12 hours. Dong Pao wondered if the assassins were tired and resentful from waiting. He felt anxious and urged Grid.

“Brother, let’s take a break in that cave over there.”

Grid turned his head in Dong Pao’s direction and was able to discover the entrance to a cave. Then he said with a reluctant look.

“Do we need to rest? Shouldn’t we go straight to the Vatican with this momentum?”

Dong Pao tried to convince him, “Unlike Brother, my stamina has reached its limit several times. I need sufficient rest. My mana regeneration is too slow right now... It is to the point that I can only use Heal a few times.”

“It can’t be helped.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

Grid received Dong Pao’s guidance and entered the cave. Then a notification window flashed.

[The Vampire Countess Marie Rose is sealed in this space.]

[Marie Rose’s evil influence makes your magic power turbid. All types of spells and skills aren’t available.]

[You have resisted.]

“...?”

Grid was bewildered.

“Is this a raid room? Vampire countess? The vampire barons are fearful enough, yet this is a vampire countess? Are we going to have our blood sucked and die here? Why are we resting in this dangerous space...?”

Dong Pao shook his head.

“Don’t worry. Marie Rose has been sleeping for hundreds of years since she was sealed by two of Rebecca’s Daughters... She never wakes up. It isn’t Marie Rose you should be worrying about right now.”

“...?!”

Grid was startled.

At the end of Dong Pao's words, three shadows appeared from the darkness. They were assassins who were with Dong Pao. They blocked the entrance of the cave so that Grid couldn't escape, and glared at Dong Pao.

“Why are you so late?”

Dong Pao explained, “Strangely, monsters kept showing up. We were forced to slow down while handling them.”

The 13th ranked assassin, Sniffer didn't believe it.

“Monsters? If you want to lie, do it properly. Isn't it hard to find one wolf in the area, let alone monsters? This is why I hate the Chinese. You bluff every time you open your mouth!”

“It isn't a lie. If you don't believe me, check it out yourself later.”

“Okay. I understand, so stop.” The 11th ranked Kerb didn't want to waste any more time. He calmed down the situation and aimed two daggers at Grid. “Hey. If you don't want to die and lose experience, give us your money. Then we'll spare your life.”

Assassins were specialized in assassination.

Their class change quest was assassination, and they received additional rewards depending on how many people were assassinated. The assassins steadily performed assassinations and gained a lot of experience fighting people.

Assassins were able to show off their unique presence in this place where all types of skills were suppressed due to Marie Rose. They also had numerical superiority, so Kerb didn't doubt that they could handle Grid.

On the other hand, Grid grasped the situation and asked Dong Pao.

“Dong Pao, don't priests of the Rebecca Church have to obey the laws? Isn't it against their doctrines to harm the lives of travellers for money? This act of betraying Goddess Rebecca, doesn't it have fatal consequences to you as a priest?”

Dong Pao shook his head. “A lot of people are confused. They think that Rebecca priests must always follow the laws and doctrines to keep their position. But the reality was different. We have to only obey the law during the quest period. It doesn't matter what wrongdoings I do if it isn't discovered by the church.”

Grid didn't understand.

“Isn't your divine power stat strengthened by following the laws

and doctrines? Rather than acting for immediate profits, isn't it better in the long run to follow the laws and raise your divine power?"

To Dong Pao, Grid seemed desperate to live. He felt very sympathetic towards the pathetic persuasion.

"Brother, have you forgotten what I said earlier? We have something called prayer. Divine power can be raised through praying, so I don't need to worry about following the laws. I don't deny Goddess Rebecca, despite committing evil. I deeply believe in, admire and love the goddess in my heart. My loyalty to the goddess is so deep that even now, my divine power is rising slowly and steadily.

"..."

"It is still unknown to the outside, but the Rebecca Pope is a very depraved person. The pope often breaks the laws and doctrines of the church. But his divine power is enough to transcend common sense. His belief in Goddess Rebecca is absolute."

"That's just a contradiction." The 7th assassin Shay came forward. He thought that the Rebecca Church was very silly. "The Yatan Church is the one that stands for pure evil. They believe that evil is the right way. But the people from the Rebecca Church commit atrocities, even though they realize they have to do good deeds. The front and back are different, so they are far sneakier and more dangerous than the Yatan Church. Well, it has nothing to do with us... Give us your money."

Grid examined Shay's body.

‘He is armed with top-notch items. At least level 200...’

The Legendary Blacksmith's Discernment skill allowed him to gauge the level of the items that Shay was wearing. Thanks to that, Grid could see that Shay wasn't an ordinary opponent.

‘Rankers. The other two people are even higher than Dong Pao.’

But.

‘... They are boring compared to Faker.’

Grid was in the same guild as the 1st ranked assassin, Faker.. He had witnessed Faker's skills several times. Therefore, he didn't feel afraid in front of these people.

“You guys, you have picked the wrong prey to hunt.”

Grid armed himself with two items that had been in his inventory the entire time he was with Dong Pao.

[Dainsleif (Reproduction) has been equipped.]

[Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has been equipped.]

“...This guy?”

Dong Pao and the assassins were astonished when they saw Grid pull out a black greatsword and a bizarre skull helmet. Wasn't he the famous slaughterer who wiped out the Giant Guild not long ago? They didn't expect it at all.

Chapter 121

“You brought a big shot here?”

Shay rebuked Dong Pao.

It was true that the higher level the target, the higher the ransom value. However, there was a line. An opponent that was too strong wasn't welcomed, because there was a possibility that their threats wouldn't work and the situation would reverse.

Dong Pao thought it was unfair. “The butcher's face and ID weren't revealed. How could I know that he would be the butcher?”

The person he met purely by chance and selected to be the target of a crime was actually the infamous Psychopath Butcher! Dong Pao felt a chill at the thought of accompanying him for half a day without knowing it.

‘He is a very cruel and violent person based on the video... I was lucky he didn't sink a knife into my back while hunting.’

‘What weak behavior.’

Shay shook his head as the scared and panicked Dong Pao. He pulled out a weapon that was around 80cm in length and rotated it with a swaggering attitude.

“Since we are already here, shall I measure how good the famous Psychopath Butcher is?”

In the end, he didn't back down from a fight.

Dong Pao made a fuss.

“H-Hey, Shay! Didn't you see his battle video? Are you ignoring the power of his wide area skills? He must certainly have a hidden class, so wouldn't it be better to retreat than fight? Isn't it better to settle this peacefully?”

“Peacefully? So a person who killed a lot of people in order to earn money wants peace?” Shay ridiculed before explaining the situation. “As you say, he has a powerful skill. I would've avoided him if I encountered him in a normal place. However, this cave seals all types of skills. There is a good chance we can win with that guy's strength sealed.”

Shay was almost certain that he could win. Then he started the assault towards Grid.

Sakak!

The sword flashed in the darkness, while the black greatsword stood against it.

Chaaeng!

When the two swords hit each other, the dark cave brightened for a moment, as if sparks had been lit. At that moment, the terrible appearance of the skull helmet was clearly revealed. Shay remarked, “If you were a regular person, I would wonder how you could wear such a terrible looking helmet. But it is pointless to understand the psychology of psychopaths.”

Grid shouted angrily. “Do you think I like wearing this helmet? I don’t have a choice due to its performance! Fuck! Don’t call me a psychopath!”

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

Kerb and Sniffer admired the continuous exchange between the two.

“That bastard, he is quickly reacting to all of Shay’s attacks.”

Assassins had high agility, so their swiftness was outstanding among all classes. Shay was the 7th strongest assassin. When thinking about Satisfy as a whole, there were few who could respond to Shay’s attack speed.

Grid was armed with a slow greatsword but he managed to block all of Shay’s attacks. Dong Pao’s mouth dropped open, “Is he skilled in combat, or is he predicting the trajectory of the attacks using Shay’s movements?”

Kerb shook his head, “No, he doesn’t have such skill. He is simply fast.”

“What?”

Sniffer clicked his tongue at Dong Pao. “Do the Chinese have something covering their eyes? Get rid of it and look properly. The speed with which Grid is wielding his greatsword is comparable to Shay’s attack speed.”

Dong Pao couldn’t believe it. Grid’s greatsword was 3m long and weighed more than 20kg. On the other hand, Shay’s sword was less than 1m in length and was light. When taking into account length and weight, wouldn’t Shay have the advantage? Was it possible?

Kerb explained. “It means that Grid’s strength and agility is high enough to exceed our imaginations. Skills aren’t a problem. That person is a monster with stats.”

Chaaeng!

“Kuk!”

After exchanging dozens of blows, Shay was forced to step back first.

‘It feels like hitting a rock every time I hit the greatsword.’

His right arm was cramping up. Shay could no longer withstand Grid's overwhelming attack power.

“Grid... Your name isn't within the top 3,000 list, but you are much stronger than me. Even if you are a hidden class, isn't it too much to surpass the concept of level? Honestly, I think there's a problem with balance.”

Grid snorted. “Have you ever met a hidden class? Then you don't know. In order to obtain a hidden class, constant effort and good luck is needed. Well, you might become a hidden class after 100 years of buying lottery tickets?”

“Unlucky bastard.”

Shay signalled to his colleagues. Then both of them moved in a flash, appearing on either side of Grid.

“First of all, I'll make you bleed! Then you will pay with your lives!”

Papapat!

Sniffer had yearned for a fight and threw three darts while shouting. On the other hand, Kerb remained silent as he aimed two daggers.

“What will you do?”

For Grid who accumulated a lot of combat experience, the thrown weapons were simple. He spun and hit all weapons flying from both sides. In the process, Grid sensed the unusual weight of the darts that Sniffer threw.

‘Is he specialized in throwing techniques?’

The same assassins might have different characteristics. Some were specialized in stealth, others in swiftness, some in trap and another in throwing weapons. In a one-against-many situation, Sniffer was able to play the role of a sniper, so Grid decided that Sniffer was the most annoying. At the same time, a flash of black sword was fired.

“Aigoo!”

Sniffer leaned back and narrowly avoided the attack, then threw new darts from that dangerous posture. As Grid was paying attention to Sniffer, Kerb approached from the rear and swung his two daggers. Then Shay moved up the walls towards the ceiling and dropped towards Grid from the top.

It was a pincer attack with perfect timing.

‘Victory!’

Shay, Kerb and Sniffer were convinced of their victory. But Grid was beyond their common sense.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

“...?!”

It was truly absurd. A golden disc suddenly appeared and blocked all of Sniffer's darts. Then it flew and blocked Shay's weapon. Another golden disc was competing with Kerb's daggers.

“What is this?”

What were these discs that flew and interfered with their attacks? The assassins were stunned. Grid started a sword dance while the three people were off guard.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave!”

Peeeeeeong!

Black sword waves spread all over the place. Turmoil appeared in the cave as the assassins flew all over the place without even screaming.

“Cough, cough! Ugh! How...? How can you use a skill in this place?”

Assassins had passive skills that allowed them to avoid all sorts of attacks with a certain probability. But this cave even sealed passive

skills. It was unbelievable that Grid managed to use a skill in this place.

“Aren’t there many stars in the world?”

Grid spoke as he approached the three people. The three of them were frightened and tried to resist.

“Ugh! Shit! Crazy!”

Shay’s movements were noticeably slow. It was due to the debuff after being hit with Wave.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

Grid yawned as he blocked Shay’s attacks, like it was boring.

“Damn you!”

It was the moment that someone within the top 1,000 rankings was shamed!

“Ohhhhhh!”

Suuk.

Grid lightly avoided Shay’s attacks. Then Kerb was split in half

by Dainsleif as he tried to approach from the rear.

“You monster!”

Sniffer couldn't laugh anymore as he threw all the darts in his possession. But the dozens of darts were blocked by just two golden discs. They failed to even hit Grid's cloak.

“Indeed, you guys can't even catch up with Faker's toes.”

Sukakak!

A strike fell from the sky and struck Shay and Sniffer simultaneously. Grid watched them turn into a grey light and once again realized how strong Faker was. Then he turned towards Dong Pao.

“T-This...”

Complete devastation. Grid fired a single skill and killed three top assassins in an instant.

‘How...?’

Dong Pao once again checked Grid's level, since they were still in a party. 150. Grid had been level 147 the first time they met and he gained three levels on the way here to reach 150. Yes, a mere level 150 managed to beat the level 200 Shay and the level 180 Kerb and

Sniffer.

‘Is this a hidden class...?’

It was his turn next. Dong Pao had tried to take money and kill Grid.

“H-Hik...!”

No one wouldn’t want their experience to drop. Experience wasn’t the only problem. In the worst case, a user would drop items when dying. Dong Pao wanted to avoid death, even if he needed to kiss Grid’s feet.

“S-Spare me! Brother!”

Dong Pao bowed. Grid approached him and squatted, “How many people in this place have begged you with the same emotions you are feeling now?”

“...”

Dong Pao had never counted. Looking back now, he was able to realize the great despair that the people who had been harmed by him felt.

“I’m sorry! I’m really sorry! I’m a bastard! Brother! I won’t bargain over the lives of others again! I will never commit evil

again, so please spare me!”

“What? It has nothing to do with me if you do this to anyone else.”

“B-But didn’t you just talk about how many people I hurt here?”

“I was just wondering... I am thankful for your earlier support. I was going to distribute the items obtained from hunting with you, but now you have lost that right. Yes?”

Dong Pao nodded. “That’s right! Your words are correct! I am the trash who tried to deceive you in order to take your life and money! It doesn’t make any sense for you to distribute the items to me! Of course Brother should keep the items. So please just spare my life...!”

Dong Pao begged for his life until the last moment. But he couldn’t escape death.

Puok!

“K-Keok!”

Dong Pao’s face lost a large amount of blood at once and he quickly became like a mummy. Grid wasn’t the one who killed him.

“Don’t tell me, you...”

Grid braced himself. An unidentified woman appeared behind Dong Pao and sucked his blood like a vampire.

“Nice to meet you.”

The woman smiled through a blood-soaked mouth. As soon as Grid saw her red eyes, many notification windows appeared in front of him.

[You have encountered Vampire Countess Marie Rose.]

[Marie Rose’s evil influence makes your magic power turbid. All types of spells and skills aren’t available.]

[You have resisted.]

[A vampire’s gaze will subdue lower species. You will lost your willpower and control over your body.]

[You have resisted.]

[Marie Rose’s attraction is absolute. Her charm is so high there is even high odds of both genders being attracted.]

[You have resisted.]

Grid maintained as large a distance from Marie Rose as possible. Then he carefully opened his mouth.

“Why did you suddenly wake up for hundreds of years when your seal isn’t released? Were we being too loud?”

Marie Rose pointed to Malacus’ Cloak.

“There is the blood of thousands, maybe tens of thousands of people soaked into the cloak you are wearing. Isn’t that enough stimulation to wake me up?”

Malacus, a priest of the Yatan Church, had killed countless virgins for decades. The blood of the virgins completely covered the cloak and was a great stimulus to vampires.

“But you, aren’t you quite unusual? You don’t have strong divine powers like Rebecca’s Daughters, nor do you have strong magic power like Braham, but my gaze and presence have no effect on you... How strange.”

Marie Rose appeared to be in her early 20’s. Jishuka had a glamorous beauty and Yura had a neat beauty, but Marie Rose’s beauty transcended them. Her beauty was so unrealistic that it seemed like an illusion.

It was so perfect that Grid didn’t feel any attraction towards her. He wasn’t bewitched at all and could stay calm.

“Isn’t this strangeness interesting? Are you interested enough to keep me alive? I woke you up from your seal, so please do me this favor.”

Marie Rose caused the worst conditions, such as sealing of skills and controlling the body. If she had a strong wide area skill, she would be invincible. From 1st to 200th on the rankings, the top rankers wouldn’t be able to defeat her even if they ran all at once. It was natural for Grid to feel fear. Marie Rose didn’t dislike this.

“Cute. Huhut... Let’s meet again one day.”

Saaah!

Marie Rose’s beautiful body instantly turned into black powder and was blown away in the wind. After that, Grid was concerned that Marie Rose would come back and took off his cloak. Then he stopped as he was about to go straight to the Vatican. He found several items on the ground.

“This is another good fortune!”

The assassins and Dong Pao dropped items after dying. Grid quickly forgot about the fear that Marie Rose caused as he smiled and picked up the items.

Chapter 122

“Rin, shouldn’t you be faithful to me and Goddess Rebecca, as well as serve as a role model to the believers?”

The Vatican. Dozens of senior paladins and priests watched as one of Rebecca’s Daughters, Rin was questioned.

She declared, “This is a misunderstanding. My loyalty to Goddess Rebecca and Your Holiness is eternal. I will never betray Your Holiness.”

“If you are loyal, why haven’t you responded to my calls? Shouldn’t you obey my commands in any circumstances?”

Last January.

Drevigo rose to the seat of 13th pope after defeating the other candidates, and revealed himself as soon as he seized power. Almost two years after he became a pope, he broke the laws to fill his own self-interests and defiled the honor of Goddess Rebecca.

The high priests were remorseful and tried to correct their mistake, but they weren’t successful. Those who made any comments were demoted to temples in remote areas. Only those who didn’t care and became corrupt with the pope remained at the Vatican.

Reform was needed.

Finally, September of this year. The high-ranking clergymen rebelled in order to remove Drevigo from the pope's seat. But Drevigo had Rebecca's Daughters. They were absolutely loyal to the pope and the rebellion failed before their strength. After that, Drevigo was able to consolidate his position even more.

The priests lamented. Three of the strongest paladins fostered to guard the church were now protecting the worst pope. As long as Rebecca's Daughters existed, the pope would remain alive until the end and the Rebecca Church would rot.

But now. Due to Drevigo's endless desires, even Rebecca's Daughters could feel the change. Those who had been taught to be absolutely loyal to the pope from a young age were trying to escape their brainwashing.

"I... I felt confused because Your Holiness didn't fulfill your duties as a pope. I prayed to Goddess Rebecca to see if I should submit to your commands and to ask for answers."

Rin was strong but she was pure, like a little girl. The pope ridiculed her for answering so honestly.

"You wondered if you should submit to my commands?"

"...Yes."

"Why are you so simple?" The pope's eyes widened as he

shouted. “I am the agent of Goddess Rebecca! It is your duty to believe and follow me. Are you trying to use prayer as an excuse? Rin! You are a dangerous child! You are no longer my daughter! I will reclaim Ikael’s Sword!”

At that moment, a quest notification window appeared in front of Damian, who was standing next to the high-ranking paladin and priest NPCs.

[Pope’s Decision]

Difficulty Level: SS

Rebecca’s Daughters are the absolute weapons of the Rebecca Church. Their armed strength is reliable, but they can be dangerous if they aren’t under perfect control. The pope is worried about the worst and eventually gave a command.

Kill Rebecca’s Daughter, Rin. Killing her won’t deal a direct hit to the church. As long as Ikael’s Sword exists, an endless number of substitutes can replace her.

Quest Clear Conditions: Rin’s death.

Clear Reward: Abilities awakening.

* You can exert the true abilities of a paladin of the Rebecca Church.

Quest Failure: Level -4. Divine Power will decrease by 10,000.

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

There were three types of paladins in Satisfy.

The most popular type of paladins were those belonging to the Judar Church.

They specialized in a wide range of buff skills and had excellent defense. They were in charge of the party buffs, and were active in party hunting and raised because they were able to serve as the main tanker. They were considered as the most popular class after the Rebecca priests.

Then there were the paladins of the Dominion Church.

They specialized in personal buff skills and had high attack power. They weren't popular with large scale parties and raids, but they were popular in small party hunting. In addition, their single combat ability was the best among the paladins.

The last were paladins of the Rebecca Church.

They were the only paladins who could use Heal. But they didn't have buff skills. However, their amount of healing wasn't high, so they weren't popular in party hunting or raids. It was a class that

was only grudgingly accepted when a priest couldn't be found. They had no buff skills and their combat ability was the weakest among the paladins.

They were much harder to find than paladins of other churches, and weren't popular. It was rare to find a user who was a paladin of the Rebecca Church.

But wasn't it strange? Rebecca's Daughters were paladins, and not only that, they were the strongest among all NPC paladins. Thanks to their presence, Damian speculated that a Rebecca paladin would become stronger if they broke through a certain point.

If he reached his second advancement, wouldn't he become stronger than paladins of other churches? He thought for a bit before choosing to become a paladin of the Rebecca Church. However, he reached level 200 after much difficulty and didn't find anything special. The paladins of the other churches were still better than paladins of the Rebecca Church.

Damian felt extreme disappointment and skepticism. But right now.

‘Abilities awakening...!’

It was the reward of his first SS-grade quest after playing Satisfy for over a year. If this quest was cleared and his abilities awakened, Damian was obviously going to become stronger as he originally anticipated. Damian had been waiting for this moment since he

became a paladin of the Rebecca Church.

He made a decision.

“...I reject.”

[If you refuse the quest, the pope will view you as a traitor. Do you still want to reject?]

“ ... ”

He was a paladin of the Rebecca Church. Damian had struggled to raise his level and divine power. Everyone laughed and called Rebecca's paladins garbage, but Damian didn't stop dreaming of the day his abilities would awaken.

Then a month ago, he became 2nd on the paladin rankings. As a result of the effort that other people couldn't imagine, he was finally faced with the moment his abilities would awaken. So why was he refusing the quest?

“How can I aim a sword at Rin-chan?”

It was due to his virtuous heart. Damian had been watching Rebecca's Daughters for a long time, and was attracted by their beauty and charm. He ran a blog on the Internet praising Rebecca's Daughters.

“Don’t underestimate my virtue...! I refuse the quest!”

[The quest was refused.]

[An angry Pope Drevigo has pointed you out as a traitor.]

“Disgraceful person! What are you doing? Get rid of him and Rin!”

Chaaeng!

Dozens of senior paladins simultaneously armed themselves. They rushed towards Rin and Damian after receiving the pope’s command.

“Ah...!”

Rin was confused. She had been branded as a traitor after a lifetime of loyalty, so she had no idea what to do. Damian ran to her side and reassured her, “Rin-chan, it will be okay. I will protect you.”

Excluding the time he spent playing Satisfy, Damian spent all his time managing his blog and watching Japanese anime. Now he had an opportunity to defend the heroine, just like the protagonists of the animes he watched.

Rin was tearful as she looked at his back.

“Damian... I’m not alone?”

Damian glanced at her and replied. “Yes. I am beside Rin-chan. And Goddess Rebecca will surely protect us.”

At that moment, a new quest window emerged in front of Damian.

[Goddess’ Divine Punishment]

Difficulty: Class change quest.

Your choice to reject the corrupt pope’s command wasn’t wrong. Goddess Rebecca has blessed you.

As an agent of Goddess Rebecca, punish the corrupt pope!

Quest Progress Reward: Abilities awakening.

Quest Clear Conditions: Pope Drevigo’s death.

Quest Clear Reward: The hidden class ‘Goddess’ Agent.’

Quest Failure: Level -20. You will lose your current class. The complete corruption of the Rebecca Church.

* The hidden class change quest has the power to transform Satisfy's world, according to the result. Please be careful.

[Goddess Rebecca has blessed you for following her teachings faithfully.]

[Due to this, your suppressed powers have been awakened.]

[All stats have increased by 100.]

[The skill 'Light's Blessing' has been generated.]

[The skill 'Heart's Desire' has been generated.]

Kkuok!

Damian gripped his sword tightly.

Duguen! Duguen!

His heart was thudding. His blood was boiling. It was the first time in 32 years that his adrenaline rose like this.

'I chose this.'

Reality was different from manhwa. The main characters in

manhwa were rewarded for their effort, but reality was grim. It was a world that was only beneficial to those who studied or had money.

In reality, Damian couldn't be a protagonist. But Satisfy was another reality, and his efforts and choices were repaid, giving him a chance to become a hero.

“Drevigo! As an agent of Goddess Rebecca, I will deal out divine punishment! Light's Blessing!”

[You and your party's defense, attack power and accuracy will increase by 80% for 3 minutes.]

“Ohhhhhh!”

Damian was surrounded by a golden light as he broke through the paladins and reached Drevigo. Drevigo reached out. “You dare to act as an agent of the goddess in front of me. Do you believe that you can receive a divine message?”

Kwaang!

Drevigo's belief in Goddess Rebecca was real. His overwhelming divine power was comparable to Rebecca's Daughters. The power of light fired from his fingertip easily penetrated Damian's chest.

“Cough..!”

[You have lost 41% of your health from a single blow.]

[You can't regain your mental state.]

What was this result? His vision was going crazy. His body couldn't move the way he wanted.

‘Indeed, I... I’m not a protagonist.’

Damian fell into a stunned state and was unprotected. The moment the pope was about to launch another attack at him and all his efforts were in vain...

“How funny... I came here to meet the pope, so why is there a quest to destroy the pope?”

The doors of the huge room opened without permission and an outsider entered. It was a man wearing a scruffy cloak and a bizarre skull helmet.

“Who is it now?”

“A protagonist? I see.”

Papapat!

After examining the situation, Grid threw three darts at the pope standing at the end of a long red carpet.

“Block it!”

The paladins used their shields to block the darts. But the moment the darts hit the shields, an explosion occurred and smoke emerged. Grid used that gap to rescue Damian and Rin from the enemy.

Then he suggested to Damian, whose eyes were wide at the suddenly revealed savior, “Invite me into the party. Instead, can I have all the items that the pope drops? I think that is sufficient for saving your life.”

“ ... ”

Chapter 123

“I... I forced Rin into this...”

The Vatican’s backyard.

Isabel was crying with her face buried in her knees. She felt guilty for dragging Rin here.

“I wanted to refuse His Holiness’s command... But I was afraid... I know how much Rin hates the current Vatican... It is because of me... Rin came back here because of me...”

Cassus tried to soothe her, “If you refused His Holiness’s order, Rin would’ve been brought back by another person. Rin will be grateful for being brought politely by a friend, rather than being dragged by someone else. So please don’t beat yourself up about it.”

“....”

Isabel slowly raised her head. She looked at him with moist eyes. She carefully brushed her long platinum hair away from her eyes and asked gently.

“Rin... What will happen to her?”

The pope had convened the high ranking members of the church

in order to determine Rin's fate. Isabel wanted to watch, but the pope didn't give her permission, making her become more anxious. She didn't want Rin to be treated unfairly.

Cassus couldn't say anything.

'Perhaps Rin will... She might be deprived of her qualifications, or in the worst case, she can lose her life.'

On the surface, Rebecca's Daughters were treated as sacred beings only second to the pope and received everyone's respect. However, the senior members of the church dismissed Rebecca's Daughters as consumables, mere powerful weapons. As long as the three divine artifacts were preserved, Rebecca's Daughters could be replaced at any time.

'Right now, Rebecca's Daughters are people who serve the pope. They are a thorn in the eye of the current pope. The pope will want new Rebecca's Daughters, who are unconditionally loyal.'

The pope would try to pass on the three divine artifacts to new people.

'Rin isn't the only one in danger. Maybe sooner or later, Isabel...'

Cassus' heart dropped. Rebecca's Daughters were raised in the church. They only knew how to exist as enforcers of the church!

'... Once they become useless, they are deserted.'

Why was this terrible thing happening?

‘It is a poor fate.’

Isabel was only 17 this year and Rin was 19.

They were born with inherently high divine power and taught how to fight and be loyal to the church since childhood. If they were abandoned by the church, would they be able to adapt to ordinary life? It would be even more unfortunate if they were killed. It was too harsh for them to die without feeling the warmth of family, friends or even a lover.

‘Also...’

Once new Rebecca’s Daughters were born who were absolutely loyal to the pope, no one would be able to stop the pope for any longer. From then on, the Rebecca Church would walk the path of complete corruption. It was getting out of hand.

“Someone...”

Cassus, who was usually stoic and expressionless, couldn’t hide what he was thinking. He shed tears for the first time in his life.

“Someone, please... Save us...”

“Cassus...?” Isabel was embarrassed by Cassus’ unusual appearance. She had no idea what to do. “W-Why are you crying all of a sudden? Huh? I-Is it because of me? Am I so depressed that I am making you cry? I’m sorry. I’m sorry so don’t cry. Everything is good. Rin will be okay, and someday Goddess Rebecca will lead His Holiness to the right path.”

Isabel was free-spirited. Despite being harshly raised by the church, she had a strong personality. There were many times when she made people tired, but she had a warm heart like sunshine. She was in the most difficult position, yet she was smiling and comforting her subordinates?

Cassus became sadder at the thought of this sacred, beautiful and warm life ending. The moment he was about to burst out sobbing.

“Why is a big man crying? Eh? Especially in front of a girl. What a shame.”

“...!”

Why was this voice familiar? Cassus was surprised by the emergence of an unexpected figure and hurriedly looked back. A black-haired young man was standing there with a smile.

“It has been a long time, Cassus.”

“Grid...!”

Winston Castle had asked for the support of a priest to make the Divine Shield, and Cassus had been dispatched. At the time, Cassus had bonded with Grid while two Divine Shields were produced. But he never dreamed that this relationship would continue again.

Why had Grid come to the Vatican?

“Why are you here... No?”

Cassus’ eyes widened in the middle of his question. It was due to the evil magic power and blood of virgins coming from the cloak that Grid was wearing.

“That cloak...!”

Isabel said, “That is Malacus’ Cloak.”

“Malacus’ Cloak... Really?”

“Yes.”

Isabel had several encounters with Malacus. It was because she raided several sites where Malacus was offering virgins as sacrifices. She was interrupted every time so she kept missing him, but she heard rumors that mighty soldiers of Winston destroyed Malacus. One of those mighty people seemed to be the young man called Grid.

“It is an honor to meet such a great warrior.”

“Ah! You!” Grid glanced at Isabel and was startled. Then he became excited as he recognized her. “Shield Thief! No, Shield Thief Girl! Ah, this... Ah! That’s right! Was it Rebecca’s Daughter? Hey! Rebecca’s Daughter! Give me my shield!”

“What?”

Isabel had encountered Grid at Winston Castle. But she didn’t remember Grid because she didn’t see Grid at the time. Cassus explained to Isabel who was puzzled by the nonsense. “He is the blacksmith of Winston. He is the creator of the Divine Shield that you are holding.”

“Omo, really? This young man has that type of blacksmith skill? Huh? But how can a blacksmith kill Malacus?”

Grid strode towards the puzzled and admiring Isabel. Then he unabashedly demanded, “Give me my shield.”

Isabel was embarrassed. “I appreciate the fact that you defeated Malacus. But I can’t help you. The Divine Shield is a dangerous weapon so we have decided to recall all of them. That other shield that you made, could you please give it back?”

“W-What?” Grid was dismayed. “How much money did I spend making these shields? Do you have any idea how great the value of the shield is? I can be rich if I sell it!”

“I understand but... I’m sorry. It can’t be helped. The policy has already been set.”

“D-Dammit!”

Grid was grumpy at the thought of losing his legendary rated Divine Shield. How could he be calm when he was going to be robbed of items worth hundreds of millions of won? In the end, Grid’s face turned red as he prepared to fight.

“Blood won’t be shed if you give me the shield immediately.”

Grid was currently level 150. He was different compared to when the Divine Shield was stolen by the Yatan follower. His confidence was overflowing, despite facing the Rebecca Church’s strongest paladin.

Cassus tried to talk to him as Grid pulled out the greatsword. “Grid, please calm down. Let’s start with a conversation first. Why did you come here?”

“Ah, you! What are you saying? Do I seem like I want to talk right now? Eh?”

“Grid, please. Please calm down.”

Cassus bowed deeply. Grid was reminded of the time he made the

items with Cassus and somewhat calmed down. Then he explained, “I came to see the pope.”

“His Holiness?”

“I have something that I want him to bless... I also wanted to ask for the Divine Shield back.”

“Hah...”

Cassus felt it was mysterious. It was amazing to reunite with someone who he thought was merely a passing relationship.

‘This is all Goddess Rebecca’s doing...’

What did his relationship with Grid mean? The moment that Cassus was deeply interested.

Kwaang!

“...?!”

A powerful explosion rang out from inside the Vatican. Isabel’s face turned white.

“This divine power... It is His Holiness!”

Something had certainly happened to Rin. Was the pope doing something terrible to Rin while she stood here? Isabel was concerned about the worst situation and rushed towards the Vatican immediately. Cassus blocked her way.

“Didn’t His Holiness command you not to enter? Don’t go. If you break his command, His Holiness will punish you and Rin.”

Cassus was convinced that Rin was being punished.

Isabel gritted her teeth.

“Indeed... I have to save Rin from His Holiness!”

A gold circle was drawn in the empty space. Then a white spear emerged from it. It was one of the three divine artifacts of the Rebecca Church, Lifael’s Spear. Grid observed the spear with admiration.

‘I didn’t recognize it before, but isn’t this a huge weapon? It is much better than the Gale Spear that I made. No, it is a few dimensions above Dainsleif.’

There was only one person who could produce a weapon like this.

‘Pagma...!’

He found a clue to Pagma in a place like this. Grid excitedly

grabbed Lifael's Spear.

“Hey! Let me see this!”

“What?”

Isabel became angrier at Grid's actions and firmly waved her spear. He dared put his hand on a sacred weapon. She wanted to blow Grid's body into a tree that was 100m away. However...

“Huh?”

The spear wouldn't swing freely. It was because Grid's strength as he grasped the spear was beyond the category of humans.

“Eek!”

Isabel wielded the spear with all her strength. Then Grid's body was thrown 30m and he rolled across the ground.

Ku tang tang tang!

“Uhh...”

Grid felt his vision blurring. He barely managed to get up.

“What? What is with this girl's strength?”

Grid stopped putting points in intelligence after securing a certain amount of mana. Then he invested all his points into strength. At level 150 and combined with the effect of his titles, Grid had over 1,500 strength. He had the power to break rocks by swinging a fist.

Grid's strength had grown to the level where Toon couldn't compete anymore. Yet this huge strength wasn't a match against Isabel.

‘Rebecca’s Daughters isn’t an empty name.’

She was a slender girl, but she exerted physical strength that was beyond the limits of humans! Isabel reached the front door of the Vatican while Grid was admiring her.

“Isabel! Please stop!”

‘Just wait a little longer, Rin, I will save you!’

Cassus couldn't stop her. Isabel opened the doors to the Vatican, filled with the desire to save Rin. It was at that moment.

Kwaang!

A girl with purple hair descended from the roof of the Vatican and attacked Isabel.

“You!”

Isabel was astonished as she barely managed to defend against the attack. The girl who suddenly appeared at the entrance of the Vatican! She was the last of Rebecca’s Daughters and the owner of Everiel’s Shield, Luna.

“Here... You can’t enter.”

Isabel shouted at her, “Luna, get out of my way! Rin is in danger!”

Luna shook her head. “His Holiness’ commands are absolute... I have to follow them.”

“Really... You really can’t? It is a request.”

Isabel begged. But Luna was adamant.

“I’m sorry... I can’t.”

Luna was much younger than Isabel and Rin. She was 14 years old this year so the brainwashing was still strong. Unlike Isabel and Rin who thought for themselves, she only obeyed orders. She was the one who had the most achievements when suppressing the rebellion three months ago, and she was the one most favored by the pope.

“It is impossible to break Everiel’s Shield... This can’t be... Rin...!”

Isabel was well aware that she couldn’t persuade Luna and felt desperate. At this moment, Rin was suffering alone. Isabel was the only one who could help Rin, but why was the goddess giving her such trials?

“Goddess, are you throwing Rin away...?”

The moment that Isabel felt despair... A notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[Help the Rebecca Church!]

Difficulty: Class quest.

The Rebecca Church is a religion with deep ties to Pagma. The friendship between 5th Pope Franz and Pagma is still spoken about hundreds of years later.

As Pagma’s Descendant, you are obliged to help the Rebecca Church that is being corrupted by 13th Pope Drevigo.

Kill Pope Drevigo!

Help the Rebecca Church!

Quest Clear Conditions: Drevigo's death.

Quest Clear Reward: Goddess Rebecca's blessing.

* This is a sub-quest that works in conjunction with the second class quest. If you fail this quest, you won't meet the conditions to clear the second class quest.

"Are they crazy?"

Look at the warning window! If he failed this quest, he would fail his class quest! Grid couldn't understand it.

"Shit, what is this craziness?" It was a quest that caused him to tremble. "Ah, this is really... If I fail... Huh?"

Grid was complaining when his gaze fell on the spear in Isabel's hand. A transparent arrow, visible only to Grid's eyes, was pointed at Isabel's spear.

Chapter 124

A transparent arrow, visible to only Grid's eyes, was pointed at Isabel's spear. It was the helper system that guided the user. Like every other user, Grid received a lot of help from this system in the early days. It helped him even after he became Pagma's Descendant, like with the bellows.

Anyway, this meant the system was telling him that the spear was a clue to this quest.

"I see," Grid reminded himself. In the case of quests with an extremely high failure penalty, the system was set up to help the user succeed.

"Hey, Isabel."

"What?"

Isabel, who had been feeling despair over Luna, frowned at the call.

Grid told her, "I will kill the pope and then rescue Rin. In return, give me my shield. Understood?"

"...."

Why? Isabel felt an unknown sense of trust from Grid's absurd

words.

‘Believe in him.’

Somehow, she seemed to hear the voice of Goddess Rebecca.

“...Really? Will you really save Rin? Has Goddess Rebecca condemned His Holiness?”

Grid nodded at her question and replied, “Yes, that’s what the sky said.”

He approached Isabel and grabbed her spear that the arrow was pointing towards.

“You!”

Isabel panicked because Grid once again touched the sacred spear. Grid ignored her and used a skill,

“Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal.”

[The blacksmith who becomes a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[Sealed Lifael’s Spear]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 1,000/1,000 Attack Power: 730~1,270

- * Divine Power +1,500

- * All stats +60.

- * 100% increase in health recovery.

- * Fixed damage of +2,000 on each attack.

- * There is a high probability of activating the 'Light Wheel' skill.

- * There is a high probability of activating the 'Shield of Light' skill.

- * There is a high probability of activating the 'Light of Guidance' skill.

- * The skill 'White Transformation' will be generated.

- * Attack power +20% against those with dark magic power.

It is one of the three divine artifacts of the Rebecca Church.

The 5th Pope Franz asked the legendary blacksmith Pagma to seal its power.

Conditions of Use: Rebecca's Daughter.

Weight: 400

In the case of 'Failure' which Grid created without considering the balance, the conditions of use were ridiculously high but the performance was superior to common sense. And Lifael's Spear was a weapon that was almost like Failure. However, the surprising thing was that it was sealed.

'Pagma sealed it? Why?'

The moment that Grid was feeling admiration. A white flash emerged from the spear! Then a golden glow appeared and a notification window popped up.

[You have discovered a hidden feature in the item!]

[Lifael's Spear]

Rating: Myth

Durability: 1,500/1,500 Attack Power: 2,330~2,890

- * Divine Power +3,000
- * All stats +200
- * 300% increase in health recovery.
- * Fixed damage of +5,000 on each attack.
- * There is a high probability of activating the 'Light Wheel' skill.
- * There is a high probability of activating the 'Shield of Light' skill.
- * There is a high probability of activating the 'Light of Guidance' skill.
- * The skill 'White Transformation' will always be invoked.
- * Attack power +50% against those with dark magic power.

It is one of the three divine artifacts of the Rebecca Church.

It contains a tremendous divine power that human beings can't afford to handle, placing a heavy burden on the user's mind and body.

Since Rebecca's Daughters became short-lived after being unable to cope with the power of this weapon, 5th Pope Franz asked Pagma to seal its power.

However, Pagma's Descendant emerged during the 13th Pope's reign and was able to discover the true power of the weapon, unsealing it.

Conditions of Use: Rebecca's Daughter.

Weight: 400

[You have witnessed a god-made weapon!]

[Insight has increased by 200.]

[Your insight stat has exceeded 500. You will see the world differently from before.]

[All blacksmith related skill levels have increased by +1.]

[You can now produce myth rated items.]

“This?”

It transcended even 'Failure.' No, this was a weapon strong enough to disrupt the balance of the world itself.

‘Myth rated items...’ He never imagined that items higher than a legendary rating existed. ‘Myth rated items, does that mean I am able to make items like Dainsleif? Rather...’

It was a new experience for Grid.

‘This is a jackpot.’

There were numbers listed above Isabel, Luna and Cassus’ head. Isabel had 55,000 above her head. Luna had 26,300. Cassus had 4,000. Through Grid’s increased insight, he was aware of what these numbers meant.

‘Their combat power.’

Kuoooh!

An enormous golden energy started to explode from Isabel. Due to the awakened Lifael’s Spear, the skill ‘White Transformation’ was automatically activated. Then Isabel’s combat power started to climb until it reached 120,000.

Grid laughed. “It is convenient but... What is this? I’m not the protagonist of a manhwa.”

100 years ago, there was a manhwa that was regarded as one of the best masterpieces and created a craze all over the world. The

manhwa characters could measure the target's combat power with a machine or ability.

“Why did an ability from a manhwa 100 years ago appear?”

He was only complaining with his mouth. Grid was well aware of how useful the newly acquired ability could be. On the other hand, Luna was looking at Isabel.

“ ... ”

She had admired Isabel's beautiful hair for a long time. Luna's hair was colorful and curly, while Isabel's hair was platinum and long, like beautiful silk. Luna coveted it more than jewellery. Now Isabel's beautiful hair was influenced by the explosion of divine power.

“I have to fight.” Luna also liked Rin. She followed Rin like they were actual sisters. It was the same with Isabel. Isabel was as good as Rin. But Luna had to fight. She was taught to obey commands.

In the end, Luna also used White Transformation. Her combat strength only reached 50,000. The difference in combat power was obvious.

‘Isabel will win this fight.’

Grid was confident, while Isabel was feeling confused.

“H-How did this happen?”

Lifael's Spear became much more powerful than before. It was a power that couldn't be controlled. It seemed like she could beat any opponent. She was confident that she could penetrate Everiel's Shield, which boasted a high defense.

“Hey.”

She was panicking as she felt her divine power rising indefinitely when Grid reached out to her. He spoke as if he was blessing her, “Have strength. I will go rescue Rin first.”

“Um...!”

As soon as she heard Rin's name, Isabel recovered his spirit and grasped the spear tightly. She felt a desire to fight Luna.

‘Okay.’

Isabel was motivated by the mention of Rin. Now Isabel would fight to save Rin. She would defeat Luna and kill the pope. It was perfect insurance. This would allow him to clear the quest.

“Let's go!”

Grid entered the Vatican after passing through Luna, who was

blocked by Isabel. He ran down a long hallway while pulling out Dainsleif and the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet. Then he felt something from the innermost giant doors that were closed.

“There!”

Kwaang!

Grid kicked the doors with his feet. He witnessed the pope standing on the other end of the red carpet like a villain.

“That guy?”

The bewildered pope asked. Grid examined the situation before replying. A man and woman were surrounded by dozens of paladins and priests. It seemed like he appeared at an exquisite moment. Yes, just like a character from a movie.

Grid laughed at the atmosphere.

“A protagonist? I see.”

He answered and put a hand on his belt.

[Kenen's Dart Belt]

Rating: Unique

The favorite belt of Kenen, a master of assassination who made many people panic.

One dart will be charged every 20 seconds and up to three darts can be charged.

The type of dart generated is random, and it will have different effects depending on the type.

Conditions of Use: Assassin Throwing Technique Level 7 or above.

Weight: 140

It was an item dropped by Sniffer when he died. It was similar to an infinite quiver, but the infinite quiver commonly had fixed types of arrows. But this belt produced random darts. This was a disadvantage, but Grid tried using it on the way here and the performance was very interesting.

‘That bastard, he must be crying tears of blood after dropping this item.’

Really stupid. A PK user had a very high probability of dropping items upon death. They dared to attack even knowing the risk, how stupid.

Papapat!

Grid laughed and threw darts towards the pope.

“Block it!”

The paladins used their shields to protect the pope.

Pepepeng!

The darts hit the shields and caused a smoke screen. Grid clicked his tongue. “There is the poison fog function, so why is this just plain smoke?”

As expected, he had no luck. He scowled as he moved quickly and rescued Rin and Damian. Then he checked their combat power.

‘Oh, isn’t this great?’

Damian’s combat power was 12,500. It was very powerful for a user, considering that Rin had 27,000. He must be a top ranker. He seemed to be a paladin, so he should be useful as a tanker.

Grid told him, “Invite me into the party. Also, can I have all the items that the pope drops? I think that is sufficient for saving your life.”

“ ... ”

The silence was a positive agreement! In the first place, Damian must be completing a similar type of quest. Grid was convinced that Damian couldn't refuse, so he set the party leader to acquire the items and sent a party invitation. Then the desperate Damian was forced to accept the party.

Grid was happy as he confirmed the party information.

‘As expected, he is a top ranker.’

Damian was a huge level 227. It was similar to the average level of the Tzedakah Guild. It meant he was within the top 200 of users. Damian was also stunned.

‘What?’

The main character who emerged in an urgent situation and saved the heroine! The person had such a strong ambiance, yet he was only level 150? He thought Goddess Rebecca had given him a lifeline, but it was just a rotten lifeline. The moment that Damian was feeling regret.

Kwarurung!

A red lightning bolt pierced the roof of the Vatican and nestled in a black greatsword.

Pachichik! Pachik!

The appearance of a greatsword with red currents around it was very powerful. It was certainly a unique rated item.

‘That weapon is amazing.’

Damian was feeling admiration when Grid asked him.

“As a paladin, can’t you use buff skills? Please use buffs on me.”

Originally, Rebecca paladins couldn’t use buff skills. It was common sense that everyone should know. However, Damian awakened his abilities and received a buff skill. He checked the information on his newly acquired skills.

[Light’s Blessing]

You and your party’s defense, attack power and accuracy will increase by 80% for 3 minutes.

Skill Mana Cost: 900

Skill Cooldown Time: 300 seconds

[Heart’s Desire]

The dead will be immediately resurrected on the spot.

* This doesn't apply to NPCs.

Skill Mana consumption: 80% of the maximum mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 24 hours.

Amazing skills. A buff skill more powerful than Light's Blessing didn't exist yet. In addition, the resurrection skill was a top-tier skill that even second advancement Rebecca priests hadn't acquired. Perhaps he was currently the only one with a resurrection skill in Satisfy.

'Yes, this user might be weak but if I use these skills well...'

Maybe it was worth fighting. Damian used Light's Blessing.

"Wow."

Grid sincerely admired the buff effect. Then he started to show his transcendent sword dance.

"What is this?"

Damian was confused as he watched the man dance instead of

attacking. Then Grid stopped dancing and discharged a red and black sword aura.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

“Keok.”

Damian was so amazed that he hiccuped.

Every time this man swung his sword, the 23 high ranking paladins that the church was so proud of would become injured. The priests struggled to save the paladins from the ruthless bombardment, but the speed at which the sword auras were flying was much faster than the heals. Three or four swords flew while the priests could only use Heal once.

The heals could no longer keep up and the paladins had to retreat, meaning there were no longer any people protecting the pope.

“You...!”

Grid spoke to the indignant pope, “Were you relying on them to protect you? How tragic.”

Chapter 125

The pope shouted.

“Don’t you know who I am? I am Pope Drevigo! I am the parent of 70 million people and as the agent of the goddess, the most sacred being in the world! You dare point a sword at me? This infidel, you aren’t afraid of divine punishment!”

“Hrmm.” Grid listened quietly before saying something. “You spat at me.”

“W-What? Disgraceful person!”

He had never been insulted like this until now. A paladin was helping the traitor and now this? The pope’s head turned red with anger.

“I will punish you myself! Don’t think about leaving here alive!”

Grid glared at him coldly. “You are always talking about divine punishment... Pope, you haven’t grasped the situation yet? I have come here to inflict divine punishment on you. You are the one who will be punished, not me. So shouldn’t you act a little better? Tsk.”

It wasn’t just the pope who wasn’t happy with this situation. Grid felt the same. If the pope was a normal person, it would’ve been easy to clear the quest to get the pavranium blessed.

However, the pope was a corrupt man and endangered the Rebecca Church, causing Grid to struggle unnecessarily because of the quest changing.

“The introduction I received from my father-in-law is useless... You, this is really annoying.”

Peeng!

Grid nervously squeezed Dainsleif. Then his sword aimed at the pope. But the pope wasn't going to stand still. He responded by launching light magic power.

Kwa kwang!

A powerful explosion occurred as a white flash and black flash collided. Due to the aftermath, 10m of the long carpet was burnt to pieces. The remnants of the carpet fell like red eyes looking at Grid with disapproval.

‘My sword was blocked?’

Grid's sword was enhanced by the red lightning bolt and Damian's buff skill. The fact that he couldn't win against the pope's magic was basically proof that the pope's magic power was stronger than Grid's sword.

‘My attack power right now is higher than Malacus' magic power. Malacus himself would fail to stop me, even if he unfolded

a three-layer shield.'

Grid couldn't understand it. His increased insight showed that the pope had a combat power of 24,000. Given Damian's combat power of 12,500 as a level 227 ranker, 24,000 didn't seem very high. Just looking at the numerical value, two Damians would be able to exert combat power over the pope.

'Based on Damian... The Tzedakah Guild has an average combat power of 12,000 at the time of the Malacus raid...'

17 guild members were involved in the Malacus raid. If the average 12,000 combat power of each person was combined, the total combat strength would be over 200,000. But didn't they get overwhelmed by Malacus' strength, even with a combined combat power of over 200,000?

In other words, Malacus should have at least 200,000 combat power and the pope in front of him should be 10 times weaker than Malacus because he only had 24,000 combat power. But after an exchange of blows, the pope felt stronger than Malacus. It was curious.

'Well...'

Grid's high insight allowed him to understand the concept of combat power.

'A small gap in combat power is, in reality, a large gap to cover.'

Grid's assertion was correct. While Rebecca's Daughters, the pope, and Damian's attack power were all valued in the tens and hundreds of thousands, actual combat power was delicate enough to feel when there was even a single digit difference.

The concept of combat power wasn't $1+1=2$.

Let's assume that an attack power of 1 was an ant and an attack power of 2 was a praying mantis. It was impossible for two ants to beat a praying mantis.

Therefore, combat power was $1+1 < 2$.

This was how the 17 Tzedakah Guild members were overwhelmed by the lone Malacus.

"The sum of combat power is meaningless. 17 cats gathered together can't beat one elephant. And the pope is a top predator that can devour an elephant. Isn't he incredibly strong?"

"Cat? Elephant? What are you saying?"

The pope couldn't understand Grid's words. Grid grinned at his confusion. "I am a cat or an elephant. This is an opportunity to gauge which one."

"I don't know what you are talking about. Infidel, are you

crazy?”

“Don’t worry too much about it.”

Grid wasn’t discouraged despite learning that the pope was much stronger than Malacus. Rather, his blood was boiling with excitement.

‘I wonder how far my strength will prevail!’

Grid had learned how to use his weapons freely during the Guardian of the Labyrinth raid. Lacking destructive power could be covered with control.

Pepeng! Pepepeng!

In Grid’s hands, Dainsleif slashed at a different angle each time, the sword auras all flying in different orbits. Some flew to the front, to the side and to the rear of the pope. Unless the pope had eyes all over the place, it was impossible to intercept them all with magic!

Grid smiled with satisfaction. However, the pope was more formidable than Grid expected. The pope continuously unfolded his light magic power and intercepted Grid’s energy swords one by one.

“This won’t work!”

A wide area light magic attack was emitted along with the pope's shout.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

It was an overwhelming sight. The white magic power spread like sunlight and shattered the black energy swords.

"Wow." Grid stared at the brilliant light that was slowly disappearing and truly admired it. "Really strong."

Was he feeling discouraged? No, that wasn't it.

"Okay! I have to do my best!"

There was a unique buff skill just for Pagma's Descendant. He could only use it for himself, but the effect was extraordinary.

"Blacksmith's Rage!"

[Blacksmith's Rage has been activated. Your attack power and attack speed will increase significantly for 20 seconds.]

"Ohhhh!"

Pepepeng! Pepepeng!

Grid doubled the speed with which he wielded Dainsleif. It meant that his attack speed had doubled.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The attacks poured down like a heavy rain due to Grid wielding the sword without a break!

“Hah...”

The pope’s face turned white. He continuously fired light magic, but the speed of the light magic couldn’t keep up with Grid’s speed. Once again, the pope released light magic around himself. He was planning to sweep away all of Grid’s energy swords again.

But this time, the result was different.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Blacksmith’s Rage strengthened the power of the energy swords, causing the power of light to be destroyed instead. Then the swords landed on the pope’s body.

“You have become stronger? Kuaaaaak!”

The light magic couldn’t withstand the power of the swords, and the pope’s body was hit again and again. The pope’s terrible

scream echoed in the hall as notification windows appeared in front of Grid.

[You have dealt 13,300 damage.]

[You have dealt 13,910 damage.]

[You have dealt 14,080 damage.]

[The Best Gauntlets option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target twice.]

[You have dealt 28,300 damage.]

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 31,050 damage.]

The pope's health gauge was dwindling at an incredible pace. Grid was able to determine the pope's total health by comparing the amount of damage suffered to the pope's health gauge.

‘Is it around 300,000?’

The Guardian of the Labyrinth had a total health greater than 1.2 million. But it was a golem, not a human. The pope was a human being. His inherent health was lower compared to monsters, so

this increased Grid's confidence.

'I can catch him with around 20 more hits?'

He might be able to overcome the pope without Isabel's help.

"Puhahahat! The pope should die and drop some items!" Grid burst out while expecting victory. He attacked the pope relentlessly and the health gauge ended up dropping to a quarter. Then the duration of Transcend and Blacksmith's Rage was over.

"I'll drive in the last wedge here!"

The pope was in a dying state. His white garments embroidered with gold thread had been torn to pieces a long time ago. Grid ran towards him. He narrowed the interval to 10m in a short amount of time and used the strongest skill.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill!"

Kuoooooh!

The overwhelming killing intent heated up the atmosphere. A dark haze surrounded Dainsleif. The moment Dainsleif was about to be stabbed into the pope's heart.

"Goddess' Breath...!"

The pope used magic. Then the pope's health gauge was refilled in an instant.

‘A heal that restores hundreds of thousands of health?’

The pope's magic effect didn't end there. A green translucent shield was unfolded and completely neutralized Kill. Grid was scared. “What skill is this? Damn, is he a guardian knight?”

The pope used the invincible skill only meant for guardian knights! Grid was surprised by the unexpected move and retreated. Then the pope ridiculed him.

“The goddess' divine blessing fully protects my body and soul. No matter what you do, you can't harm me!”

The pope was fundamentally a priest. If Rebecca's Daughters were the peak of the paladins, the pope was the peak of the priests. The bloody body was restored and he used a broad heal for the paladins who were severely wounded and had withdrawn from battle. He ordered them.

“What are you doing? Kill that infidel right away!”

“ ... ”

The paladins didn't like the pope. They didn't want to follow such an evil existence that made their church corrupt. But no matter how depraved the pope, he was obviously an agent of the

goddess. The high rankings paladins were deeply religious and couldn't imagine rejecting the pope's order, grabbing their weapons. Then they simultaneously rushed towards Grid.

“No, Damian. What are you doing? Are you just doing to watch?”

Grid reacted nervously as he looked at all the opponents in front of him. Damian, who had been watching Grid with shock, belatedly recovered his spirit.

“I'm sorry!”

A person who was only level 150 had overwhelmed the pope! What the hell was Grid's identity? It was suspicious. Despite his deep skepticism and confusion, Damian added his power to Grid's in order to defend Rin.

Chaaeng! Chaeng chaeng!

Damian blocked a paladin's sword with a shield and fought back. His sword was sharp and the paladins couldn't easily defend against it. Then blood started to pour out of the paladins. Damian was awakened by this quest and received the strongest buff skill. This made him strong enough to overpower the church's senior paladins.

Both Damian and Grid were unaware of this, but Damian was now stronger than Toban, who was number one on the paladin rankings. He might not be able to defeat 23 paladins with his

power alone, but he could tie up their feet for a while.

“Okay! I’ll leave this to you!”

Grid determined that Damian alone was enough and rushed to target the pope again. However, the pope had no intention of allowing his approach. The pope blasted him with light magic power to stop him.

Pepeng! Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The magician bombardment was concentrated on Grid. Grid wanted to avoid it, but it was hard because the pope grasped his movement patterns and reaction rate, using the power of light efficiently.

“Ack~!”

Pepeng!

A white ray narrowly passed over the top of the frightened Grid’s head. Then another ray aimed at his face without giving Grid any room to breathe.

Jeeeong!

Grid hurriedly used the Divine Shield to defend. Then a notification window popped up.

[The durability of the Divine Shield has decreased by 78.]

‘Crazy!’

The Divine Shield was famous because it was strong against dark magic. But even without such features, the Divine Shield had excellent defense. Even with that, the pope’s blow had reduced the shield’s durability by 1/8th.

Grid lamented.

‘If only I was holding the legendary rated Divine Shield...!’

He wanted to get rid of the pope quickly and regain the legendary rated Divine Shield. Grid placed the shield in front of him and continued to move forward.

“How dare an infidel carry our battle gear! It is disgraceful!”

Kwaang! Kwaang! Kwaang!

Every time Grid stepped forward, a ray of light magic power flared and struck the Divine Shield. The Divine Shield rapidly distorted and cracks started to appear. It happened when Grid took his seventh step. The pope thought that his next strike would completely shatter Grid’s shield.

But Grid had no intention of letting his item be destroyed.

Peeng!

Grid identified that the white flash was approached and put away the Divine Shield. Then he armed himself with the Ideal Dagger and used Wind Blast. The swirling wind slightly twisted the orbit of the white flash. Then the ray brushed past Grid's cheek.

Jjejeok! Part of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet was broken and a little bit of Grid's face was exposed. Grid endured it.

"This method worked."

The pope gritted his teeth, "You still have a lot of tricks left!"

The pope was annoyed since that explosion should've blown off Grid's head, and was about to attack again. Two golden discs appeared out of nowhere and stuck to his back.

"Kuk?"

The moment that the pope was panicking. Grid used Quick Movements and succeeded in narrowing the gap with the pope. Then he fired Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link.

Pipit! Pipipipipi-!

The attack speed of the dagger was incomparably fast compared to the greatsword. Then Quick Movements maximized his agility.

Grid used Link after equipping himself with the Ideal Dagger and managed to unleash 22 attacks. While the damage inflicted was less than that of when he used Dainsleif, the dagger's delicate control made sure that the pope was persistently hit.

“Kuaaaak You!”

The pope screamed and launched a counterattack, aiming precisely at Grid's heart.

Peeng!

“No!”

Damian screamed as he confirmed that Grid's health had fallen by more than half with a single strike. Those who lost more than 40% of their health in a single hit would be stunned and unprotected, meaning Grid was in considerable danger. Damian wanted to run over to Grid to give him healing and protection, but he couldn't move because of the paladins.

‘This is the end! This quest will fail! I won't be able to save Rinchan!’

At that moment, something strange thing happened: without taking a single potion, Grid's health still recovered as he remained

unaffected by any abnormal status effects. Grid coolly plunged his dagger deep into the pope's heart.

Chapter 126

“Ugh!”

Grid felt pain and stumbled the moment the ray of light pierced his heart.

[You have suffered 14,560 damage.]

[You have lost 52% of your health from a single blow.]

His vision was blurry. A normal person would be in a stunned state, but Grid was fine. Then a green light emerged from the blue ring on his finger.

[The effect of Doran’s Ring has been activated.]

[7,280 health has been restored.]

Doran’s Ring immediately restored half of his lost health! Thanks to that effect, the injury in his heart area quickly recovered. Grid seemed like he would collapse but he quickly stood upright.

“What...?!”

The pope was caught off guard as the +8 Ideal Dagger pierced his heart.

“Cough!”

The pope’s face was dismayed as he spat out black blood.

‘What is this situation?’

The pope couldn’t believe it. He thought it was finished the moment he penetrated the heart of the masked bastard, but rather than dying, Grid fought back?

“This monster...! Goddess’ Breath!”

The pope barely managed to recover his spirit and heal himself. He regained all his health and kicked Grid. It was intended to open a distance so he could use magic, but Grid wouldn’t permit the pope to leave. The pope was a priest, so he would have weak physical abilities. After avoiding the pope’s kick, Grid grabbed his ankle and laughed grimly.

“You, did you think you could get away?”

A chill went down the pope’s spine as his ankle was caught.

“Heok...! Let me go!”

“I won’t let go!”

Pakak!

Grid hit the struggling pope's face. Then he firmly grabbed the pope's shoulders and pushed him hard. The pope fell to the ground. Grid's mad eyes could be seen through the helmet.

“Let's experiment with how long you can keep healing!”

“This guyyyy!”

Puk! Puk puk. Puk puk puk!

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 7,500 damage.]

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 6,980 damage.]

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 7,330 damage.]

A critical hit was activated every time he precisely stabbed the

dagger into the pope's heart. Grid burst out laughing.

“Puhahahahat! Die! Die!”

“Kuaaaaack!”

Puk puk puk!

Red blood spurted. It was a horrible sight. The man in the bizarre skull helmet climbed onto the pope's body and stabbed the pope with a dagger, causing blood and flesh to scatter all over the place. The pope's sharp screams and the helmeted man's creepy laughter filled the place.

“U-Uwaaah...”

The paladins and priests turned pale. Right now, the helmeted man in front of them was a butcher and the pope was a beast. The beast was being slaughtered by the butcher. The Vatican, one of the most sacred places in the world, was being turned into a slaughterhouse in a manner of minutes.

“Kuweek!”

The priest started to feel nauseous as they looked at the bloody pope. To them, the man in the skull helmet looked like a demon. In order to punish the wicked pope, a greater evil had descended.

Damian was finally able to recall who the man in the helmet was.

‘Him...! I knew he was somewhat familiar. He’s the butcher who appeared on TV a while ago.’

The butcher in the bizarre skull helmet who smashed the Giant Guild in Winston! It was rumored that he was a psychopath, and Damian had no doubt about it.

‘He fights in such a terrible manner...!’

The sight of the pope being unable to resist the dagger continuously stabbing his heart wasn’t pleasant. In addition, the eerie light coming from the helmet made it creepier. On the other hand, the pope couldn’t believe the situation.

He reigned over 70 million people, and even kings bowed to him! As an agent of the goddess, he was one of the most divine people in the world! Now he was being humiliated by a trivial guy whose identity was unknown!

“Kuaack!”

The furious pope once again released light magic around himself. Grid judged that it wouldn’t be safe to be swept away by that power and hurriedly pulled away from the pope.

Kwa kwa kwang!

[You have suffered 12,600 damage.]

[You have lost 45% of your health from a single blow.]

It was completely impossible to avoid the light power pouring out.

Jjejeok! Jjejeok!

The Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet, that was tinged with red due to the pope's blood, started cracking. Grid's face was almost completely revealed. Then the pope shouted a new magic spell.

“Goddess' Wrath!”

Papat! Papapat!

Two large gold circles, approximately 3m in diameter, was quickly created behind the pope's back. Vast amounts of energy was coming from it. Grid became alert as mana was emitted from the magic circles.

Kuwaaaang!

It was like watching an anti-tank gun. The light magic power emitted from the circles was 10 times greater and stronger than the power of light used by the pope. It seemed able to destroy

anything.

“This is the strongest divine magic! You won’t be able to withstand this damage!”

Rin, who knew better than anyone that Everiel’s Shield was the only thing that could defend against it, shouted urgently. But Grid didn’t back down. He would show the peak of his item effects! He deployed the pavranium, the most powerful mineral that transcended the mineral of the gods.

Peeeeeeong!

Two small golden discs emerged and faced the huge white flash.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The ground shook. The Vatican, which had endured for 500 years, started to collapse. The priests and paladins screamed as pillars fell over.

“Rin-chan!” In the midst of the confusion, Damian rushed forward and hugged Rin. Then he protected Rin from the stones falling from the ceiling. “A-Are you okay? Rin-chan?”

“Damian...”

Rin felt something strange as she looked at the bloody Damian.

She felt a yearning for the warmth of his arms.

“Me too...”

Rin existed only as a means to defend the pope and church, and this was her first experience of being protected by someone. Thus, Rin summoned Ikael’s Sword.

“Me too...! I will fight!”

She had been lethargic and helpless after being abandoned by the church, but now she was filled with determination.

“If this is the goddess’ will, I will follow! Punish the corrupt pope and rebuilt the Vatican! And Damian, with you, I will lead the Rebecca Church to the right path again!”

“Rin-chan...!”

A flag was planted! Damian flushed as he felt thrilled, then Isabel appeared.

“Rin! Are you okay?”

She had just finished subduing Luna. Isabel had worried about Rin’s safety after witnessing the collapse of the Vatican. Had she lost her life to the pope? Isabel imagined the worst situation and ran, but fortunately, Rin was safe. She was relieved to the point

where tears flowed down.

Rin shouted firmly. “Isabel! I will defeat His Holiness! He has sinned! It’s what the goddess wants!”

Isabel nodded. “Yes...! Let’s join forces!”

The moment that the strongest paladins decided to punish the pope. In the center of the collapsed debris of the Vatican! A voice was heard from within the smoke.

“My prey... Don’t take it.”

It was Grid. His helmet and armor were destroyed because of the shockwave.

“Damn bastard! I will make you pay for the value of my items!”

On the other side, the pope’s shocked voice was heard. “How did you stop the Goddess’ Wrath...? What are those golden discs?”

The throne where only the pope could sit. The pope was sitting down with exhaustion. His usual dignity was gone and his hair was matted.

Grid grabbed Dainsleif. Damian saw that he was trying to fight again and hurriedly used Light’s Blessing.

Shaaaaaah.

Dainsleif started to be surrounded by a golden light. It was the precursor to Dainsleif's skill, Golden Flash.

“Ohhhhhh!”

Kuwaaaang!

Grid squeezed out all the power of Dainsleif and a golden flash flew through the remnant of the Vatican towards the pope. Until then, all of Grid's attacks were physical so the pope was astonished after using a shield that protected against physical attacks.

“Magic power...!”

That's right. The Golden Flash was a skill that deal damage proportional to his magic power to all targets in a straight line. Grid had no reason to use it since his strength was much higher than his intelligence. However, he used it with exquisite timing in this moment to penetrate through the shield.

“Kuaaaak!”

The pope screamed with pain! Then Grid fired Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link.

[The level of Link has risen.]

[Your damage will increase. The number of times a target is hit will increase by 5 times.]

It was the first time since acquiring Pagma's Swordsmanship. He had used it hundreds of times and it now had finally reached level 2. Now 17 linked strikes cut at the pope's body.

"Goddess' Protection!"

The pope barely managed to use a skill. A pale green translucent shield was deployed to protect his body.

"Die!"

The pope smiled with satisfaction as he unleashed a counterattack.

"Kuk!"

It was a widespread emission of light magic power so it was impossible to defend against with just two discs of pavranium. The pavranium couldn't protect Grid and Grid suffered a great deal of damage.

But Grid didn't fall down.

[You have suffered 13,000 damage.]

[You have suffered 9,500 damage.]

[A legend doesn't die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

“What...?! What the hell are you? Why won't you fall?”

The pope cried out in frustration as he tried to use a healing spell. However, he was both physically and mentally exhausted, and most of his magic power was consumed by Goddess' Wrath. It was impossible to use magic smoothly. In the end, he couldn't do anything.

“I...”

Grid unfolded his sword dance as he shouted.

“Am a legend! Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill!”

[The level of Kill has risen.]

[Your damage will greatly increase.]

Peeeeeeong!

The pope grasped the last of his magic power and barely managed

to deploy a shield. Then the huge greatsword penetrated the pope's chest.

“Cou...gh! You...!”

Red bloodshot eyes stared at Grid as the pope coughed up blood. Then the pope gradually turned into a grey light. Numerous notification windows popped up in front of Grid.

[You have defeated the 13th Pope Drevigo, who was corrupting the Rebecca Church!]

[500 gold has been acquired.]

[Party leader 'Grid' has acquired the Goddess' Essence.]

[Party leader 'Grid' has acquired the Holy Light Armor.]

[Party leader 'Grid' has acquired the Holy Light Gloves.]

[Party leader 'Grid' has acquired the Holy Light Crown.]

[145,350,000 experience has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

Chapter 127

“Kuaaaaak!”

He was more naughty and wicked than anyone else, but also more noble and divine than anyone else. The reign of Pope Drevigo ended after a long struggle. Then he turned into light. The light that symbolized levelling up flashed around Grid’s body dozens of times.

“Heok...”

Damian was amazed as he confirmed it in the party information window. Grid had been level 150 and he jumped to level 170 instantly.

‘Gaining 20 levels at once...!’

That’s right. Grid overcame the pope who ruled over 70 million people and gained an unimaginable amount of experience.

On the other hand, Damian was in a party with Grid, but he only gained a small amount of experience. It was because the system judged that he barely contributed to the battle against the pope. In addition, there were two people in the party but all items dropped were one-sidedly gained by Grid.

Despite the pope being defeated, Damian wasn’t able to take advantage of the experience and items in any way. But Damian

wasn't disappointed.

‘I just used buff skills on him and tied up the feet of the paladins for a while. He took on the pope alone, and I can't even envy him, because I didn't give him much help.’

The bizarre skull helmet had been shattered by the pope. Damian looked at the exposed Grid with pleasant emotions.

‘Thanks to him, I was able to clear my hidden class change quest...’

Notification windows were being renewed in front of him.

[The quest ‘Goddess’ Divine Punishment’ has succeed.]

[You have changed to the unique hidden class ‘Goddess’ Agent.']

[You are qualified to become the pope.]

[There is a possibility that you will be elected as a pope candidate.]

[If you are crowned as the pope, you can run the Rebecca Church. Please be patient until the day when tens of millions of people worship you.]

[The skill Goddess' Breath has been created.]

[The skill Goddess' Breath has been mastered.]

[The skill Goddess' Protection has been created.]

[The skill Goddess' Protection has been mastered.]

[The skill Divine Message has been created.]

[The Dignity stat has been opened.]

[The growth rate of divine power will become three times higher.]

[Goddess' Breath]

Recovers 100% of your health and 70% of your party members' health.

Skill Mana consumption: 30% of the maximum mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.

[Goddess' Protection]

Creates a shield of absolute defense that will invalidate an enemy's attack once.

Skill Mana Cost: 2,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

[Divine Message]

You can hear the voice of Goddess Rebecca. The goddess will give you a lot of advice. You can earn big profits if you act on that advice.

Skill Activation Condition: Random

‘Goddess’ breath and protection... Pope Drevigo used it every few minutes, but that was an NPC correction effect. For a user, it was magic with a very long cooldown time.’

Was he disappointed? No, that wasn't it. Damian was thrilled.

‘I didn't realize it until now. I have a unique hidden class...’

These were the ratings of the hidden classes: Rare, epic, unique and legendary! Most of the existing hidden classes had a rare rating. There were only three epic hidden classes revealed and no unique hidden classes. Most users and experts speculated that unique and higher hidden classes hadn't appeared yet.

But at this moment! Damian was able to obtain a unique hidden class thanks to Grid. It was a unique hidden class, far beyond a rare class! Damian was thrilled and felt infinite gratitude towards Grid.

‘In my 32 years of life, I have lived a normal life without being able to feel this sense of accomplishment once...! Grid, you are my lifelong benefactor! I don’t care if you are a psychopath. To me, you are an angel! Someday... I will repay you someday!’

Grid didn’t know about it. The reason he defeated the pope was to clear his own quest, not to help Damian, who he didn’t even know. He was unaware that Damian had just obtained a hidden class.

However, it was undeniable that Grid was Damian’s benefactor. In the future, Damian would be sure to repay the favor to Grid, and Grid would gain a solid support without even knowing it.

“It was hard.”

After knocking down the pope. Grid’s stamina was depleted and he lay on the ground without any hesitation.

“I can’t move a finger.”

Due to the battle with the pope, the Vatican was completely devastated. Only a few pillars were barely standing, but the ceiling had completely collapsed, so it could no longer be called a building.

There was a satisfied smile on Grid's face as he looked up at the blue sky through the collapsed ceiling.

‘Jackpot.’

[Holy Light Armor]

Rating: Legendary (Set)

Durability: 924/924 Defense: 872

- * There is a high chance of completely resisting dark spells.

- * 300% increased in magic recovery effects.

- * 40% reduction in damage from physical attacks.

- * 50% reduction in damage from magic attacks.

- When 3 set items are equipped: Defense +500, health +6,000.

An armor that the legendary blacksmith Pagma made for 5th Pope Franz.

Thanks to this armor made by the god mineral adamantium, Franz was able to survive many times in the war against the Yatan Church.

Since it was an armor customized for Franz, the other popes have stored this armor away.

Conditions of Use: Franz.

Weight: 1,517

[Holy Light Gloves]

Rating: Legendary (Set)

Durability: 300/3000 Defense: 130 Attack Speed: +20% Accuracy +40%

* There is a normal chance of activating '5 Joint Attacks.'

* There is a high chance of activating 'Counterattack.'

-When 3 set items are equipped: Defense +500, health +6,000.

An armor that the legendary blacksmith Pagma made for 5th Pope Franz.

There is a legend that Franz, who has a weak sword technique, became a master of the sword when wearing these gloves.

Since the gloves were personally customized for Franz, the other popes have stored these gloves away.

Conditions of Use: Franz.

Weight: 10

[Holy Light Crown]

Rating: Legendary (Set)

Durability: 180/180 Defense: 20

* Intelligence +300

* Dignity +200

-When 3 set items are equipped: Defense +500, health +6,000.

A crown that the legendary blacksmith Pagma made for 5th Pope Franz.

There is a legend that Franz became more intelligent and dignified after wearing this crown.

Since the crown was personally customized for Franz, the other popes have stored this crown away.

Conditions of Use: Franz.

Weight: 25

Unlike the helmet, the crown's defense wasn't very good. However, the effect of the set items seemed enough to cover the lack of defense.

'The performance of the armor and gloves is the best.'

Grid equipped the items that he obtained.

[A penalty is applied because the item conditions aren't met.]

[Defense of Holy Light Armor will decrease by 55%.]

[As your understanding of the Holy Light Armor increases, the penalty will decrease.]

[Defense of Holy Light Gloves will decrease by 55%.]

[As your understanding of the Holy Light Gloves increases, the penalty will decrease.]

[Defense of Holy Light Crown will decrease by 55%.]

[As your understanding of the Holy Light Crown increases, the penalty will decrease.]

“Kuk.”

In the case of legendary items, the penalty for not meeting the conditions of use was 55%. Therefore, only 393 defense would be applied if Grid equipped the Holy Light Armor. The defense of the Holy Light Gloves would be 59 and the Holy Light Crown would be 9 defense.

But there was the effect of wearing the three set items, so the defense wasn't low. Furthermore, the option effects were applied too. Grid thought about it positively.

‘This performance... The understanding of an item will naturally rise if I use it, so I don't need to be disappointed.’

In fact, his understanding of Dainsleif had increased, so now the penalty was only around 20%.

‘The bad thing is that they are items that can't be widely used. No one will buy it if I put it on the auction site... How rotten.’

Legendary items dropped for the first time, but why were they so special? Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[The quest ‘Help the Rebecca Church!’ has succeeded.]

[Affinity with the Rebecca Church has risen to the maximum. Members of the Rebecca Church will have unlimited affection and trust in you. You will be able to receive aid from them.]

[Talk to Rebecca's Daughter, Isabel. She will give the goddess' blessing to the pavranium.]

He had some rest so he managed to move his limbs. He unequipped the items and rose from his spot with a groan. Isabel, Rin, Damian and dozens of Rebecca members were watching him.

“Grid...” Isabel approached Grid. Tears were seen in her eyes. “Thank you. Thanks to you, the honor of the goddess... I could keep Rin and everyone else.”

Isabel bowed deeply after her words. Then the other paladins and priest also bowed in unison.

“...”

It was a solemn atmosphere. Grid had gotten rid of the pope who corrupted the church over the last two years, so they truly regarded him as a saviour.

‘Cool!’

Wasn't this completely a scene from a manhwa? Damian looked

at Grid with envy. He viewed Grid as a hero from a manhwa. He was like a great being who defended everyone against evil and was honoured by all after defeating the evil. It was the typical look of a main character that Damian had been dreaming about. Damian truly yearned to be Grid.

But it was only for a while.

“For free? If you really appreciate it, shouldn't you show me some courtesy? Isn't the Rebecca Church rich?”

Grid made the shape of a coin with his fingers and demanded with greedy eyes.

“Give me a tip. As you can see, my helmet and armor broke due to suffering a lot of damage against the pope. I also have to claim compensation for being mentally injured after Isabel refused to return the Divine Shield.”

“ ... ”

Grid was greedy. As everyone was speechless, Damian muttered with disappointment, “A person like this...”

After that.

Grid followed along after Isabel and Rin. They arrived in the centre of the collapsed Vatican. Despite the Vatican being swept away in the aftermath of the destruction, there were almost no

scratches on the Rebecca Statue.

Grid handed Isabel the two discs.

“Please use the goddess’ blessing on them.”

Isabel received the golden discs. She fell to her knees in front of the goddess’ statue and started praying. Then after a few moments, a warm light came down from the sky and wrapped around the golden discs.

Ttiring~

[Goddess Rebecca’s blessing has fallen on the pavranium.]

[The pavranium will be able to demonstrate recovery abilities.]

“Recovery ability?”

Grid appraised the golden discs.

[Golden Discs Made of Pavranium]

Durability: Infinite

Golden discs made of pavranium, the strongest mineral produced by the collaboration between the legendary blacksmith Pagma and

the legendary great magician Braham.

By default, they revolve around and protects their owner. They will also take other actions when given commands from their owner.

* They have obtained healing skills due to Goddess Rebecca's blessing. They will increase their owner's health recovery speed by 300%.

Weight: 5

“Wow.”

This mineral could also acquire skills? He never even imagined it. The future was bright. In the future, he had to receive the blessings from God Dominion, God Judar and God Yatan. The pavranium would acquire new skills every time, so Grid had great expectations.

But there was still the matter of God Yatan. He was an enemy of the Yatan Church! How could he get the blessing of God Yatan?

Grid was sighing when Damian approached him.

“Mr. Grid!”

“What is it?”

Grid frowned at Damian's sudden shout. Damian asked him desperately, "Can I rub my cheek against those golden discs? It is my wish of a lifetime. "

Grid was bewildered. "Why?"

Damian snorted like a horny bull and explained. "Didn't it just touch Isabel-chan's chest? I want to feel the warmth of Isabel-chan's chest!"

"...?"

An ordinary looking person was talking like this, so Grid doubted his ears. Isabel hit Damian's side with her elbow.

"Keo... Keook!" Isabel-chan's elbow... Haack..."

Damian collapsed with a pained but happy expression. Isabel was so embarrassed that she blew him away with the kick. Then she passed the Divine Shield to the stunned Grid.

"We need a lot of money to rebuild the Vatican. We can't afford to pay you a tip but... I will give you this as promised."

It was the moment he recovered the legendary Divine Shield that was stolen a few months ago.

[Perfect Divine Shield]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 680/680 Defense: 370 Magic Resistance: 280

* There is a high chance of completely resisting dark spells.

* The skill 'Divine Light' will be generated.

* The skill 'Divine Favor' will be generated.

An item made by a craftsman with great skills and potential, but his experience and reputation is somewhat lacking.

Thanks to the power of Cassus, a priest of the Rebecca Church, it shines with the divine power of the goddess of light. Due to its strength against dark magic, all followers of demons and the Yatan Church will suffer when facing this shield.

User Restriction: Level 190 or higher. More than 500 strength. More than 1,000 divine power. A member of the Rebecca Church.

Weight: 800

“...Well, this is it.”

Grid was satisfied. With this Divine Shield, he was confident that he could fight the servants of the Yatan Church.

‘Yes, if I can’t willingly obtain God Yatan’s blessing, I will force them to give me the blessing.’

Isabel carefully asked him, “Are you leaving now?”

She felt regret. But Grid was a busy person. He wanted to clear the quest as quickly as possible and return to Winston. Then he could spend a hot night with his beautiful bride!

“I have to leave. Oh, do you have any influence with the Dominion and Judar churches? I need to obtain God Dominion and God Judar’s blessings.”

Isabel smiled widely, “The Dominion Church and Judar Church are like our brothers. The Dominion Church and Judar Church have pledged allegiance to our pope... I can provide you some strength.”

She felt sorry because she didn’t have anything special to give Grid for his great help. She was glad to have a chance to repay Grid.

“I’ll write an introduction. They will willingly give their blessings with my introduction. I want to accompany you but... Sorry. There is a lot of work to do, such as electing a new pope and rebuilding the Vatican.”

“ ... ”

Grid looked at Damian who had been kicked by Isabel, and confirmed that he wouldn't be able to get up for a while. Then Grid replied, “There's no need to be sorry. I don't want to be accompanied by a crazy girl like you. This is enough.”

“W-What?”

Isabel became gloomy at the end of his words. Rin looked at him reproachfully, but Grid didn't notice.

After receiving the letter of introduction. Grid headed towards the nearest Dominion Church.

Chapter 128

The Judar Church, Dominion Church and Rebecca Church.

The three religions weren't in conflict. Rather, their relationship was very good. The Rebecca Church was like a parent to the Judar and Dominion churches. The god of health and wisdom, Judar, and the god of war, Dominion, were the sons of the goddess of light, Rebecca.

Among all three religions, Goddess Rebecca was recognized as supreme. The difference was that the Dominion Church had strong armed forces, the Judar Church worshipped health and wisdom, and the Rebecca Church sought justice.

However, the leader of the Judar Church had great ambitions.

"5th Pope Franz was originally from our church. At the time, the Rebecca Church didn't have anyone to become pope so they took him from our church and placed him in the seat of the pope."

It was true. The 5th Pope Franz was actually the head of the Judar Church. But the Rebecca Church lacked talent and elected him to become the pope.

"Look at the present Pope Drevigo. He is someone who isn't suitable for the status of pope. Everybody has been keeping it quiet, but the Rebecca Church is becoming corrupt due to Drevigo. He should resign and a new person must become pope. It's natural for the new person to be me."

The 11th leader of the Judar Church, Pascal! He was a prominent figure claiming to be the descendant of 5th Pope Franz. Thanks to his sincerity and outstanding talent, he became the head of the Judar Church, and now he was dreaming of becoming the Rebecca Church's pope.

“The 5th Pope and my ancestor set the precedent. It wouldn't be strange if I became a pope candidate.”

The introduction was too long. A black haired man, who had been listening silently for a while, wanted to cut to the chase.

“So... What do I need to do for the sake of you and the church?”

The identity of the black man was Toban. He was 1st on the paladin rankings and the chief of staff for the Tzedakah Guild. Pascal ordered him as a paladin of the Judar Church, “The Rebecca Church is keeping the battle gear that Franz used during his lifetime. The Holy Light Crown, Armor and Gloves. I want you to take them back for me.”

[A quest has been created.]

[Franz' Descendant]

Difficulty Level: SS

The most respected pope was 5th Pope Franz. It isn't an exaggeration to say that his reign helped the Rebecca Church become what it is today.

Pascal is dreaming of becoming the 14th pope! He wants to prove to the Rebecca Church that he is Franz' descendant. If he can prove it, there is a possibility that the forces against the corrupt Pope Drevigo will support Pascal to become the pope!

Use any means and methods to reclaim the Holy Light Crown, Armor and Gloves!

Pascal plans to prove his identity by wearing the pieces known only to be wearable by Franz.

Quest Clear Conditions: Reclaim the Holy Light Crown, Armor and Gloves.

Quest Clear Reward: Level +5. The Sword of Wisdom.

Quest Failure: Pascal's plan to become pope will be wasted. You will be hated by Pascal.

‘Amazing!’

The rankings for the top rankers could fluctuate with just 1% difference in experience. Gaining five levels was a huge reward for Toban, who was currently level 232 and 68th on the unified rankings.

‘I spend an average of 8-10 days gaining one level... If I clear this quest, I can gain at least 40 days of effort instantly. I will also jump in the rankings! But that isn’t all...’

Toban felt joy as he confirmed the details of the Sword of Wisdom.

[Sword of Wisdom]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 500/500 Attack Power: 385 Attack Speed: +3%

* When attacking normally, there is a chance to reset the skill’s cooldown time.

* Intelligence +250

A divine artifact of the Judar Church.

In the past, the head of the church only gave it to the person they most trusted.

Conditions of Use: The best paladin of the Judar Church.

Weight: 450

‘I want to have this sword!’

The Sword of Wisdom’s attack power was ordinary compared to unique level 230 one-handed swords. It seemed lacking compared to the legendary rating. But the option attached to it was a scam. When attacking normally, there was a chance to reset the skill’s cooldown time. If he used it with items that increased attack speed, the synergy could explode.

‘As long as I have this sword, I can level like Pon and Ibellin!’

Due to the events of the Guardian of the Forest raid, Grid ordered that Toban would be last on the production list. He could only watch Pon and Ibellin with envy, so the reward for this quest was literally a ray of light.

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

“...”

The penalty was terrible if he failed the quest. He didn’t know what he would suffer if his affinity with the head of the Judar Church fell. Since the degree of difficulty was so high, it was a quest with a low probability of success. But even with all of this, Toban wanted to do the quest because he coveted the rewards.

“I, Toban, will head to the Rebecca Church immediately!”

[The quest has been accepted.]

Pascal was very pleased with his aggressiveness.

“As our best paladin, I look forward to your performance. If you meet up with the spy I planted in the Vatican, he will tell you where the treasures are hidden. Act according to his guidance and bring back the treasures.”

“Yes!”

Toban didn't delay any longer. He immediately set off towards the Vatican. On the way, he asked the guild for assistance.

{Guys! I received an SS-grade quest!!}

{Wow~ you finally received an SS-grade quest? Ohh, when will I have such good luck?}

{大 大 What are the rewards?}

{A legendary sword. -_-v}

{A legendary item as a reward? Jackpot □ □}

{But Toban, isn't a SS-grade quest really difficult? Can you clear it alone?}

{I think it will be hard on my own. Does anyone have time to come and help me? I will be sure to reciprocate later.}

{What are the contents of the quest?}

{Break into the Rebecca Vatican and steal three treasures.}

{The Vatican...?}

The atmosphere of the chat window changed. Everybody was confused.

{Aren't Rebecca's Daughters living in the Vatican? Do you have to fight them?}

{That... Isn't it better than Malacus? ;;;}

{Aren't there three of them? —,—;}

{Um... Toban, I'm sorry but I can't help you. If something goes wrong, I will die.}

{Me too... The risk is too big. I'm sorry.}

{Maybe it is better to give up on this quest. _ ;;}

“...These guys.’

To a ranker, death was fatal. It was difficult to gain one level, so anyone would shed tears of blood if they died. What would happen if they dropped items? It was terrible to even imagine. It wasn't a matter of loyalty. Realistically, no one was willing to accept such a high risk quest for one man.

But Toban still had hope. It was Regas. Regas was someone who would help others in any situation! Wasn't his nickname Volunteer?

Toban sent a whisper to him. However...

[The other person has blocked all whispers.]

“Dammit!”

Toban muttered grouchily. Regas would occasionally block the guild chat and whispers when training, and now seemed to be one of those times. He wouldn't be reachable for at least a week. It seemed like Toban would have to proceed on this quest alone.

“I guess it can't be helped... I have to proceed cautiously to avoid getting caught by Rebecca's Daughters.”

Toban was trying to figure out a way to clear the quest alone when he received a whisper.

–Chief, if you don't mind, can I help you?

‘Box?’

Box was one of the six new rankers who joined the Tzedakah Guild. His class was a linker! It linked magic to objects to control them, or connect objects together to form magic shapes that gave beneficial or harmful effects.

It was a class that required high judgment and magic power control, so the difficulty belonged in the highest level. However, Box was 1st ranked among the linker rankings. He was only 230th on the unified rankings, the lowest in the Tzedakah Guild, but the guild had great expectations towards him.

Toban felt relieved that he was willing to help.

–Oh? I'm very thankful! But is it okay? You might need to deal with Rebecca's Daughters?

–I don't mind the risk. In addition, Black Teddy and Asuka are willing to help you as well. If the three of us and Chief combine our strengths, can't we deal with Rebecca's Daughters or escape unharmed?

Black Teddy and Asuka were also part of the six new people who joined. In particular, Asuka was in the 20s on the unified rankings. Toban noticed that they wanted something.

-Do you want something in exchange for your help?

-Yes, please let us meet Bone Helmet.

“ ... ”

The six new rankers all joined for a common reason. They hoped to meet Grid. Based on their attitudes, they joined the guild only to meet Grid. They seemed interested in what Grid's class was supposed to be, since they assumed it was a hidden class.

Toban refused them.

-I've said it many times, but I can't reveal his identity until I fully trust you.

-I swear that we just want to talk to him... Well, okay. You don't have to tell us who he is right now. I will help Chief as a favor?

-Um?

-Isn't this the process of building trust? In order to build trust, shouldn't we build up our camaraderie?

-The bottom line is, you want to build up trust quickly in order to discover his identity?

–Haha, yes.

–So relentless... Your intentions are impure, but thank you anyway. I need your help. Please.

He had to rendezvous with the spy near the Vatican. Toban told Box the time and place of the meeting and promised to meet them there.

Then two days later.

Toban arrived at the meeting place. But Box's group still hadn't arrived yet. The church's spy approached Toban who was standing alone. Then he received shocking news.

“Pope Drevigo was killed. He lost his life to one who was blessed by the gods, like you.”

“What...?”

Blessed by the gods was a term NPCs used to refer to users. A user managed to defeat the pope, one of the currently strongest NPCs? Toban doubted his ears and asked for details.

“His ID... No, what was his name? How could he defeat the pope alone?”

“I was hiding in the distance, so I couldn’t confirm his name. Anyway, he is very strong. He overwhelmed the pope with excellent swordsmanship.”

“...I can’t imagine it. There’s such a strong user?”

Maybe it was the 1st ranked Kraugel that Pon often talked about? According to Pon, Kraugel’s strength was beyond the limits of a user. Pon predicated that he wouldn’t be able to compete with Kraugel, even if Pon joined forces with Regas and Jishuka. If it was him, he might be able to beat the pope alone.

‘Even if it isn’t him, the world is wide. There are over two billion users in Satisfy. It isn’t strange that there are hidden people we don’t know about. In fact, wasn’t Faker completely defeated by the unknown girl called Euphemina a few months ago?’

But now matter how strong a user was, the pope should have the protection of Rebecca’s Daughters. The user managed to face the pope and Rebecca’s Daughters alone?

“What about Rebecca’s Daughters? Did they also suffer with him?”

The man shook his head, “Rebecca’s Daughters are safe.”

“What? They’re safe while the pope is dead?”

“The recent pope was severely controlling Rebecca’s Daughters.

In Rin's case, she was on the verge of being discarded. Therefore, they didn't help the pope."

"The pope was rash."

In the first place, the pope wasn't Toban's goal. It didn't matter what happened with the pope. He just wanted Franz' treasures. Toban asked about his original purpose, "The result is good. The Vatican will be in chaos and security will be relatively poor, making it easy to steal Franz' treasures. Where are Franz' treasures hidden?"

"That..." The spy looked uncertain.

Toban had an ominous feeling as he laughed awkwardly, "Don't tell me that the person who defeated the pope picked up Franz' treasures?"

"...That is literally what happened."

Toban exclaimed. "No, what about Rebecca's Daughters? Aren't Franz' treasures precious to the Rebecca Church? They just let that guy take his treasures?"

"Yes... They felt sorry that they couldn't reward him more."

"Crazy!"

It was a strange twist. In Toban's experience, unpredictable things were always the worst.

“Ominous... It is ominous.”

Box's group arrived while Toban was feeling nervous.

Chapter 129

Box discovered Toban and greeted him with a smile, “You’ve already arrived.”

Box was an extremely handsome man. He had clear skin, a flattering jawline, and eyes that were sharp enough to capture a woman’s heart. He had long black hair tied up, and the harmony of his appearance and hairstyle made him seem like a young master in the oriental paintings.

But there was a saying to look beyond face value. He played around too much with women. His nickname was Octopus Prince. There were rumors that he had several women on the hook at the same time. So many women had a grudge against him that female users launched a group called ‘Box Killing Group.’

“You’re on time.”

Toban, who was nervous after talking to the spy, welcomed Box. Then he greeted Black Teddy and Asuka as well. But they lacked sociability, unlike Box. They ignored Toban’s greeting and urged immediately.

“Let’s go.”

Black Teddy was a man in his 40’s who was around 2m tall. Not only did he have a good physique, but he also gave off a tough impression with his eyes. However, he always carried a cute teddy bear in his arms that didn’t fit his appearance or age. Toban had

met him several times, but it was still difficult to adapt.

‘That teddy bear...’

To be honest, it was hard to look at. A large hairy hand was touching the bear’s head. The mole whispered to Toban, who was frowning.

“Toban, the person who knocked down the pope... He’s wearing the Holy Light Armor. I think it’s right to punish him, for the sake of our church.”

[The contents of the quest ‘Franz’ Descendant’ has changed.]

“This.”

Toban’s expression changed as he confirmed the new contents of the quest. He explained the situation to Box’s group, “The treasures I have to recover are no longer in the Vatican. A user has intercepted them, so we have track him down.”

Box looked troubled. “User? Ah, I’m sure it’ll cost a lot of money. I don’t know who he is, but nobody will give away quest items for free. He will likely ask for a lot of money.”

Toban shook his head, “Money isn’t a problem. We must fight that person. The altered quest is telling me to kill him. It seems like the treasures will drop if he is killed.”

Box's color returned.

“Really? It's good that it's so simple.”

The four people gathered here were top rankers. With their combined strength, it would be easy to defeat a user.

“I'll track him down quickly.”

Box was confident. Black Teddy and Asuka were sniffing like this was trivial. Toban felt the need to make them more cautious.

“Despite the quest contents being changed to fight a user, the difficulty is still SS. This means the opponent is strong, so we should be alert. Share the quest information.”

Toban's quest information appeared in front of the three of them.

[Franz' Descendant (2)]

Difficulty Level: SS

According to the information from a spy, an enigmatic figure killed the pope alone and obtained Franz' treasures.

Unfortunately, he seems to be wearing Franz' treasures.

Only Franz' descendant can wear his treasures, so Pascal's plan to prove his authenticity is slowly fading away.

Track him down and kill him!

Then take away Franz' treasures!

Quest Clear Conditions: Kill the enigmatic figure and reclaim the Holy Light Crown, Armor and Gloves.

Quest Clear Reward: Level +5. The Sword of Wisdom.

Quest Failure: Pascal's plan to become pope will be wasted. You will be hated by Pascal.

“...?”

Box's expression stiffened. Black Teddy also hesitated while stroking the teddy bear. There was a moment of silence. Then Asuka opened her mouth for the first time.

“Even I can't kill the pope alone.”

Asuka was 28th on the unified rankings. The guild often compared her combat capabilities to Pon or Regas. In fact, she had

the experience of killing a boss monster in the low 200's by herself. But according to the information they had, the pope was at least level 330.

She would never dare try to kill him alone. But the enigmatic figure described in the quest contents was said to kill the pope alone.

“Someone capable enough to defeat the pope... They must be at least in the top 10 of the unified rankings and have a hidden class. Perhaps it was Agnus?”

7th on the unified rankings, Agnus! He was one of the three epic hidden classes. He had countless unbelievable sagas.

Box sounded excited, “If it's him, this will be fun. It's a chance to figure out what his hidden class might be.”

But Black Teddy disagreed, “Isn't the opponent too strong? Maybe we'll all die.”

Asuka hissed at him. “If you are scared then leave. I will fight.”

“Young Lady...”

Asuka was the daughter of the chairman of a global conglomerate. And Black Teddy was her attendant. Black Teddy started Satisfy due to her command. Asuka needed an attendant in Satisfy and chose Black Teddy.

At first, Black Teddy didn't know the game he was supposed to play. But as he played Satisfy with Asuka, he became a ranker. Now, as a genuine gamer, there were times when he forgot his duty.

“Then I'm out. I don't want to lose experience... It's hard to gain levels...”

“Ah, is that so? Will you really leave? I understand. Instead, you're fired. I don't need an attendant who doesn't follow their master.”

“It was a joke. I will fight with you.”

Black Teddy was the main breadwinner who supported his old parents and his terminally ill brother. He needed Asuka's huge paycheck for the cost of living as well as his brother's medical bills. So, he couldn't leave her. In fact, it wasn't just because of money. He had been around Asuka since she was five years old, so he was attached to her.

“If you're determined, let's depart.”

The group to hunt the enigmatic figure who killed the pope was formed. They received the guidance of the spy and started to track the path of the enigmatic figure.

Then after three hours? In the dark woods that were like night,

thanks to the thick trees blocking the sunlight, Toban was able to find a single man walking.

“Shh!”

Toban signalled his companions to stop. Then they hid as much as possible in the bushes.

“Is that him?” Box asked as he watched the black-haired man walking approximately 100m in front of them.

Toban nodded, “That’s right. The system is telling me that it is him.”

Box was puzzled.

“What is he doing with a shabby cloak like that? Doesn’t he look too poor? Is he really the target?”

Toban replied, “High level users don’t always arm themselves with the best items. Some don’t like to be noticed.”

The cloak the black-haired man was wearing was somewhat familiar to Toban. But the cloak didn’t have any special design on it. Therefore, he didn’t think much about it. Asuka silently glanced at Black Teddy. Black Teddy had served her for nearly 20 years, so he could read the meaning in her eyes.

“I understand. I will test his skills.” Then Black Teddy used a skill. “Summon Black Bear.”

Kwaaaaaah!

The largest bear on Earth was the grizzly bear. The males had a body length that was around 3m and weighed more than 600kg. They were like a compact car. The black bear that Black Teddy summoned was around 1.5 times bigger and heavier than a grizzly bear.

The bear roared and started charging towards the black-haired man.

“...?”

The man who was peacefully humming stopped at the commotion. Then he turned his head. As soon as his face was revealed, the ID ‘Grid’ appeared over his head. Toban’s eyes widened.

‘Eh? Grid?’

Kwaaaaaah!

While Toban was feeling confused, the black bear swung its front paw precisely at Grid’s face. Toban belatedly recovered his spirit and cried out urgently.

“S-Stop! Stop that bear now!”

“What? What are you saying all of a sudden?”

The moment that Black Teddy was feeling puzzled.

Pipit! Pipipipit!

The huge black bear’s body was hacked by dozens of sharp slashes. Then it turned into grey light.

“...Strong!”

Box admired it.

The black-haired man held a small dagger and took care of a level 200 summons in the blink of an eye. Tremendous damage. Box knew of only two people who could exert such physical damage, Jishuka and the one in the skull helmet.

‘Yes, he is strong enough to defeat the pope. But I am unfamiliar with anyone called Grid...’

He wasn’t a ranker? How could he be so strong without being a ranker?

‘Does he have a hidden class?’

While Box was making guesses, Black Teddy was furious.

“You mean bastard...! How dare you cut the cute bear without even a change in expression!”

“H-Hey! Just wait a minute!”

Toban tried to calm the situation down, but it was useless. Black Teddy loved bears, and once his rage was out of control, only Asuka could control him. But Asuka let him rampage.

“Summon Brown Bear Knights!”

Three brown bears, twice as small as the black bear, but armed with helmets, armor, swords and shields were summoned. They were level 240! Black Teddy commanded them, “Get revenge on the slaughterer of your own kind!”

Kuwaaaah!

The bears were influenced by their master’s psychological state and angrily flocked to Grid. They started to put pressure on Grid with their swordsmanship. But their momentum was brief. Grid avoided the brown bears’ attacks and countered by stabbing his dagger in a gap of a brown bear’s armor. However, summons didn’t know pain. They kept swinging their swords at Grid, despite suffering from huge injuries.

Grid clicked his tongue. “Why are you so strong?”

Pepepeng!

Grid threw a dart at a bear knight. Then poison mist emerged from the dart.

Kwaaaaah!

The poisoned knights started to bleed and stumble. Grid used this gap to deal the fatal blows, then turned his gaze towards the forest where Toban’s group was hiding.

“What are these bears? Did they come from the circus?”

Toban realized as he looked at Grid.

‘It isn’t a system error... Grid really did defeat the pope.’

Black Teddy was 1st on the summoner rankings. In the guild membership test, he summoned the bear knights and showed great skills against Faker. Now those powerful bear knights were taken care of by Grid in just two minutes.

‘When did he become this strong?’

Grid was presumed to have a legendary hidden class. It was the strongest class rating that could be obtained in Satisfy. But Grid's level was still low. When he checked the guild information window two weeks ago, Grid was only in the low 100's.

‘Anyway, it's good.’

Toban had many questions, but he could ask them slowly. Toban would ask Grid to cooperate with his quest.

But the situation went wrong.

“Hey Grid...”

“I won't forgive you!”

The moment Toban was able to raise his body to say hello to Grid! Black Teddy pushed his way out of the bushes and summoned new pets. In addition, Asuka was exchanging blows with Grid.

Toban made a mistake. Come to think of it, Grid had never met the new guild members. So they didn't know each other. They might've seen each other's IDs in the guild information window or chat window, but they might've forgotten it since it was insignificant.

“Hey, all of you wait a minute... We are part of the same guild...”

Toban tried to calm the situation down, but it was useless. Due to Black Teddy and Asuka's pincer attack, Grid had pulled out his greatsword.

“Isn't this a pretty interesting situation?”

Box figured out Grid's identity after seeing the greatsword and smiled meaningfully. Then he used the puppet magic that was the symbol of linkers and started to control Toban's body. The situation was worsening.

Toban felt like crying.

Chapter 130

After knocking down the pope. Grid left the Vatican once his quest ended and was prepared for a new adventure. But before that, he needed time to recharge.

“Logout.”

Grid returned to being Shin Youngwoo. He left the capsule and immediately searched for food.

“I’m hungry.”

He distractedly yanked his boxers up his hips as he opened the refrigerator door. Inside were ham and egg rolls, meat and all types of dishes. On the table was a note from his mother.

‘Son. Don’t forget to eat meals regularly! It’s good to make money, but don’t play the game too much and exercise as well. ^^’

His beloved mother. In the past, the debt-ridden Shin Youngwoo was always worried at home. He often had to listen to his parents nagging. But now he was different. Shin Youngwoo succeeded in the game and paid off his debt, as well as his father’s. Now he was promoted to the trustworthy eldest son, not the pathetic son they had to worry about.

“I will work harder.”

Youngwoo didn't want to worry his parents anymore. He didn't want to see the two of them depressed again. He wanted them to be as happy as they were now. So he reminded himself. Satisfy wasn't a simple game, it was his work! He would quickly finish this quest and turn to making items, earning more money and making his family happier.

He finished his meal. Shin Youngwoo took a break for a while and watched TV. Then he changed to a Satisfy-related channel and started to doze off.

On the news, there were reports that the pope of the Rebecca Church had been killed by an unidentified person. The news enthusiastically analyzed who the person was that killed the pope and who would be elected as the new pope. But Shin Youngwoo didn't see the news due to falling asleep.

30 minutes later. Shin Youngwoo woke up and turned off the TV. He stretched before going back to the capsule to access Satisfy.

“I am in the best condition.”

He had a delicious lunch and plenty of rest. Grid walked vigorously towards his destination. Thanks to the clean air, he hummed as he walked through the forest. But he was attacked by someone along the way.

At first, bears appeared and attacked, then people popped out. Their IDs were Black Teddy and Asuka. The IDs were somewhat familiar, but Grid couldn't recall who they were. Then a battle

started without him knowing why.

Kuwaaaah!

“What are these bears?”

The summons followed the summoner's taste. In general, male summoners preferred pretty women, while female summoners preferred handsome men. There was also a strong tendency to summon monsters that were intimidating to the opponent.

But these bears? Of course, there were quite a few users who liked animal-shaped pets like Black Teddy. However, it wasn't to the extent of Black Teddy. It wasn't just one or two bears. Like a bear fanatic, all of his pets were bears.

“Summon White Bear Warriors!”

Grid had already defeated different types of bears. Now Black Teddy summoned a white bear. It wore a red cloak with black sunglasses. Somehow, it seemed stupid. The bear who had a serious expression with folded arms seemed quite laughable.

‘Isn't it kind of cute?’

Grid lost his tension and was caught off guard. The white bear warrior didn't miss this chance. It jumped through the air at the speed of lightning and dealt an uppercut.

Peeok!

[You have suffered 2,550 damage.]

[The effect of Doran's Ring has been activated.]

[1,275 health has been restored.]

“Kuk!”

Fast and strong. Then Asuka approached the surprised Grid. She wielded the double swords at the same time.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Chukak.

[You have suffered 2,900 damage.]

“Girl...!”

He was quickly wounded. It was difficult to defend against the two swords that attacked different parts.

‘These two, they are good.’

He had defeated the pope alone. He thought that maybe he was the strongest? That idea was quickly removed as Grid became alert. Then he observed Black Teddy and Asuka. He used his high insight to grasp their combat power.

‘What?’

Grid was startled. Asuka had 18,000 combat power while Black Teddy only had 9,000, but that increased to 20,000 with his summons.

‘Their IDs are familiar. Are they top rankers?’

Grid hurriedly opened his inventory. Then he took out the Holy Light set that was so gorgeous it was burdensome to wear.

[You have equipped the Holy Light Battle Gear set.]

[The additional effects of defense +500 and health +6,000 have been received.]

The pure white armor with gold thread and the gloves gleamed. In addition, the small silver crown emanated dignity.

‘Now he seems like a high level user. That scruffy appearance was just a gimmick.’ The moment that Black Teddy thought so. The person with the ID of Grid put away the dagger and pulled out

a giant black greatsword.

“That sword...!”

Asuka’s eyes widened with surprise.

What was the reason she joined the Tzedakah Guild? It was because she wanted to know the class of the helmeted person who displayed overwhelming skills at Winston and slaughtered the Giant Guild members.

She wanted to figure out all of the hidden classes.

As a second generation heir of a conglomerate, she came in contact with traders every day, and sometimes these traders sold her information about hidden classes. But she couldn’t change into just any hidden class. There were countless types of hidden classes, so she needed a lot of information to make the best choice. She had to meet with as many hidden classes as possible.

But the Tzedakah Guild hid the man in the skull helmet and didn’t let her meet him. It was annoying because she couldn’t fulfill her original intention of joining the guild, but now she happen to come across him in an unexpected situation.

“You are the Psychopath Butcher right?” Asuka didn’t conceal her friendly tone as she asked.

Grid wanted to snap at her.

The Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet was destroyed by the pope! He appeared like a prince in a manhwa thanks to the silver crown, yet he was still being called psychopath.

‘They know it’s me due to Dainsleif, even if the Frostlight Orc Chief’s Helmet is gone. Rather, shouldn’t she be attracted to my appearance?’

The Holy Light Battle Gear set had a very beautiful appearance. He was confident that it was cooler than any existing battle gear set. Grid was expecting girls to think he looked cool when wearing this set.

However, he was mistaken. The completion of fashion relied on the face! Grid had a somewhat average appearance so he would only cause resentment when he tried to dress gorgeously.

“What happened to the skull helmet? I think I preferred it when you wore the skull helmet.” Asuka talked randomly.

Then Grid’s anger reached its peak.

“This girl... Not even introducing yourself before attacking someone... No, it’s even a personal attack?”

Grid wasn’t the type to become nice to someone because they were a woman. Asuka had a considerable beauty, but it wasn’t enough to weaken Grid’s mind.

“You’ll be sorry!” Grid gritted his teeth and replied.

Then he started his sword dance. A sharp killing intent was concentrated on the greatsword and the air around it started to vibrate.

“Kill!”

A powerful attack flew towards Asuka’s heart. The surprised Black Teddy commanded the white bear warrior.

“Defend the young lady!”

Kuwaaaah!

The white bear warrior was level 280. Among Black Teddy’s pets, it was the one with the strongest combat ability. It was stronger than a ranker. The bear swung and fist and stood up to the greatsword wrapped in darkness.

Kwaang!

The two collided. It seemed close at first glance, but that only lasted for a moment. The balance quickly broke as Grid’s Kill tore the mighty flesh of the white bear. Then the greatsword went through the thick body of the white bear warrior.

Grrr!

The white bear's health was decreased by 1/3rd with one strike. Asuka would've fallen into a critical condition if hit by that. But the biggest advantage of a pet was that it didn't know pain. The bear didn't shrink back despite suffering massive damage. Instead, it counterattacked.

Peeok!

The head of the white bear warrior hit Grid's chest. But it didn't do much damage. Previously, Grid only wore boots and a cloak, so he was low in defense. Now he showed a high defense due to the Holy Light battle gear set. He didn't feel any pain at all from the headbutt.

Then the option of the Holy Light Gloves activated and 'Counterattack' was used, dealing great damage to the white bear warrior. In the end, Black Teddy had to interfere.

"Berserk!"

Summoners had dozens of passive and active skills that enhanced a pet's abilities. Among them, Berserk was a skill that only second advancement summoners could use. It gave pets a status conditions immune effect and temporarily doubled all of a pet's stats.

Kyaaaaaoh!

The white bear cried out and swung its paws. Grid became on the defensive due to the fast and powerful onslaught. He would be subjected to terrible damage if he allowed the attack.

‘What is this all of a sudden?’

He was confused for a moment. Grid had a lot of combat experience so he quickly figured out the situation.

‘Is it a temporary buff? The abilities are raised to this level, so the duration must be short.’

Grid triggered Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Restraint. Then the white bear hesitated and retreated from Grid.

Black Teddy was nervous, ‘What is this all of a sudden? My commands aren’t going through!’

The duration of Berserk was only 10 seconds. Every second spent retreating was valuable for Black Teddy. Grid triggered Blacksmith’s Rage in this gap and rushed towards Asuka.

Kaaang!

Asuka crossed her double swords and tried to fight back. But Grid took the lead with his fast pace, forcing her on the defensive without a chance to fight back.

‘Strange.’

Asuka was filled with doubts after fighting Grid. The greatsword that Grid was using was over 3m in length and seemed extremely heavy. Then what was this attack speed?

‘Isn’t it normal for the attack speed to be slow?’

It was a stereotype. Dainsleif was very light, despite being a greatsword. It was a sword made by Albatino, who was called the best blacksmith before Pagma, and was made of black iron, which was harder than steel, but twice as light. Dainsleif was a weapon that minimized the disadvantages of a greatsword.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

At first glance, Asuka seemed to be on the defensive against Grid’s ruthless strikes. But Asuka still had some room. In particular, this was her forte. Her class was a berserker. She became stronger as the battle continued. Asuka was able to adapt to Grid’s attack speed and she finally started her counterattack.

“Sword Frenzy!”

Flash!

Asuka’s blue eyes turned red the moment she activated a skill

Then Asuka's double swords started to dance in a dazzling manner.

Chaeeeeeng!

It was the berserker's representative skill that attacked a target nine times, Sword Frenzy. Grid succeeded in defending against six strikes, but was unable to prevent the remaining three and was hurt.

[You have suffered 1,700 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,650 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,810 damage.]

Asuka provoked Grid, "Certainly, your defense has increased since you equipped the armor. But isn't it just high defense? You can't catch up with the speed of my double swords and will just be a sandbag."

Grid scoffed.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link!"

Papat! Pa pa pa pa!

"...?!"

Black energy swords were generated at a tremendous rate and hit Asuka. The confused Asuka once again triggered Sword Frenzy, but it was useless. Sword Frenzy might attack 9 times, but Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link, attacked a total of 17 times. Sword Frenzy couldn't completely offset it and Asuka's body became covered with wounds.

Then Grid pointed his sword at Asuka's neck.

“What is your purpose for attacking me?”

On the other hand...

[Magic power has started to manipulate your body. It is hard to reject.]

[You will become the puppet of 'Box' for three seconds.]

‘This!’

Toban couldn't move his body according to his will. He was the 1st ranked paladin with high magic resistance, so how could he be manipulated so easily? Toban thought it was ridiculous.

‘I still have a long way to go.’

It hurt his reputation. It was an insult that couldn't be washed

away. Toban trembled. However, the person who was really shocked was Box, not Toban.

‘I can only control him for three seconds?’

Puppet magic was the ultimate magic for a linker. It was a powerful magic that sent magic power into the body of the target in order to manipulate it. And Box’s ability to control magic power was by far the best among the linkers. If Box used the puppet spell, he could manipulate a monster for up to 5 minutes and a user for 30 seconds.

Yet Toban was only three seconds?

‘The higher the level and magic resistance of the target, the lower the manipulation time. But... Isn’t it guaranteed at least 10 seconds, even if the opponent has a higher level than me?’

Toban’s magic resistance seemed to be different from all the opponents he met so far. Box admired it.

‘This is the dignity of the 1st ranked paladin. The Tzedakah Guild is filled with monsters.’

Puppet had a cooldown time of two hours. It was a skill that could only be used once every two hours, so it was a waste to control a person for only three seconds. Box sighed and started to control the magic power connected to Toban.

“Chief, go and help Asuka.”

“H-Hey! Stop!”

Toban begged but it was no use. His body suddenly moved into the gap between Grid and Asuka. Then he used a shield to deflect the greatsword pointing at Asuka’s neck.

“...Toban?” Grid’s eyes widened.

Toban laughed awkwardly, “Ah, hello?”

The puppet magic was released. Toban could move freely so he tried to explain the matter, but Box interrupted. “I am glad to meet you for the first time, Grid.”

“Who are you?”

Grid felt instinctive dislike whenever he met a handsome man. So his expression darkened the moment Box appeared. Then Box said to him. “The three of us joined the guild a while ago. Right now, we are helping Chief with a quest. The quest requires us to kill you.”

“Eh?”

Grid doubted his ears and looked at Toban. The panicked Toban explained the situation.

“Grid, it is a misunderstanding. I didn’t know that you were the target of the quest. This is...”

Kyaaaaaoh!

The white bear warrior was released from the influence of Restraint. Then it ran to Grid, who was listening to Toban, and smacked Grid on the head.

[You have suffered 3,200 damage.]

Jeureureuk.

Grid spoke softly while bleeding from the head, “Are you talking to keep my attention so that someone else can attack...? Toban, are you really going to be like this?”

It was a huge misunderstanding. Toban panicked. At this rate, Grid might not make an item for him at all. He couldn’t push Grid. Therefore, he had to get rid of this misunderstanding.

“Black Teddy! What are you doing? Can’t you understand the atmosphere? Grid is a fellow guild member! Stop attacking!”

Toban shouted but Black Teddy just stroked his teddy bear and pretended not to know anything. In the end, Grid’s anger exploded.

“Toban... You must’ve held a tremendous grudge after saying that I would make you item last. Right? So now you want revenge?”

Toban shouted, “That isn’t the case! Right now, I am doing a quest to kill the mysterious person who kill the pope and took the treasures! I didn’t know that the person would be you!”

“Didn’t you attack me after knowing the truth? You know that I am the enigmatic person, so this is a great opportunity to proceed with the quest? Right?”

“No! Listen to my explanation! We don’t have to fight! Sell me the treasures! I just need the treasures!”

“...You just need the treasures?”

Grid started to understand the situation. A relieved Toban pointed to the items that Grid was wearing.

“The Holy Light set. That’s what I need.”

Grid frowned, “Are you crazy? I won’t sell.”

“H-Hey, Grid. I’ll give you a lot of money. Please do this for me just once. Yes?”

Toban begged. In fact, Grid was inwardly delighted. He was thinking that it wouldn't be possible to sell these items due to the limited usage conditions. Grid started acting as he asked.

“Sigh... I will consider agreeing to the favor since we are part of the same guild. How much will you buy it for?”

“2,000 gold each, for a total of 6,000 gold?”

Toban didn't know the features of the Holy Light set. He regarded it as simple quest items when he set the price. He was confident that he set a high price, but Grid was annoyed.

Even if it had a system of exclusive use, the Holy Light set still had a legendary rating. He thought he would get at least two million gold for each piece. But Toban wanted to buy it for 2,000 gold each? He must be joking.

“Are you playing with me right now?”

Wasn't this reaction strange? Toban changed the value.

“Then 2,200 gold each...?”

“Get lost.”

“How much do you want?”

“Two million gold each.”

“What?”

Grid was adamant. The Holy Light set was excellent, so it was better to use it himself unless it was sold for two million gold each. He wouldn't sell it for any less than that. But from Toban's perspective, the Holy Light set were simple quest items and Grid seemed like a scammer.

“Hey, this is honestly too much... I received my first SS-grade quest so please help me clear it...”

Box whispered to Toban who had a grim expression on his face.

–Chief, we want to fight with Grid to see his strength. We will kill him and obtain the items for you. Okay?

It was the temptation of the devil. Toban asked Grid one last time, “Grid, these items... Do you really intend to sell it for two million gold each? It isn't a joke?”

“I'm being serious. I'm not joking.”

The negotiations broke down. Toban closed his eyes. And he whispered to Box.

–Pretend to use magic on me!

“...?”

Box was puzzled but acted according to Toban’s request. He used a spell to enchant Toban. Then Toban suddenly disappeared. He shouted and sat down. Then he started acting.

“No? What is this? I can’t move one finger freely. This is the ultimate linker magic that controls the target at will. I have been hit by Puppet! Oh my! This is serious! I can no longer stop them from attacking. Grid! It’s dangerous!”

“...”

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“ ... ”

It was the first time Grid saw such bad acting. It was even more awkward than an idol appearing in a drama for the first time. Anybody watching it would be embarrassed. But the acting wasn't the important thing right now. What was he planning after claiming to be enchanted?

Grid had no doubt that Toban was lying.

‘Interesting.’

Toban's greed was awakened due to the quest, and now he was trying to betray a colleague.

Box said with satisfaction, “The situation is like this... Grid, I want to experience the skill of the hidden class that smashed the Giant Guild. Chief, use buff magic on us.”

‘This isn't right.’

Toban hesitated until the end. It might be for a quest, but he was worried and feeling guilty about betraying a fellow guild member.

‘It goes against logic.’

He knew it. No matter the reason, he shouldn't betray a colleague. He couldn't refute, even if he was called garbage. But he didn't want to give up this quest. This was a SS-grade quest that he received for the first time, with a legendary rated sword as a reward. It was an opportunity that wouldn't come again, so he couldn't miss it.

After careful consideration, Toban made his decision.

'I'm sorry Grid... But this is all your fault! You are a bad person!'

Can't you give up the quest items for a guild member? He wasn't even asking for free, since he was willing to pay compensation. But it was rejected? Was that too much to ask?

'Grid! I have to kill you for the quest! I will surely repay the damage that you will suffer today!'

In the end, Toban decided!

He started acting again, "Ah! How is this possible? My body has to move as Box commands and now I am using a skill? I want to reject it, but I can't! This! It can't be helped. I'm sorry, Grid! Forgive me! God of health and wisdom, Judar! I earnestly pray for you to give us your blessing. Light's Glory!"

[The effect of Light's Glory is activated. The stats of you and your party members have increased by 20%.]

Paladins of the Judar Church were specialized in buff skills. Not only was their buffing ability superior, the buff effect extended to all party members, including the pets. Therefore, the Judar paladins were one of the most popular classes for party hunting.

“Let’s start again. Show us all of your abilities.” Asuka felt stronger and restarted the battle with Grid. “Spear Frenzy!”

Berserkers were more aggressive than any other class and could use all types of weapons. Asuka was a second generation conglomerate heir, so she had a variety of unique weapons. She pulled out a spear from her inventory and started a crazy rampage.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Sword Frenzy was a single target skill, while Spear Frenzy was a skill with a wide range.

The spear attacked the target and surrounding area at the same time. It inflicted 50% damage to enemies within the attack range, causing the ground to shake and for the target to rise in the air for 0.8 seconds.

Even if the target avoided the attack, they couldn’t avoid the aftermath. The so-called CC (crowd control) technique.

Chaaeng!

Grid wielded his greatsword to stop the spear. However, his body

was affected by the aftermath. He started to rise in the air.

Asuka didn't miss this gap. She had countless combat experience so she rushed to complete the combo. It was possible to damage someone in the air using 'Chain Frenzy.' This would cause the opponent to hang helplessly in the air for two seconds and receive one-sided attacks.

She pulled out the chain, but Grid wasn't stuck in the air. He stood on the ground like a magnet was attached to his feet.

“Eh?”

“Resorting to petty tricks.” Grid grinned at the panicked Asuka.

Asuka hurriedly retrieved the chain. Then she pulled out the double swords she used as a main weapon and defended.

Kaang!

‘It is still fast and heavy!’

All her stats had increased by 20%. Nevertheless, Grid still felt strong.

Kikik! Kkikikik!

‘Amazing.’

Asuka’s face was blissful instead of fearful as she blocked the greatsword with her double swords.

‘He’s immune to CC. Is this man’s class immune to status conditions?’

Wasn’t this a fraudulent effect that would collapse the balance? She earnestly started to covet it. Asuka wanted the same hidden class as Grid. She would pay Grid astronomical amounts of money to find out how to obtain his class.

She didn’t care about money. She believed that she could get anything she wanted.

But what was the reality? Most users didn’t know this, but the way to change to a hidden class changed every moment.

In order to change to class A, three loaves of bread needed to be eaten three times in front of a certain place. This condition wasn’t always constant. Depending on the person and situation, they might have to shout four times or eat four loaves.

A hidden class was obtained once every condition was met, and it could change depending on luck and coincidences. Think about it. If the method of obtaining a hidden class was fixed, wouldn’t a hidden class sell the method for money and it would become commonplace?

It was only possible to buy a class change book, not the actual method. And in the first place, Grid had a legendary class. A legendary class was unique. It was useless even for a billionaire. As long as Grid was Pagma's Descendant, no one else could become Pagma's Descendant.

“Wave.”

Grid sensed the presence of the white bear warrior while dealing with Grid, and used the skill that smashed the Giant Guild members in the past. Asuka and the white bear warrior, who were in front and behind Grid, both flew away.

“Cough!”

[You have suffered 4,500 damage.]

It was tremendous attack power. Despite her unique rated armor, Asuka lost a quarter of her health from the attack. Then warning windows flashed in front of her amazed eyes.

[Due to the enemy's skill, all speeds have decreased for 10 seconds.]

‘The wide area skill deals large damage and has a debuff effect?’

He was also immune to status conditions, so the category of

Grid's class must be beyond common sense. Asuka was sure of it. Grid didn't have a rare hidden class.

“There is still one epic class still undisclosed... Is that you?” Asuka asked Grid like she knew everything.

“Think what you want.”

He was about to attack again when Asuka cried out, “Let me know how to obtain your hidden class. In exchange, I will give you enough money to play around for the rest of your life...”

The moment that Asuka was about to negotiate, Box jumped forward and blocked her mouth. “Miss Asuka, don't you want to have some more fun?”

After speaking one-sidedly, Box opened his folding fan and started to wield it like a baton. It was a weapon that controlled magic power.

‘This parasitic bastard.’

A handsome man was humming while swinging his fan around like a maestro. He was handsome so anything he did would become a painting. Grid was feeling a strong animosity when Box stopped his conducting. In less than two seconds, he used a skill to connect the magic power of himself and his party members.

“Magic Power Resonance.”

[The effect of Magic Power Resonance is activated. The buff effect applied to you and your party members will increase by 1.5 times.]

Linkers weren't just about puppet magic. It could amplify beneficial effects and extend the range of the effect. The same was true for harmful effects. If the enemy had a debuff on them, he could extend the debuff range by connecting his magic power to the enemy's and amplifying the effect.

Linkers belonged to the magician class by default. They also had attack magic.

“Magic Pistol.”

Tatatang!

Box fired his magic power like he was holding a gun. The damage was low but the activation speed was so fast it was almost impossible to avoid. Grid couldn't respond and was hit.

[You have suffered 307 damage.]

[You have suffered 315 damage.]

The Holy Light Armor was light armor. But it was made of the god mineral adamantium and had a higher defense than level 250

unique rated heavy armor. The defense was 872 points. It could be considered as one of the best armors in existence.

Grid didn't meet the conditions of use and with the penalty, only 393 defense was applied. It was around the same level of defense as a level 200 rare rated heavy armor. However, the Holy Light Armor had a fraudulent option of 40% reduction in physical damage and 50% reduction in magic damage. In addition, the set effect of the Holy Light Battle Gear gave +500 defense so the default defense wasn't low.

Grid didn't even blink despite being hit with Magic Pistol one after another. Box was surprised and covered half his face with his fan. It was to cover as much of his confusion as possible.

'Magic Pistol only did 300 damage? The damage of a linker is weak, but isn't this too much?'

Furthermore, hadn't his stats increased by 30% due to the combined effect of Light's Glory and Magic Power Resonance? Yet he only did this much damage?

'It is more than I imagined.'

In general, classes with excellent attack power had low defense. Box predicted that Grid would have low defense. Then what was this? Grid seemed to have uniquely high attack power and defense.

'It's a class with a perfect balance... No, that's too much. It might

be his items. Perhaps the battle gear that Toban considered as simple quest items are actually amazing? Okay. First of all, let's stay calm.'

No matter how high his defense, he wouldn't have infinite health. Box thought he would be able to kill Grid if this continued. Then he used magic again.

"Magic Pistol."

Tatatang!

[You have suffered 290 damage.]

[You have suffered 310 damage.]

[You have suffered 305 damage.]

The advantage of Magic Pistol wasn't just its activation speed. The mana consumption was low, so he could use it freely. Grid's nerves were sharpened by the magic power bullets that continued to fly.

'This is irritating.'

The damage wasn't threatening. Currently, Grid was level 170 and had a health that was close to 40,000. This included the 6,000 health acquired from the Holy Light set and Doran's ring. 300

damage was like a mosquito biting him.

But what if the damage continued to accumulate? He couldn't overlook the attacks that were impossible to avoid. Grid decided that Box should be removed first. But the white bear warrior blocked his path to Box. There was also Toban behind the bear. He was the 1st ranked paladin, so he was famous for his iron wall defense.

Box believed that the current battle formation was perfect.

'Black Teddy's summons and Toban will tie up Grid's feet, while I deal damage from the rear. Asuka will look for a gap and deal the fatal blow.'

The opponent might be a monster who killed the pope, but they were four top rankers and the balance was excellent. It was a fight that was virtually impossible to lose. Victory was natural. Toban and Box's group thought so.

But Grid thought differently.

'I am stronger than Pon or Regas.'

He alone defeated the pope, who was even stronger than Malacus. Grid believed that with the pavranium, he was the strongest user. That's right. Grid had the pavranium. He finally pulled out the pavranium. He would use all his strength.

“First of all, take care of the annoying guy...”

‘What is that?’

Box’s companions were amazed as two golden discs suddenly appeared.

Kiiiiing!

The discs turned like cogs and rose into the sky. They easily flew through Toban’s defense on the ground, like they were laughing at him. After descending again, they hit Box’s chest, who was stunned and fell down.

“Kuaaaaak!”

These discs flew alone and attacked the enemy? What type of absurd item was this?

“Toban, what is that? Did he have something like this?”

While everyone was focused on the golden discs, Grid unfolded his sword dance.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Transcend.”

Subsequently, he used Blacksmith’s Rage and greatly increased

his attack power and attack speed. After that, he launched the energy swords at Toban and Black Teddy's pet.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

“Kuoong!”

Toban used a defense buff and hurriedly raised his shield in front of him. But it was useless. His epic rated shield was turned into scrap metal in front of the bombardment. Toban felt like crying.

‘Grid. Why are you so strong?’

Jishuka, Pon and Vantner told him that Grid was actually a very talented person, but he never imagined a class like this. If this continued, wouldn't they lose the battle?

‘Isn't this too disgraceful...?’

Death would cause a loss in experience. As Toban was feeling desperate, Asuka spoke with admiration.

“Really amazing.”

On one side, Box was being hit by the two golden discs, as they constantly flew past Toban and Black Teddy's defense. This wasn't a battle between rankers. It was like a high level user playing with low level users.

It was completely one-sided. However, the situation might change if the main damage dealer, Asuka joined in again.

As a berserker, she became stronger the more health she lost. She lost a quarter of her health to Grid's strike, so she had a 20% increase in attack power and 10% increase in attack speed due to the passive effect. She was confident that she could face Grid.

But Asuka made another choice. She was fascinated the more she watched Grid's class, so she cried out, "Grid! Let me know how to obtain your hidden class! I will provide you with a large amount of money, enough for you to play around for the rest of your life!"

He could live a comfortable life for some game information. Who could resist this temptation? Asuka naturally thought that Grid would cooperate.

Of course, Grid's ears pricked up. He stopped the bombardment and asked Asuka, "How much are you going to give?"

"Tell me the amount you want.

Grid spoke to her confidently. "One trillion won."

"What?"

It wasn't 100 billion, but one trillion? It wasn't the type of money

that even a second generation heir would have. One trillion won was an astronomical amount equivalent to one-thirds of her father's company's assets.

“Are you crazy?” Grid sincerely questioned Asuka. “Is there something wrong with your head?”

How could a hidden class be sold so easily?

“There is something called a brain. Do you think the class change method is the same every time? If it could be told to anyone, would the hidden classes be as rare as they are now? They would be as common as stones on the street.

“...”

She listened to him. Grid scoffed as Asuka made a stunned expression after realizing what she had overlooked.

“You have a lot of money, but you don't see the world. How stupid.” Right now, Grid was grumpy. “You asked for the method to obtain my hidden class? Attacking people randomly for such absurd reasons...”

Grid wanted to clear the quest as quickly as possible and return to Winston. His goal was a first night with his pretty bride! He wanted to return to his daily life after losing his virginity. He was earning money and stats as a blacksmith, then he would embezzle Winston's taxes once he became a lord.

Yet these guys were delaying his journey. It was for items or purely selfish reasons.

“What are you doing?”

It was okay to interfere with others, but he couldn't tolerate others interfering with him. Grid's eyes shone.

“Kill.”

Grid underestimated Toban and Box's group. This carelessness almost caused a big misfortune.

Chapter 132

It was true that the pope had a higher level than Malacus and a higher overall combat power due to his stats. The problem was that his class was a priest. A priest was a class that specialized in support abilities, with their combat ability being the lowest among all classes.

Indeed, the pope's only attack spell was Goddess' Breath(a regular user would've died in one blow from Goddess' Breath). The only method the pope used to attack Grid was to release magic power (ordinary users wouldn't have survived even a simple magic bombardment).

On the other hand, rankers chose the right class for their power and they had a lot of combat experience.

“Did you call me stupid? Even my father never said such things to me.”

Asuka's face reddened as she puffed up angrily. She rushed towards Grid and started to wield her double swords. The duration of Transcend and Blacksmith's Rage ended, and Grid was in a state of crisis.

He was startled.

‘What? Isn't she much faster than earlier?’

Jjejeong!

“Kuk!”

It wasn't easy to keep up with the double swords coming continuously. Then Grid fired Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link.

Chaaeng! Chaeeeeeng!

Asuka barely managed to block 3 of Grid's 17 linked strikes. Then she used Sword Frenzy to block up 9 more strikes. But there were still 5 remaining. She allowed those five attacks. In the party information window, Asuka's health dropped to less than half in an instant.

Toban panicked, but Black Teddy was always beside Asuka and he wasn't worried. Black Teddy knew better than anyone that a berserker became stronger when their health fell.

Kwakakakang!

“Eh?”

Asuka's attack power increased by 40% and her attack speed by 20%. Grid started to become injured as the battle continued.

[You have suffered 1,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 2,080 damage.]

‘No, why is she so much stronger?’

Grid hurriedly recalled the pavranium from where they were attacking Box. Then he regained some breathing room.

Chaaeng! Chaeeeeeng!

Wasn't it easy for the pavranium to rotate around Grid and defend against all of Asuka's strikes?

“What is that item? Legendary rated?”

Grid ignored Asuka's question and pulled out the Ideal Dagger. He used Quick Movements before swiftly changing back to Dainsleif.

“Shut up and die quickly!”

Grid's high insight confirmed that Asuka's combat power was rising. Grid was frustrated. He resorted to only relying on pavranium to defend as she rushed at Asuka. He struck down on Asuka's shoulder and succeeded in slashing it. Grid linked his attacks while Asuka paused.

Papat! Papapat!

Asuka survived the stabbing attacks and her health was reduced to only 20%. From this point on, she showed the genuine strength of a berserker.

[You have suffered serious damage. Maximizing the berserk effect.]

[Attack power will increase by 80% and attack speed will increase by 50%.]

With the 50% increase in attack speed, the use of large weapons was now maximized. Asuka swapped to a halberd that was bigger than her body and wielded it.

Chaaeng!

“Kuk?”

Grid tried to defend against the halberd attack, but he couldn't endure the overwhelming attack power. Toban felt some hope at the scene and used a buff on Asuka.

“Fierce Momentum!”

[Fierce Momentum is activated. You and your party's attack power will increase by 30%, while defense is reduced by 20%.]

Box didn't stay still either.

“Magic Power Resonance!”

[The effect of Magic Power Resonance is activated. The buff effect applied to you and your party members will increase by 1.5 times.]

“Ohhhhhh!”

Asuka felt the overwhelming power and shouted. She swung the halberd again, leaving a red afterimage.

Peeeeeeong!

“Crazy!”

The moment Asuka’s attack was blocked by Dainsleif, Grid’s body disappeared into the air. It was the moment when the immune Grid was forcibly caught in the air by a physical force he couldn’t resist. It was another one of Asuka’s unique weapons, ‘Hell Chains.’ Then she unfolded Chain Frenzy and Grid was stuck in the air for two seconds.

The white bear warrior rushed forward through this gap. Then it swung its paws at Grid. But the golden discs spun and defended against the bear’s attacks.

Asuka smiled with satisfaction. She had been waiting for the gold

discs protecting Grid's body to be preoccupied elsewhere. 0.5 seconds before Grid's captivity ended. Asuka revealed the 'Onslaught Greatsword,' her weapon with the strongest attack power.

She jumped and stabbed the greatsword into Grid's chest.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Grid screamed as red filled his vision.

[You have been hit by a blow!]

[You have suffered 29,900 damage.]

Given the fact that the Holy Light Armor reduced physical damage by 40%, Asuka's attack power was currently far above common sense. If Grid hadn't been wearing the Holy Light Armor, he would've lost his life.

Flop!

Grid's captive state ended and he rolled onto the ground. Box watched the blood pouring from him and was convinced that they could defeat Grid. Suddenly, a green light appeared on Grid's finger as the effect of Doran's ring was activated and 50% of the damage incurred to Grid was restored to his health.

Once this was triggered, there was a 10-minute cooldown, and it had been exactly 10 minutes since Grid first received a blow from Box's party. In addition, he hadn't equipped the Holy Light Armor 10 minutes ago. The Holy Light Armour had an option for a 300% increase in recovery magic! With 29,900 damage, Doran's Ring would restore 14,950 health. This was then tripled, making it equivalent to Grid regaining all of his health.

[44,850 health has been restored.]

"Shit. I almost died."

Grid cursed as he raised his body.

"Eh...?"

Asuka's eyes widened. There wasn't a single wound on Grid's body, no mark where Grid's heart should be injured? There wasn't even a single scratch!

"What's this?"

Toban, Black Teddy, and Box were stunned.

The cooldown of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill, ended. Asuka perceived the killing intent and swapped back to using double swords for defense. However, it would be hard alone, prompting Black Teddy to command the white bear warrior to defend her.

However, the white bear's health was depleted from the previous bombardment and it failed to defend against Grid's Kill, instantly destroyed by the blow. Then Kill passed through the white bear's flesh and collided with Asuka's double swords.

Jjejeong!

“Kyaaack!”

This was the first time Asuka experienced it: it was her first defeat to another Satisfy user, her first user-driven death.

[Your party member Asuka has died.]

“W-What?”

The person they relied on the most had died. Toban was half amazed and half frustrated. Box shivered.

‘This is enough...!’

Box's reason for being obsessed with Grid was different from Asuka. He wasn't looking for Grid's class like Asuka. He was checking to make sure that Grid was worthy of an invitation. In fact, Box's true identity was a spy for another guild.

“Grid! Leave the Tzedakah Guild and come to our guild. In the

unified guild rankings, we are...”

Box revealed he was part of another guild and tried to invite Grid! He couldn't even finish speaking. A black energy shield hit his neck.

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have died.]

‘Crazy.’

He wasn't called a psychopath for no reason. How could he cut a person's neck when they were talking? Box was dumbfounded. He died with a grimace and changed into grey light.

The only ones left were Black Teddy and Toban. Black Teddy was furious.

“You dare... How dare you kill the Young Lady!?”

Grid glared at him, “I'm wrong for killing her? Think about it. Who attacked me first and who tried to kill me first? Who should be angry right now? Ah, shit. I'm becoming angrier the more I think about it. Die.”

Black Teddy was strong, but he wasn't that strong. His pets were already dead and couldn't be summoned again right away. Grid

attacked and he also turned into light. Now Toban was the only one left.

“Haha...” Toban couldn’t say anything and laughed awkwardly.

Grid smiled sharply at him, “Aren’t you good at acting? You should receive something at this year’s acting awards.”

“Haha...”

Toban continued laughing and Grid’s gaze became more menacing.

“Do you have any excuses?”

Toban also had a conscience. He no longer wanted to deceive Grid. He bowed in front of Grid and shouted, “I’m sorry! I was blinded by greed!”

Grid squatted in front of him. Then he extended a hand. Toban didn’t understand what it meant. Grid spoke to the confused Toban, “Give me money. If you give me enough money to soften my anger, I might forget about this. You don’t have to if you don’t want to. I will just report you to Jishuka.”

Jishuka’s nature meant she couldn’t stand traitors. Toban knew this better than anyone.

Toban's inventory was robbed. He currently had 20,000 gold. It was worth 24 million won. But Toban was truly sorry towards Grid and was afraid of retaliation, so he didn't hesitate to pay a large amount to Grid.

In the end, some of Grid's anger was released. It wasn't bad that he earned 24 million won from one battle. Grid put the money in the inventory and told Toban.

“Okay. This is enough for now. But I'm sorry. Don't even dream of having an item made by me.”

“G-Grid...!”

Toban felt like crying. However, he felt so sorry that he couldn't ask Grid to forgive him. Grid's heart softened as he saw the genuine regret and he gave Toban a ray of hope.

“Well... Yes. I will just forgive you. If you serve me like a slave, I will make you an item someday...”

“...Thank you.”

Serve as his slave? Toban wasn't able to decide if he should appreciate this situation or not. But he had to accept since he was the one who did something wrong in the first place. Then Grid ordered,

“Stand up. Let's depart.”

“Huh? Depart...? Where?”

Grid smiled sweetly at the confused Toban, “Let’s go complete my quest. You have become my slave.”

“ ... ”

The 1st ranked paladin and the 68th user on the unified rankings. It was the moment when Toban, first ranked paladin of the Judar Church and chief of staff of the Tzedakah Guild, became Grid’s slave.

Chapter 133

Thanks to the great success of Satisfy, the S.A. Group became the world's best group. They had two billion loyal customers and hundreds of affiliated companies, so there was no group with more influence and wealth in history.

And South Korea was very dependent on the S.A. Group. South Korea had a small land mass and limited natural resources, so the jobs that the S.A. Group created and the numerous charitable projects were like a ray of light.

Just yesterday, South Korea's government brought a new request to the S.A. Group. It was to invite Satisfy's rankers to South Korea, where a national competition would be hosted.

“The opinion of the government is as follows. Users of the top 100 ranking will be invited to South Korea in teams for each country, where a competition consisting of raids, pet marathons and other contests will be held. It will be organized by the Korean government, and they hope that the planning, public relations and sponsorships will be handled by the S.A. Group.”

A meeting room in S.A. Group's headquarters in Seoul.

Some people showed negative reactions.

“I don't know if we can continue to do favors for the Korean government. Are we a charity? I don't like their attitude of always asking us for things.”

“A Satisfy competition can be hosted by companies and broadcasting stations in various countries. Why should we invest our money and manpower?”

“And why should we invite rankers to South Korea when it can be done online? What do they think the top 100 rankers are? The rankers are too busy raising their level and won’t move for a small amount of money. Hundreds of billions of won would be needed to bring 100 people here.”

Yoon Sangmin was watching the executives giving negative comments and finally opened his mouth.

“You should note that it will be a national competition. Competitions that pit countries against each other such as the Olympics and World Cup have always gained popularity around the world. More than one-third of the world’s population is interested in Satisfy, so the popularity of various sports has fallen, yet the ratings for the Olympics and World Cup are still high. A national contest involving Satisfy... It is content that can become a global issue.”

Kim Jiyoung, the branch manager of the South Korean branch, also gave a positive opinion.

“It’s a good idea to invite rankers offline. If there are events such as stage greetings or an awards ceremony at Seoul Olympic Stadium in front of many spectators, it will give interest to the middle-aged people who think that Satisfy is just a game, and give

them a real feeling of immersion.”

President Lee Hoonyi was smiling.

“The rankers are stars and will attract crowds, so we don’t need to worry about selling tickets. If they can see many famous rankers in one place, many tourists will come from all over the world. We can also sell the broadcasting rights to each country at a high price, so the profit will be good. This is the aim of the South Korean government.”

Lim Cheolho was proud.

“If we compete by ranking each country, the people of each country will support their rankings and inspire patriotism. It’s very desirable to build patriotism through Satisfy.”

The expressions of the executives giving negative opinions changed. The decision seemed to have been made.

Kim Jiyoung drove in the wedge.

“Starting this year, we should hold a Satisfy national competition every year. We can think of unique events that can only be carried out within Satisfy and gradually expand the number of participants, so that the Satisfy national competition will someday become a prestigious event like the Olympics and the World Cup.”

Lee Hoonyi clapped.

“Good, good. We won’t receive any damages, no matter how much money we invest.”

Now everyone’s attention focused on Lim Cheolho, the top decision maker. Lim Cheolho nodded.

“Tell the South Korean government that we will approve their request.”

At that moment, Yoon Nahee, the head of the operations team, quietly raised a hand. She didn’t shrink back under the gazes of all the executives and expressed concern.

“We need some improvements because we approved the government’s request.”

Yoon Nahee was Yoon Sangmin’s younger sister. Yoon Sangmin knew how meticulous and competent she was, so he listened to her words.

“Tell us.”

Yoon Nahee explained, “First of all, if we divide the top 100 rankers by country, it won’t be balanced. For example, there are 23 Americans in the top 100 ranking and only 2 Koreans. Since it’s a national competition, the number of participating players must be raised, but the gap between countries is too big.”

“What if we limit the participants to the top 30 instead of the top 100?”

“It is an extreme situation that will reduce the number of participating countries. Then it will be too small to be a competition that the world will enjoy.”

The executives were agitated.

“I don’t want the competition to be limited to rankers. Rather, those who stand out in each event should be selected, just like sports...”

“Then there’s too much we need to do. Won’t it take a long time to divide the two billion users into countries and examine their competence in each field before making a selection?”

“In addition, inviting the rankers to the first competition will help it succeed. Who will be interested if the representatives of each country are people they haven’t heard of?”

In the midst of this confusion, Yoon Nahee brought up another problem.

“In addition, yesterday at 23:55, Yura reached level 280.”

“Hah...”

Wasn't the level up speed of the top rankers really amazing? The executives were thrilled and made a fuss.

“Great. Then the top five in the unified rankings have gone above level 280?”

“It is rewarding. Yura's achievement will be good news for Koreans who have been struggling in games recently.”

“That's right. When I was young, various gaming competitions were held and the Korean teams mostly won...”

“It isn't pleasing. Isn't the level up of rankers too fast?”

“That's right. The prediction of Supercomputer Morpheus has once again missed the mark. Check the reference materials in front of you. Morpheus was expecting the appearance of a level 280 user in the next two months.”

“Really. This is serious...”

Level 210, 240 and 270.

The levels were called the ‘hell sections’ by users because the amount of experience required to level up increased exponentially. Nevertheless, it was surprisingly that this didn't limit the level up speed of the top rankers.

“Since Satisfy began, a number of Morpheus’ predictions have been wrong. Is it a virus?”

“It seems like a major overhaul is needed.”

Yoon Nahee shook her head while the executives were feeling concerned.

“There is nothing wrong with Morpheus. It is just that the abilities of the top rankers is higher than expected. If we take this into account and reset the error range, Morpheus’ predictions won’t be wrong in the future.”

“Haha... How terrific are the rankers?”

“They far transcend the general public. In particular, the abilities of the users in the top 30 are excellent. Their understanding of skills and battle comprehension are different from ordinary people. They hunt close to impossible monsters relatively easily and level up efficiently. Even the user called ‘Regas’ has a fast level up speed and is in the top 30, despite the fact that he doesn’t use weapons and is hunting with his bare hands.”

Yoon Sangmin frowned.

“Taekwon Master Regas? Is he still doing that?”

The class of martial artist was less dependent on weapons than other classes. By default, their skills had a high attack power and

passive skills that could penetrate the defense of the target. In the first place, the weapons that martial artists could wear were limited to knuckles. Knuckle-type weapons had the lowest attack power among all weapons.

In general, martial artists were rarely obsessed with weapons compared to other combat classes. But no matter what, wearing knuckles was a few times better than fighting with bare hands. Regas had a record of not using weapons since starting Satisfy. Therefore, he was observed for a while and the executives knew about him.

“He is Taekwondo obsessed...”

Regas’ real name was Roald Hoffmann. He was born in London, England. He had a special history as an Olympic Taekwondo gold medalist and was so obsessed with Taekwondo that he combined skills with Taekwondo in Satisfy.

“He doesn’t use weapons because he thinks that the user of weapons violates the spirit of Taekwondo... Stupid. It is a type of psychosis.”

“But why are you suddenly talking about Regas?”

“He was mentioned after stating that Yura reached level 280...”

“Ah, that’s right. Why did you suddenly talk about Yura’s level?”

The executives looked questioning. Yoon Nahee explained to them.

“If the level up speed of the top five ranked users is maintained as they are, they will reach level 300 in the next three months and achieve the third advancement.”

The users just reached the second advanced five months ago. In other words, out of the two billion users, there weren't even 100 users who were above level 200. At that time, the level of users within the top 5 of the unified rankings was only 230.

Now there were over 1,000 users who reached the second advancement and the users in the top 5 were almost at level 300. This would lead to a major disruption in the national competition.

“If we accept that South Korea will be the host country, it will take at least three months for the preparation and publicity period.”

The executives finally realized the seriousness of the situation.

“Hrmm, I see. If the competition is held after the third advancement users have appeared...”

“It won't work. The gap between the second advancement and third advancement users is so big that the games will be easier to predict and less fun to watch.”

“The skills of the third advancement class are far superior to the skills of the second advancement class... Um...”

The difference between the first advancement and second advancement classes was like the difference between the sky and earth. If a level 99 user was compared to a level 100 user, it seemed like there were just a difference of one level. But the actual difference was 50 levels.

And the difference between the second advancement and third advancement was more than that. The third advancement classes had a skill tree that was comparable to a few hidden classes. The third advancement classes were deliberately set up to be stronger, in order to minimize the sense of deprivation for regular users who didn't have hidden classes.

Yoon Sangmin asked, “Can't we accelerate the timeline of the contest? Do we have to hold it in three months?”

“If we invest more money and hire more manpower, we can shorten the preparation period. But there must be a minimum of three months publicity period in order to sufficiently promote it to the world...”

Yoon Nahee spoke awkwardly, then Branch Manager Kim Jiyoung offered an opinion.

“How about creating quests within Satisfy? It's difficult to confine the number of participants in the national contest to only rankers, so I would rather give quests to all two billion users.”

Branch Manager Kim Jiyoung’s opinion was as followed:

Through quests, the users would be informed about the national competition. This would naturally cause a publicity effect.

They would encourage users to participate in the events of the national competition through the quests. The progress of the users’ quests would be monitored and they would select competent people suitable to be representatives for each event.

“This will shorten the promotional period and take care of the selection of participants. It is also suitable for raising the interest of users and making the national competition a big deal...”

There wasn’t one person who disagreed. All of them were in favor of Kim Jiyoung’s suggestion.

The Dominion Church’s sanctum. A priest approached the head of the church, who was praying.

“Leader, there is someone requesting a blessing from God Dominion.”

“At this time? One of our followers?”

“That... No.”

“...?”

The leader, Rhonda, was confused. The blessing of a god was a

sacred thing that couldn't be given to anyone. It was a sacred ritual that could only be given to select people. He would select from one of the followers to receive the god's blessing once a year, but now a third party was asking for the blessing? The person had no concept of shame.

The priest added an explanation since Rhona was making an unpleasant expression.

“He is accompanied by the first paladin of the Judar Church. In addition, he has a letter of recommendation from one of Rebecca's Daughter, Isabel.”

“Hrmm...”

The best paladins of the Rebecca Church and Judar Church? The religious leader was interested and rose from his spot. Then he met the man who came to see him.

He was an ordinary man with black hair. His mouth and eyes seemed stubborn, so he didn't give off a good impression. But there was something vaguely likable about this eyes. In addition, there seemed to be a halo of light around him.

‘It is a strange impression.’

Rhona was stunned for a moment.

Then the first paladin of the Judar Church came forward.

“Leader, this is Mister Grid. He is one of the great heroes who defeated the Sixth Servant of Yatan, Malacus and the agent of the goddess who killed Pope Drevigo, who was corrupting the Rebecca Church.”

“Hah...”

The religious leader realized the origin of the halo around Grid. He was a great person who had already received Goddess Rebecca’s blessing.

“It is an honor to meet you, Mister Grid.”

The leader of the Dominion Church bowed to Grid.

Toban was amazed as he saw the scene.

‘I introduced him as Grid said, but for him to be treated like this?’

The authority of the pope and leaders of the churches transcended imagination. Each of them had tens of millions of believers and were even respected by the kings of various nations. But this existence was bowing down to one user?

As Toban was stunned, Grid asked the religious leader.

“I hope that you can bestow the blessing of God Dominion on something.”

“I’ll willingly do it.”

After that, Leader Rhonda did the ceremony. While dozens of believers were praying, he blessed the two golden discs. Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[God Dominion’s blessing has fallen on the pavranium.]

[The attack power of the pavranium has been strengthened.]

Grid appraised the golden discs.

[Golden Discs Made of Pavranium]

Durability: Infinite

Golden discs made of pavranium, the strongest mineral produced by the collaboration between the legendary blacksmith Pagma and the legendary great magician Braham.

By default, they revolve around and protect their owner. But they will also take other actions when given commands from their owner.

* They have obtained healing skills due to Goddess Rebecca's blessing. They will increase their owner's health recovery speed by 300%.

* They have obtained an attack buff skill due to God Dominion's blessing. The owner's attack power will increase by 15%.

Weight: 3

“Kuk...”

Grid was thrilled.

He had suffered so much to receive the blessing of Goddess Rebecca, so he was worried about what type of hardships he would have to go through to receive God Dominion's blessing. But unlike his worries, it was easy to clear the quest and he acquired an excellent buff effect.

“Okay. Next is the Judar Church.”

Toban freaked out at Grid's shocking statement.

“J-Judar Church?”

Toban was the first paladin of the Judar Church! He was on a quest for the leader of the Judar Church. He originally had to take away the Holy Light set from Grid. He had to return to the church

with Grid without achieving his purpose? It was clear that the leader would be angry. He didn't know what to do.

“Excuse me, Grid... I don't think I can accompany you to the Judar Church. That's because...”

Toban started to explain. He told the situation in detail so that Grid could understand. Grid listened for a while before finally opening his mouth, “I don't care about your reasons. What does it have to do with me? You are my slave, so just follow my commands. Follow me.”

“G-Grid...”

Grid had no mercy. But Toban couldn't express his complaints. In the first place, he was the one who did something wrong and he was now seeking forgiveness, so he had to follow Grid unconditionally.

However, tears couldn't help flowing down.

Chapter 134

The sanctum of the Judar Church wasn't far from the Dominion Church. If a shortcut was used, they could arrive within three days. But few people used the shortcut. Almost everyone used the main road, even if it took double the amount of time.

The reason was simple. The habitat of the griffons existed on the shortest route. A moment of distraction meant a person could be surrounded by dozens of griffons. Nearby lords adopted the punishment of leaving convicted criminals in the griffon habitat, and those who visited such a dangerous place were extremely rare.

But right now.

A young Asian man and a black person were walking into the griffon habitat, like moths flying into a fire. They were Grid and Toban.

“Toban, what are you doing? I'm bored.”

“Shh!”

Toban, who was tensely spying on the griffon's habitat, blocked the mouth of the yawning Grid. He started sweating as he said, “How many times do I have to tell you? Do you want to die after being discovered by the griffons because of your loud noises?”

The griffons were level 260. With strong wings and high stamina,

they were able to strike from the sky and capture their prey. Due to this, they were one of the top predators amongst the field monsters. Even high level rankers wouldn't be able to fight back when ambushed by a group.

That's why Toban was cautious.

"Please be quiet and follow me. I've used this path dozens of times. If you act as I say, we can safely pass through this canyon without seeing any griffons."

"..."

"Minimize the sound of your breathing as much as possible and move in a crawl. Okay?"

Toban confidently lay on the ground and took a crawling position.

Grid watched him silently before frowning, "Isn't your tone too annoying? Are you trying to teach me? Huh? A slave doesn't fear his master?"

Toban realized his mistake and clarified. "A-Ah, Grid. Don't be angry. I just wanted to advise you..."

"How annoying. I'm not listening to you. Crawling? Are you crazy? Didn't I do it enough as a soldier?"

South Korea had yet to unify with North Korea. It was well over 100 years of truce, but North Korea's provocations still continued. In order to defend the country from North Korea, the strong young males of South Korea had compulsory military service, and it was the same for Grid as well.

“Have you been to the military? Do you know crawling?”

“The military...?”

Toban was born in the United States. He had no interest in military service, so he didn't have many experiences meeting a soldier.

Grid clicked his tongue. “A guy who never entered the military is talking about crawling... Hey, you civilian. I was part of the South Korean army and I'm still a reservist. Do you know how much I suffered while crawling during training? I still tremble when thinking of that time. But now I have to crawl in a game? Furthermore, it is with someone who doesn't even know how to crawl?”

“...”

Toban was overwhelmed by Grid's words and couldn't refute them. How could he know that the act of crawling would upset a soldier? He stood there blankly after realizing it.

“A person with no concept of crawling...” Grid grumbled before pulling something out of his inventory. It was a scruffy looking cloak. Malacus’ Cloak.

Toban panicked, “H-Hey, Grid! Are you crazy? Why are you bringing that out? I told you a few times to keep it in your inventory!”

Toban was one of the members who participated in the Malacus raid. He was well aware of the option that Malacus’ Cloak had. The bloody smell from the cloak was enough to stimulate the hundreds of griffons inhabiting the high cliffs!

“You’re committing suicide!” Toban imagined the scene of griffons flocking after smelling the blood and paled. “What? Quickly put the cloak back in your inventory!”

Grid looked at the panicked Toban and ridiculed, “Why do you think I selected the shortcut? Was it just to shorten the time? No, that wasn’t it. In the first place, my purpose is to hunt griffons. I can’t overlook the griffon habitat here.”

Griffon bones, leather and tendons were used extensively in item production. Weren’t griffon tendons one of the main ingredients in the Gale Spear? Grid had decided to hunt griffons, since Pon said that he paid a large amount of money to purchase the griffon tendons.

Now it was the right opportunity. There were no areas with griffons in the vicinity of Winston. He couldn’t let go of the griffon

habitat that was here.

“I will get everything from the griffons today!”

“Crazy bastard!”

“What? What did you just say?”

Grid glared at Toban angrily. But Toban didn't shrink back. The griffons were scarier than Grid.

“I now know that Grid is incredibly strong! Your abilities can be compared with the top 10 users!”

“Hehe, is it that much?” Grid was happy about the praise, but he also scratched his nose from embarrassment.

The agitated Toban made closer to Grid and spat in his face as he shouted, “But that isn't enough! The number of griffons here are immeasurable! Making a disturbance will make us be surrounded by hundreds of griffons. Even the 1st ranked Kraugel wouldn't be able to kill all the griffons by himself! But you want to hunt the griffons while wearing Malacus' Cloak? Put it away now!”

“U-Umm...”

Certainly, the griffons were hard monsters to hunt. Weren't they level 260? Grid used the benefit of hindsight and placed Malacus'

Cloak in the inventory. Then he said to Toban. “Okay, I understand. I’ll give up on group hunting. Instead, let’s defeat as many as possible. We will go and hunt the griffons one by one. Understood?”

Grid was determined to hunt griffons. Thus, Toban was forced to give in.

“Yes, if it’s one at a time... It will take some time, but it’s good enough.”

To be honest, Toban also wanted the experience and loot that came from hunting griffons. The moment that Toban decided to hunt griffons with Grid...

Kieeeeeek!

A little while ago.

The problem was Toban’s agitated shouting. Dozens of griffons were gathering after hearing his voice.

“Keok...” Toban found the crowd of griffons in the sky and flopped down. “Damn...! It is over! We will die!”

Grid snorted, “Stop talking nonsense. How can I die in a place like this?”

“Grid...”

In no time, Grid was equipped with shining white armor, gloves and a silver crown. There was also a black greatsword in his right hand. The spectacular and dignified figure gave hope to Toban.

‘That’s right... Grid is strong!’

He had singlehandedly defeated Asuka, Black Teddy, Box and Toban in a fight. His level might be low but he was one of the strongest users due to his legendary class. Toban believed that it might be possible to win against the griffons with Grid.

“Grid! Give me a command!”

He had already agreed to be a slave and he would do his duty as a slave! Toban was fully prepared to take Grid’s directions. Grid threw Malacus’ Cloak at him.

“First of all, put that on. Then run away.”

“...?”

Toban couldn’t figure out Grid’s intentions. Run away with Malacus’ Cloak? If he put on Malacus’ Cloak, wouldn’t he become the target of the griffons? Why would he wear Malacus’ Cloak when he was trying to run away?

Grid cried out with frustration, “You still don’t understand? You are bait!”

“Bait?”

Toban doubted his ears. A human, a species that had the best intellect on the planet, was being used as bait for a monster?

“Are you serious?”

Grid replied impatiently to Toban, “Do I sound like I’m joking? This is a command.”

“No way! Acting as a bait for monsters, it is against human rights! It is not ethical!”

“What does ethics have to do with this? What right does a slave have to talk about civil rights? We can get rid of this crisis if you act as bait, while I handle them one by one from the rear!”

It was true. Fighting with dozens of griffons meant it was likely both of them would die. Toban felt like crying. A few days ago, he had been glad about receiving a SS-grade quest for the first time, but it was different now. This wasn’t a quest from a god, it was a curse.

“Damn!”

Jeurereuk.

Recently, the number of times Toban wanted to cry had increased significantly. He eventually equipped Malacus' Cloak. The bloody smell spread in every direction and the griffons' attention concentrated on Toban.

Kyaoooooh!

The griffons who were just as violent as orcs. They were excited by this delicious smell. The sharp beaks aimed exactly at Toban's head.

“Hiik!”

Toban defended with his shield.

Chaaeng!

There was a big impact and Toban's body was pushed back a few steps. In this gap, a griffon flapped its huge wings, creating wind pressure, and wielded heavy paws.

“Eh? Ehhhh?”

Toban stumbled from the wind pressure. The griffon's paw aimed for his chest.

‘This!’

Due to the wind pressure, Toban couldn’t even adjust his shield. It meant he was hit by the griffon’s paw and couldn’t avoid a serious injury. No, why was this griffon so strong? Toban felt some doubts and checked the griffon’s name. Then he cursed.

“Dammit! This bastard is a field boss?”

That’s right. The griffon leading 22 griffons was a level 290 field boss name ‘Griffon Captain.’

“Why has God forsaken me?”

Toban screamed. But after the unavoidable blow, he immediately drank a health potion and used buff magic that concentrated on defense. Then he closed his eyes and prepared for the pain. At that moment, Grid appeared behind the Griffon Captain and aimed Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Kill at the perfect gap.

[Critical!]

[The Holy Light Gloves option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target five times.]

The damage of level 1 kill was 1500% of his attack power, while the level 2 damage was 1800%. Grid also invested the 200 points earned from the pope into strength as always. In addition, the pavranium was blessed by God Dominion and had a damage

enhancement effect.

That wasn't all.

Currently, 23 griffons were recognized by Dainsleif as enemies. The additional 345 attack power from this, as well as the effect of Blacksmith's Rage and the 1800% damage was sufficient to threaten the boss monster.

Then there was a critical and the option from the Holy Light Gloves. The amount of damage applied transcended common sense.

[You have dealt 284,000 damage.]

'Didn't the pope only have around 300,000 health?'

Grid was surprised to see the notification window.

Kyaoooooh!

A single blow. The Griffon Captain suffered tremendous damage from one blow and dropped heavily. It collapsed. It fell into a critical condition. Toban's mouth gaped open as he asked Grid, "Grid... What is this tremendous attack power? Don't tell me you didn't exert all your skills in the fight against Box's group?"

Maybe a legendary class was greater than he expected.

Grid calmly replied to Toban. “It’s not like that. This is pure luck.”

Grid was even more surprised than Toban.

Chapter 135

“It’s not like that. This is pure luck.”

Grid was even more surprised than Toban. He never expected a critical hit and to trigger the option of the gloves along with Kill.

‘A critical attack and five hits... It’s absurd.’

He felt invincible. The confident Grid declared, “Toban, I will completely get rid of the griffons.”

Until a little while ago, Toban put the griffons above Grid. However, he quickly changed his attitude after watching Grid turn the Griffon Captain into a critical state in one blow.

“Yes, it is possible if it is Grid! Let me serve as the bait!”

“Okay.” Grid was satisfied by the answer and dealt the ultimate blow to the collapsed Griffon Captain. “Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link!”

Level 2 Link dealt 800% of his attack power. The Griffon Captain was severely injured by Kill and couldn’t withstand this attack.

Pipit! Pipipipit!

The Griffon Captain couldn’t resist the bombardment of energy

swords that came out. It screamed painfully and turned into light.

[You have killed the Griffon Captain!]

[4,500,900 experience has been acquired.]

[3 griffon tendons have been acquired.]

[4 griffon leather have been acquired.]

[7 griffon bones have been acquired.]

[The spellbook 'Tornado' has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

There were three types of bosses.

The first was a hidden boss such as Malacus, Pope Drevigo and Vampire Countess Marie Rose. They were usually humanoid NPCs and were the only ones who didn't respawn again after dying. Their story was big enough to have a direct effect on Satisfy's world view and they were overwhelmingly strong, making the rewards (items and experience) huge as well.

Unlike monsters, humans had an inherent limitation in their low health. But they had high health compared to ordinary users, so it

couldn't really be pointed out as a weak point. Their artificial intelligence was also high, so they were real bosses with close to zero weaknesses.

Ordinary users didn't get a chance to meet a hidden boss and even if they did, they wouldn't dream of succeeding in the raid.

The second was a dungeon boss. They appeared in the deepest part of each dungeon at regular intervals, and gave high rewards for those who succeeded in the raid.

Their basic abilities were at least 10 times higher than normal monsters and they had diverse attack patterns that made them difficult to handle with a small group of people. In particular, they had huge health and it was likely to be a long-term raid.

Most users referred to dungeon bosses when talking about boss monsters. It could be said that the goal of ordinary users was to raid dungeon bosses.

Finally, the third type was a field boss.

They directly threatened users all over Satisfy. Their stats were at least four times higher than normal monsters of the same level and their health was halfway between a hidden boss and dungeon boss.

The attack patterns didn't have a lot of variation so it was hard to say they were exceptionally strong. For users with excellent

combat control, it was impossible to hunt a field boss that was 30 levels lower alone.

But there were occasional field bosses with mutations. The mutant field bosses were as strong as dungeon bosses and users needed to be vigilant. For example, the Guardian of the Forest that dropped blue orichalcum was a mutant field boss.

Right now, the Griffon Captain was a common field boss. Grid didn't like the rewards.

‘What is with this loot...’

Field bosses were originally like this. The frequency of raids was high so they rarely dropped rare items. However, users were able to acquire a large amount of experience and miscellaneous loot, so it was good to raid them.

In addition, Grid was quite lucky. The Griffon Captain had dropped a unique Tornado spellbook. The probability of the Tornado spellbook dropping was only 0.1%, and the Griffon Captain was hard to raid because they only appeared in griffon habitats. But Grid wasn't a magician and was thus unaware of the value of magic books.

‘It's just an old spellbook... no way it'll sell for an expensive price... Tsk, I'm glad I got a lot of experience and loot at least.’

As Grid was grumbling with disappointment...

Toban felt a chill as he wildly ran away from 22 griffons. Then Toban belatedly realized his mistake.

‘Dammit! I’m not in the party!’

The death of the griffon boss! Toban also expected to acquire experience and items, but the notification windows didn’t pop up? He hadn’t noticed because it wasn’t an ordinary situation, but he currently wasn’t in a party with Grid. He wanted to ask Grid for a party invite right now; however, he was too busy running away from the griffons that he couldn’t easily send an invite. He hurriedly exclaimed.

“Grid! Party! Quickly add me to the party!”

Grid was puzzled as he asked, “Why?”

“What do you mean, why? So I can be in your party!”

“No, I mean why should you be in the party?”

Toban exclaimed, “You’re asking why? Isn’t it natural to form a party when you go hunting with others?”

“Are you crazy? Why should I share my experience and loot with you?” Grid’s eyes shone. “You keep forgetting that you’re my slave, and are thus not equal to me. Just follow me.”

“W-What?”

After Grid killed Box’s group, Toban accompanied Grid and came to realize that the Holy Light set wasn’t just a simple quest item, but a legendary set. Therefore, he felt even more ashamed and guilty about trying to rob the items from Grid.

But this was this, and that was that. At a minimum, they should hunt together in a party!

“You are really spiteful!” Toban was upset and started to blame Grid, “I’m truly sorry that I betrayed you, but it’s too much to not even let me in the party! I might be small in front of you, but I am also a ranker. Experience is extremely valuable to me! I have to perform the role of bait, so you should at least give me some experience!”

Kiooooh!

Toban stopped and the 22 griffons surrounded him. But Toban didn’t shrink back as he only stared at Grid.

In the end, Grid had to take one step back. “Okay, I understand. If you say so, I will add you to the party. If you wish, I’ll even release you from your status as a slave.”

“Eh? R-Really?”

Toban was suspicious but slightly excited at Grid's sudden change in attitude.

However, Grid then continued to say, "Instead, I'll tell Jishuka what you did to me, and I will absolutely never make an item for you."

"..."

"How funny. You're being punished for trying to grab my rice bowl in the first place."

"G-Grid..."

Kioooooh!

The griffons roared and started to attack Toban. It was impossible to defend against 22 griffon beaks with only one shield. Toban realized he would die in this way and started begging Grid, "I was wrong! I was too agitated after seeing you catch a boss monster that I lost control! Please save me! I won't presume to join the party again. Just save me!"

"I don't want to."

"G-Grid!"

"...I will save you if you promise not to forget your position as a

slave again.”

“I understand! Okay!”

It was wrong no matter how he looked at it. Grid was too spiteful. Toban was frustrated by the realization that he wouldn't be able to escape his current status for the moment. At this time, he still didn't know. The type of luck he would encounter while being Grid's slave...

The power of the Tzedakah Guild was famous among NPCs. Numerous royalty and nobles of each kingdom tried to recruit the Tzedakah Guild. They were tempted several times by titles, territories, and riches.

However, the Tzedakah Guild couldn't decide who to go under. They waited to work in Winston with Grid, so they resisted all types of temptations and quietly waited.

Finally, the Tzedakah Guild also earned a large reputation with the lady of Winston.

In the counterattack against the Yatan Church that began with the birth of the Eighth Servant, Lady Irene showed great favor to the Tzedakah Guild who cleared many quests and even succeeded in the Malacus raid.

“To the east of Winston, there is a village called Bairan. Monsters

often pop up so the population is small, but the area is large and there are several mines, so the possibility of development is indefinite.”

“ ... ”

“Jishuka, would you like to take over that village and receive the title of baron?”

Bairan was a very significant village to Jishuka.

The auction house in Bairan Village was where Grid first made the Special Jaffa Arrows and where his existence was announced to the world. In addition, the Guardian of the Forest appeared around Bairan Village so it was a place she visited often to perform quests.

‘There are several hunting grounds and dungeons for high-level users, and the distance to Winston is only half a day using a carriage...’

Geographically, it was easy to interact with Grid and it was a village where the guild members could easily level up. In addition, the population might be low but many users would come. If the guild managed it well, the taxes would be profitable.

Jishuka finally made her decision, “I am grateful for Lady Irene’s favor. I will be loyal to you for the rest of my life.”

“I am glad to have a talent like you.”

[You have become a baroness of the Eternal Kingdom!]

[You have obtained the right to enter the social circle of the nobles.]

[You have become the lord of Bairan.]

[The estate management system has been created.]

It was simple after that.

Jishuka convened the guild and immediately headed for Bairan Village. Along with the 100 soldiers residing in Bairan Village, Pon and Ibellin took care of nearby monsters to stabilize security, while engineers were employed to repair and extend and old castle.

On the other hand, Faker and several guild members identified the characteristics and financial status of Bairan Village and discussed future directions for development. The absence of Toban, their chief of staff, created more work for Jishuka and the guild members, but it wasn't a big burden. In the first place, Toban wasn't particularly outstanding as the chief of staff so there wasn't much difference.

But there was an empty feeling.

“When will Toban come?”

It had already been a week since the guild members rejected his request for help with the SS-grade quest. At one point, he had blocked all whispers so they couldn't help wondering if something was wrong.

However, they weren't particularly worried. Toban was a top ranker who was dependable, so they believed he was earnestly completing his quest.

“He is busy with his quest. Well, he will come back when he can. On the other hand, when will Grid return?”

Vantner was still complaining about Grid. Indeed, Grid was really late. It had been a month since he left for his quest and he still hadn't come back. They couldn't contact him through the guild chat window or whispers.

“In the first place, Grid left because of a quest right? That guy has reached level 170 in the past month. It seems more like he is hunting in a dungeon to level up than doing a quest, just like Regas.”

Certainly, Grid's level up speed identified in the guild information window was phenomenal.

‘Pagma's Descendant...’

Jishuka had seen Grid receive Braham's quest in real-time and

investigated Pagma's identity. Grid was the descendant of undoubtedly the greatest blacksmith in history, Pagma.

‘As the class quest of a legendary class, the difficulty will be enormous. I can understand why he is late.’

It wasn't just Vantner who wanted Grid to return quickly. Jishuka wanted Grid to return as soon as possible. The members wanted to see Grid's growth and were eager for Grid to produce their items.

On the other hand, Bairan Village developed rapidly. Users heard that the reputed Tzedakah Guild were ruling it and began to steadily migrate to Bairan Village. If this trend continued, they would be able to achieve rapid economic growth. Someday, Bairan could be promoted from a village to a city, just like Winston.

But in the midst of this, there was some bad news. Three of the six new guild members that they had high expectations for... Asuka, Black Teddy and Box left the guild one day without saying anything.

“They just walked away. What are they doing?”

“They were dubious in the first place. They would've just muddied things up if they stayed in the guild. It is better to let them leave.”

The existing guild members blamed the three people, but were

quick to cool down. However, the other new guild members were frightened.

Toon was appointed chief of security in Bairan Village and was doing his daily patrol. He couldn't resist his curiosity and whispered to Box.

–Hey, what is this? I thought you were going to stay in this guild until you know the identity of the skull helmet?

Box thought this was fun.

–I have already met him. It led to unwanted results. So I'm leaving.

–Hoh...? Really? So who is he?

–It's no fun if I tell you too easily. I will give you a hint. He is a very surprising person.

–What? Is that it? Do you want to die?

Toon's tone changed after he became annoying by the hint. Toon restrained himself and said goodbye.

–Toon, do you remember my suggestion? After you meet the skull helmet, make sure to leave the Tzedakah Guild and join my guild. We will always welcome someone with skills like you. Then

I'm going.

“Che, what a wily bastard.”

Toon ended his whisper with Box and checked the guild information window. He was surprised by something when he checked the information of the 21 remaining guild members. The level 110 blacksmith he met in Winston a month ago was now level 172?

“...Ohu.”

Toon's eyes shone with fighting spirit.

Chapter 136

There was an old saying in games that ‘levels were bullies.’

That saying was also established in Satisfy. Satisfy might’ve revolutionized the world by implementing the first virtual reality system, but it was a game at its core. In Satisfy, level was the most primitive and important concept.

10 stat points were gained every time the level increased, and users would become stronger as their stats increased. The higher their level, the stronger a user could become because they could wear good items or acquire powerful skills. It wasn’t just for these simple reasons. The higher the level, the more the unique functions of the stats showed.

Let’s take the strength stat for example.

If the user’s level was less than 100: The user had 0.1 attack power, 3 health points and the weight limit increased by 20 with every point.

But if the user’s level was above 100, it would be 0.2 attack power, 5 health points and a weight limit increase of 30 points per every point in strength. Once the level was above 200, attack power increased by 0.3, health by 7 points and the weight limit by 40 per point.

In this way, the effect of the stats increased every 100 levels. This was called the stats awakening. The effect of the stats awakening

was huge, so the higher the level, the better the effect.

However, that was almost unrelated to Grid, who had a legendary class.

A mere level 170 was able to knock down four rankers over level 200 and kill dozens of griffons who were level 260. He easily hunted hundreds of griffons (thanks to Toban properly acting as bait), so he was a scammer who transcended the concept of level.

‘The epic hidden classes are classified as powerhouses, and Grid is a legendary class... I’m speechless.’

They camped in the griffon habitat and spent all day and night hunting. Toban suddenly wondered, “Grid, how did you get a legendary class?”

A lot of effort was needed to become a hidden class, so it was almost like winning the lotto. It was basic common sense, but Toban wanted to know the specifics. He wondered about the process Grid went through to become a legendary class. Listening to the story would be fun, and he could use it as a reference.

But these were never pleasant memories for Grid. He didn’t want to recall his worst memories of the several months of suffering, where he died dozens of times and lost most of his possessions.

“Don’t ask...”

Toban verified Grid's dark expression and gave up on listening to the story.

‘He is furious. He must’ve suffered. Indeed, getting a legendary class wouldn’t be easy... I would rather leave this place...’

They had been hunting in the griffon habitat for the past four days. In the meantime, Grid had gained 10 levels and reached level 180. There was the feeling that Grid wanted to reach level 200 here.

But it was hard for Toban to bear. For the past four days, he hadn’t acquired any experience or items. He was forced to wear Malacus’ Cloak and act as bait, while Grid reaped all the rewards. His number one position on the paladin rankings that he had firmly guarded for months might be taken away by the second ranked Damian.

Toban was nervous about this and prompted. “Grid, let’s stop hunting now. Don’t you have to clear your quest?”

“Hrmm...” Grid was troubled.

The griffon habitat gave a lot of experience, so he wanted to stay here until level 200.

‘The difference between level 180 and level 200 is huge...’

But it was an unreasonable decision.

‘It took four days to gain 10 levels. It will take at least eight days to gain 20 levels, but I am reluctant to delay it that long.’

To be honest, he felt a little bit sorry for Toban. He treated Toban as a slave, but he started to feel some remorse after a day or two.

‘He’s a ranker so he can’t serve any longer for free... It will be good to end it here.’

It was the day when he felt remorse for taking advantage of someone! He never even imagined it.

‘I need to be tougher in order to survive in this harsh world...!’

Why did God make him so naive and nice? Grid felt some resentment towards God as he made preparations to leave.

“Let’s go.”

“Ohh!”

Toban exclaimed. He was relieved about finally being able to escape from acting as griffon bait. Now it was time to go to the Judar Church. Grid wanted to finish this quest quickly. Toban wanted to regain his freedom.

Then the two people arrived at the Judar Sanctum in less than a

day. Toban paused in front of it.

“Leader Pascal is aiming for the Holy Light set. Perhaps he will be hostile towards you. There might be a fight, but if so, I won’t be able to help you. Do you understand?”

“I am used to fighting alone.”

Grid wasn’t particularly worried. How could the leader of the Judar Church be stronger than the pope? He thought he would win if they fought. But before that, he had to check his status again.

‘Know yourself before knowing the enemy. Status window!’

Name: Grid

Level: 180 (140,090/5,531,200)

Class: Pagma’s Descendant

* The probability of adding additional options when making items will increase.

* The probably of item enhancement will increase.

* All equipment items can be worn unconditionally. However, there is a penalty depending on the rating of the item.

Title: One who Became a Legend

- * Abnormal conditions don't work well on you.
- * You won't die when health is at the minimum.
- * Easily acknowledged.

Title: First Unique Item Maker

- * Dexterity +200

Title: Only Legendary Item Maker

- * Dexterity +350

Title: Knight Slayer

- * Stamina +100.
- * Strength +30

Title: Apostle of Justice

* All stats +10.

* The Apostle of Justice's bravery is unmatched.

Health: 29,560/29,560+7,000 Mana: 3,240/3,240

Strength: 1,584 Stamina: 962 Agility: 417

Intelligence: 439 + 200 Dexterity: 984 Persistence: 498

Composure: 364 Indomitable: 414 Dignity: 364

Insight: 664 Courage: 308

Stat Points: 0

Weight: 25,519/57,480

[Abilities Details]

Basic Attack Power: 325 Weapon Attack Power: 412~579

Additional Attack Power:

* Pagma's Swordsmanship Lv.1 (Deactivated):20% additional attack power.

* God Dominion's Blessing: 15% additional attack power.

Total Attack Power: 995~1220

Basic Magic Power: 220 Item Magic Power: 100

Additional Magic Power: None

Total Magic Power: 320

Basic Defense: 192 Item Defense: 539

Additional Defense:

* Holy Light Battle Gear Set: Defense +500

Total Defense: 1,231

At level 100, he gained 0.2 attack power per every point in strength and 0.5 magic power per every point in intelligence. In addition, stamina gave 0.2 defense per point. When summing up, he rounded off the decimal point.

Grid's base damage, magic power and defense were abnormally higher than users of the same level. This was because he'd acquired many stats through the production of items. But Grid wasn't

satisfied. He didn't like the damage and defense figures applied from the items he wore.

The +5 Dainsleif's attack power was 549~772, but due to the 25% penalty only 412~579 was applied. In addition, there was a 40~55% penalty for his armor, so the value wasted was too big. It caused a feeling of loss.

'Being able to wear all items is fraudulent, but the penalty system is really annoying. If I'm going to be a scammer, make me a scammer. Why is there the penalty system?'

It was okay for now. When he killed the pope, he was 30 levels lower and his defense was much worse.

"Sigh... Okay!"

He thought positively as he entered the Judar Sanctum. He handed the paladin blocking his path the letter of recommendation from Isabel and said, "I came to see Leader Pascal."

The paladin checked Isabel's introduction letter and quickly opened the way.

"Welcome Mister Grid. The leader is waiting."

"...?"

It was hospitable? Grid was surprised by the unexpected response and looked back. Toban was hiding behind a pillar. Toban sent him a whisper.

-Grid, I'm sorry but I can't enter with you. I'm afraid that the leader will be angry if he sees me.

‘Coward...’

In the end, Grid entered alone. Then he faced all types of delicacies. The 11th leader of the Judar Church, Pascal warmly welcomed Grid.

“I am honored to meet the person who received the blessings of Goddess Rebecca and God Dominion!”

Pascal was an ambitious person. But his ability to read the situation was excellent. He heard that Grid defeated Malacus and was recognized by the Rebecca Church and Dominion Church, so he knew how foolish it was to be hostile to Grid.

Besides, there was no reason to feel hostile. If the pope's position became vacant, Pascal was be the first candidate to become the next pope, even without the Holy Light set.

‘Rather, things have become easier.’

At the moment, there were few people in the Rebecca Church with the talent to become pope candidates. And the leader of the

Dominion Church wasn't a greedy person. Pascal was convinced that he would become pope. He felt strong gratitude towards Grid who caused all of this.

“I would like to hear your story about how you defeated the demon Malacus and the corrupt Pope Drevigo. Now, go ahead and sit. The food we prepared for you will become cold.”

“...”

On this day, Grid increased his affinity with Pascal, a pope candidate. Then the pavranium safely received God Judar's blessing.

[Golden Discs Made of Pavranium]

Durability: Infinite

Golden discs made of pavranium, the strongest mineral produced by the collaboration between the legendary blacksmith Pagma and the legendary great magician Braham.

By default, they revolve around and protect their owner. They will also take other actions when given commands from their owner.

* They have obtained healing skills due to Goddess Rebecca's blessing. They will increase their owner's health recovery speed by 300%.

* They have obtained an attack buff skill due to God Dominion's blessing. The owner's attack power will increase by 15%.

* They have obtained a defense buff skill due to God Judar's blessing. The owner's defense will increase by 15%.

Weight: 3

‘Good!’

This long journey was finally heading towards the end. Now he just needed to receive the blessing of God Yatan and the quest would be complete.

Pascal spoke to the excited Grid, “But Grid, it is virtually impossible to find the sanctum of the Yatan Church. They're very secretive. so the location of their sanctum has never been exposed in history. You said that you need God Yatan's blessing? It might become possible at some later date.”

“ ... ”

Pascal's words were true. Grid communicated with Toban afterwards, but they couldn't figure out the location of the Yatan Sanctum. It seemed like it would take a long time before he could discover it.

In the end, Grid was forced to return to Winston without achieving his goal. Winston was boisterous when he returned.

“What? What is this event?”

The users were excited. At the entrance to Winston, there were many famous NPCs and soldiers, including Phoenix. Even Lady Irene showed up. The Tzedakah Guild were also gathered, and it was rumored that they had gone under Lady Irene a while ago.

“Perhaps the king is coming?”

“Wow, it must be. The king probably heard rumors about Winston’s development and is coming to inspect it directly.”

It wasn’t easy to see the king of a country. There was a rumor that just seeing a king could cause a positive effect on their stats. How spectacular would the procession be? Thousands of users were gathered like ants all over the walls and square as they watched the gates with anticipation.

Then after a while.

Finally, the gates opened and someone entered. The soldiers verified the identity and blew their trumpets once, then the knights drew their swords and saluted the person. Then people smiled brightly and blew pollen.

However, they weren’t enthusiastically welcoming the king. No,

it wasn't even an NPC, let alone the king. It was a scruffy user who looked like a beginner. The man had a hat to completely cover his face and ID, like he was expecting the attention. Then Lady Irene ran to the man.

“Huh?”

The users watching the situation simultaneously cried out. Irene was praised as the goddess of Winston due to her beauty and kind heart, making her loved by many male users. So why was she hugging this scruffy and suspicious looking man?

“I've missed you so much.”

Irene stared at the man with an expression of love. It was an unbelievable sight.

“W-What is this?”

Why did such a beautiful and noble NPC like a user like this? While the users were feeling stunned, Jishuka, one of the most beautiful women in the world, also approached the man. She had a bright smile on her usually cold face.

“You came back safely. I was waiting anxiously.”

“Keok...”

The users were dumbfounded. Winston's lady was from an influential NPC family and this mysterious man was also welcomed by the top ranker and beauty Jishuka. This scene became a huge issue and was reported to the media around the world. Of course, there was a hot debate on the Internet.

“Oh, I wonder who that man is?”

After dinner.

Sehee was sitting next to Youngwoo on the couch and showed interest in the mysterious man appearing on the news. Sehee had no direct experience with playing Satisfy, but she often watched it on TV, so she understood why it was such a big issue.

“He looks like a beginner and a fool at first glance, so why is he loved by such big shots?”

Sehee asked the question and the yawning Youngwoo explained, “That's me.”

“...Huh?”

“I was away for a while on a quest, so everyone was welcoming my return.”

“Hehe... Don't I have a lot of popularity?”

Kwajijik!

The TV remote control in Sehee's hand made a strange breaking noise. Youngwoo clicked his tongue. "Wow... Even if the control is 10 years old, how can it break like this? Wow, the maker of this is really bad. We shouldn't buy a TV from here again."

"Bah!"

Sehee glared at her brother and went to her room. Once Youngwoo was left alone, he couldn't endure the fatigue and dozed off on the couch.

"... The first night... Huhuhu!"

The sound of sly laughter echoed through the living room.

Chapter 137

Once every four months, two full moons would overlap in one night. When the coastal waters of Brinichi experienced a low tide, a secret path would be revealed.

“I finally found it.”

The bottom of the sea showed a glittering path.

Splash splash.

A girl moved along the path, not caring about how wet her shoes and clothes got. The mysterious and calm purple path continued into the depths of the sea. The girl hesitated for a moment as she gazed into the depths, before taking a deep breath. Then she started to play the flute she had prepared in advance.

Beep. Bibiririr.

The melody spread over the calm waves. The image of the girl playing a flute alone in the moonlight was as beautiful as a picture. A notification window appeared in the girl's vision.

[You have played Laurelia's Flute. You can breathe underwater for 25 minutes.]

Kkoruruk.

The girl gathered up her courage and dove in. She was greeted with the magnificent sea creatures as she swam along the lit up path and reached the secret kingdom at the end.

[You are the first discoverer of the Siren Kingdom!]

[It is a place passed down in legends. If you create and sell a map of this place, you can earn great reputation and gold.]

[If you sell the map first to the 3rd Prince of the Saharan Empire, a quest will be generated.]

‘I will leave the map making to a later time...’

In any area, the first discoverer would receive great benefits. But was it so easy to be the first discoverer among two billion users? It was an inspiring sight, but the girl’s interest lay elsewhere.

The purpose of her arrival here was to acquire the method of making the orb that Braham’s first disciple, Mumud used during his life.

‘I need to find the production method quickly and bring it to Grid.’

The girl’s ID was Euphemina. In the past, she had asked Grid to produce an orb in exchange for saving Grid from Winston’s

dungeon. Grid had promised to do it, as long as she obtained the orb's production method and materials.

After that.

Euphemina had searched for what was the best orb in history. She came to the conclusion that Braham's orb was by far the best, but the conditions of use were too high. Therefore, she searched for the orb used by his disciple, Mumud.

The end of her journey led to the Siren Kingdom. 500 years ago, he had married and settled here. Euphemina needed to find Mumud's descendant and acquire the production method for his orb.

“It isn't long now... Grid, I'll come find you soon.”

She wanted to meet him quickly. It wasn't just anticipation for the orb Grid would make. She was one of the three revealed epic classes in Satisfy, yet he had made her feel tremendous helplessness. Therefore, she wondered how far he had grown now.

“I don't have any ulterior motives. It's just pure curiosity.”

She blushed while talking to herself, and the inhabitants of the Siren Kingdom thought that humans were strange creatures.

“Heok!”

It was still dark early in the morning. Shin Youngwoo, who fell asleep watching TV the night before, woke up.

“I have a bad feeling...”

Somehow, there was a chill down his spine. He didn’t remember it, but he seemed to have a nightmare. He took off his coat that was wet with sweat and rose from his seat. Then he headed straight to the bathroom and turned on the shower.

He normally only washed once every three days, so why did he shower as soon as he woke up? It was comparable to the sun rising in the west!

‘It’s my first night, so shouldn’t I wash and cleanse before it? Huhuhut...’

Shin Youngwoo couldn’t suppress his smile. He hummed as he washed up, then headed straight to the capsule. Before connecting to Satisfy, he opened up the Internet.

Tatak! Tatatang!

As if it was expressing his excited mind, the sound of tapping on the keyboard was light. After a while, the search results for ‘sex in Satisfy’ appeared before Youngwoo. There were hundreds of thousands of articles. Youngwoo was thrilled while reading.

“Ohh...! It is possible for NPCs as well as users!! Huh? What is this?”

Satisfy was like another reality, so sex was naturally included.

However, the S.A. Group put limitations on it because of a fear that users would become irresponsible if there were no restrictions, and in the worst case scenario, it could be abused for criminal acts.

“...In Satisfy, sex could only happen when formally married, and the number of times is limited to once a month... If these conditions aren't met, sexual functions are impossible...?”

Youngwoo was silent while reading the conditions. Then there was a bang from the keyboard! He had struck downwards.

“Dammit! Only once a month?”

Something he saved... No, he was finally going to get rid of the virgin status that he had been keeping for no reason! Youngwoo planned to share his love with Irene day and night, so he was frustrated.

“Only once a month...! I want to do it, but it's only once a month! Dammit! Who would be satisfied with that much...? Of course, not me.”

Youngwoo was lying on the ground like a child, but then he suddenly regained his calm.

‘So what if it is once a month? I’ve never once experienced it in 27 years so once a month... It is amazing.’

Maybe because it was early. Youngwoo recovered from the frustration and returned to the capsule. After searching the Internet, he got a recommendation for a best-selling book called ‘100 Techniques to Satisfy Women’ and immediately purchased it.

“Oh...! Ohhh!”

It was a book that described scenes that Youngwoo had never actually experienced in detail, from an expert point of view. Youngwoo read the amazing and sacred book more intensively than any tutorial lectures. How much time passed?

“...It’s a new world.”

It was the first time that he enjoyed the act of reading. Time passed by without him knowing it. The sun was completely up outside his window. He checked the clock and saw that it was 11 a.m. His parents were at work and Sehee at school, so he was alone in the house. Youngwoo headed into the kitchen. He ate food to restore his stamina.

“Keeek~”

The feeling of satiation was great. Then he took a bath and built up his knowledge.

‘All the preparations are perfect!’

Youngwoo returned to the capsule and logged into Satisfy with a confident look. But as he tried to log in, he suddenly got up and headed to the bathroom again.

‘This time it will be perfect!’

The confident Youngwoo entered the capsule and logged in.

Buzz buzz.

Khan’s smithy was the hideout of the Tzedakah Guild. Most of the guild members were already there, and their attention focused on Grid as soon as he logged in. Then Vantner called out his name and made a fuss.

“Hey Grid! What is this? What did you do to end up marrying Lady Irene?”

Two days ago in Satisfy.

Grid left for a quest and finally returned to Winston after 40 days. Vantner had been waiting for Grid more than anyone else, so he was ecstatic when Grid returned. Then an unexpected and

shocking scene occurred.

Lady Irene, who was close to Vantner's ideal type, rushed into Grid's arms? After that, she made a shocking announcement at Grid's return celebration party at the castle. It was that she was going to marry Grid.

“Aaaaack! Why? Why you? Why am I not you?”

Since staying in Winston, Vantner had worked tirelessly to acquire the favor of Lady Irene. It was common for love to bloom between a user and NPC, so he had a positive outlook. But Irene was the only heir to Earl Steim, making her like a flower on a cliff. Even Vantner, who was a ranker, didn't have a chance to meet with her. He couldn't even get quests related to her.

“Then you... How did you get so close to her? How did you captivate her heart? You have a lower level and are uglier than me!”

Vantner was filled with sadness, jealousy, anger and all types of bad emotions. Then he lost his temper as Pon spoke to him.

“Hey, it is too much to say that he is uglier than you. Bald person...”

“Shut up! I already told you that I'm not bald in reality, you bastard!”

“No, it’s true that you told me a hundred times that you aren’t bald in reality, but aren’t you bald here? And think about the age gap. Don’t you know that Lady Irene looks like a girl if you stand next to her? No, what type of guy goes after a young girl like that?”

“W-What? Why does age matter in love? Don’t ruin my pure love!”

“What? Do you want to be hit? Would you like a taste of my Gale Spear?”

“Try it! Let’s both die today!”

The two people were arguing again today. Thanks to that, Grid could free himself from Vantner. He approached Jishuka and asked.

“What is everyone doing here? Why are you gathered?”

“You’re asking why? It’s to attend your wedding as guests. You are getting married in Satisfy. It is also the first time we are seeing a user marry an NPC, so the expectations are big.”

“Hrmm... Aren’t you busy ruling Bairan Village? Is it possible for a lord to leave their place?”

“It would be impossible to play if being the lord is so busy that I can’t even leave for a day or two. There is time to spare. I also left Toban in charge in case of emergencies. By the way Grid, you seem

to have changed a lot.”

“Changed?”

“Yes, originally you would’ve cursed back at Vantner. But you just let it go in one ear and out the other... I think your personality has matured.”

“I’m already in my late 20’s. I’m originally an adult.”

He answered casually, but he was also surprised to find himself changed. Whenever he connected to Satisfy, his mind became calm and relaxed, unlike in reality.

This was the effect of his higher insight stat. Currently, Grid’s 600 points in insight wasn’t enough to contemplate the world, but it could see through it to some extent. So when he dealt with someone or faced an unexpected situation, he could make a reflexive judgment on how to act and calmed down accordingly.

“Where is Faker?”

Grid had obtained three items after defeating the assassins on the way to the Vatican. One of the was Kenen’s Dart Belt, while the other two were traps and poison.

The belt was classified as equipment and could naturally be used, but trap installation tools and poison combination machines were classified as items made by experts in their field, not equipment. It

was impossible to use even for Pagma's Descendant, and he had to learn how to use them separately.

“I want Faker to teach me how to use an item...”

Jishuka shrugged at Grid.

“I believe he's here, but I'm not sure. He's very skilled at hiding.”

Faker, the number one assassin, was a master of stealth. Even if he didn't use a skill, he could erase his presence by controlling his stride and breathing. In the past, he had become angry after being caught by Euphemina, who had high insight. Now Grid had more insight than Euphemina at that time.

“Over there.” Grid found Faker standing with his arms crossed in a corner of the smithy and approached. “Faker, can you teach me how to install traps and use this poison machine? I picked up these items by chance and they look pretty useful.”

“...?!”

Faker's eyes widened with surprise. The people next to him couldn't even see him, so he was surprised to find that Grid had left the center of people and had discovered him. He looked into Grid's deep eyes and confirmed it.

‘He has grown.’

Chapter 138

Several months ago, Faker didn't appreciate Grid when he first met him.

It was because Grid's blacksmith ability and combat ability were excellent, but his mental immaturity meant he couldn't exert all his abilities. To be honest, Faker never expressed it, but he thought Grid was ridiculous. He felt that Grid couldn't take advantage of his class.

But now it was different. A long time had passed and Grid seemed different from the past.

'If he keeps steadily growing like this, I can trust him with my back one day.'

As Faker was thinking, Grid showed the trap installation tools and poison combination machine to him.

"These are the items... I don't know how to use them. There's no manual."

Faker was amazed as he looked at the items. "They're good items. In particular, this poison combination machine is excellent. Where did you obtain it?"

"I killed an assassin called Shay who dropped it."

“Shay...? A user?”

“Yes.”

Shay was the fifth ranked assassin user. He was a well established user, but it seemed he had been defeated by Grid and lost the item.

‘Shay is notorious for always going around with Kerb and Sniffer... Grid defeated the three of them alone? How strong is Grid now?’

It seemed like the degree of growth exceeded Faker’s expectations.

‘Jishuka and Vantner guessed that Grid was equal to or better than Pon and Regas...’

He thought it was a joke, but maybe it was real? Faker was an aggressive person, like the other members of the Tzedakah Guild. He felt the urge to compete against Grid. But now wasn’t the time.

“Wouldn’t it be better to learn how to use them next time? Look at the time. Your wedding is soon.”

“Ah, already?”

Grid verified the time and exited the smithy. This wasn’t anyone else’s wedding. He couldn’t be late to his own wedding. The

Tzedakah Guild and Khan followed. Khan looked depressed.

“Grid... Grid has become the husband of the lady...”

Khan lost his sick wife then his son. After being alone, he fell into drinking. Due to the trickery of the Mero Company, he had been on the verge of losing the smithy that had been in his family for generations.

But one day, Grid suddenly appeared and saved him. He was able to escape from the pain of his life and rebuild the smithy. Grid was his savior. He was a similar age to Khan’s dead son and Khan truly treasured him.

Now that precious person was leaving for a high place that Khan couldn’t reach. Of course, he was happy to see Grid doing well. However, he couldn’t hide his sad feelings. He barely swallowed back his tears as he spoke to Grid.

“Grid, you might be a commoner marrying into a family of nobles, but don’t shrink back and live well. I am always cheering for you.”

Grid grinned at Khan’s encouragement. “I’m Pagma’s Descendant. Why should I shrink back from nobles? And don’t talk like we are breaking up. I will still go to the smithy like before, even if I marry Irene. Have you forgotten? I am your successor.”

“Grid...!”

It must be annoying to help a poor and sick old man, but Grid didn't show it at all. Khan was thrilled and tears ended up spilling down. Grid handed him a handkerchief and said, "Your son asked me to do something. He asked me to take care of his father."

It wasn't a lie. In the past, Grid had gone to Khan's family cemetery with Khan and encountered ghosts while Khan was sleeping. Among the ghosts, Khan's ancestor gave him the clue to obtain Pagma's Swordsmanship, and Khan's son asked Grid to take care of his father.

A son who worried about his father even after death! Grid liked Khan and was touched by his son's devotion, so he tried to do well by Khan. Of course, it wasn't an unconditional favor. To be honest, some of his actions were calculated to inherit the smithy. But that didn't affect the fact that he liked Khan. That emotion still remained.

Then Khan's expression started to slowly contort.

"Grid... Why is your handkerchief so dirty? Is this a rag?"

"It isn't a rag. It is a handkerchief. But I didn't wash it, so it looks like a rag. Hahaha! Well, it is okay. Are you going to die if you wipe your tears with a rag?"

"Tsk tsk, you're worse than an old widower... I'm relieved that the maids will take care of you after you marry the lady."

On the other hand, the Tzedakah Guild were looking at Grid and Khan with warm eyes. Grid looked great in their eyes, demonstrating that users and NPCs could really be friends. NPCs had the same emotions as humans. They felt ashamed of themselves for ignoring this fact and treating NPCs as a simple artificial intelligence in a game.

Then the party arrived at the castle.

“Welcome!”

The knights and soldiers already recognized Grid as their lord. He was lauded as a hero and was going to become the husband of the lady. They entered the castle’s garden, where the beautiful bride welcomed Grid.

“Grid!”

“Lady Irene...”

Her white dress highlighted her beauty. Now Irene, who was making a shy smile, was beautiful enough to compare with Yura and Jishuka.

“Ack...!”

This beautiful and noble woman was being taken away by Grid!

Vantner swallowed back his tears. Then he discovered Knight Bland crying with a runny nose and felt a sense of homogeneity with him.

“You too, Lady Irene...”

“You...”

The two people exchanged glances as the grand marriage ceremony was held.

Dozens of senior nobles from all over the kingdom as well as foreign envoys were present. Earl Steim’s speech and the congratulatory message from the king’s messenger increased the atmosphere.

“There are foreign envoys and even a message from the king... It isn’t an exaggeration that Earl Steim is one of the kingdom’s greatest powers.”

Jishuka admired. She only went under Irene because of Grid, but now it seemed to be wise decision in many ways.

‘No matter how I think about it, Grid is truly amazing.’

Jishuka thought with a smile. Then the military band started to play light and cheerful music. Hundreds of people watched as Grid and Irene exchanged vows of love.

“Do you swear to respect and love one another until you become light and return to Goddess Rebecca’s side?”

“I swear.”

“I swear.”

No one said it first. Grid and Irene responded and the same time, and the guests cheered like they were soulmates.

“Share the token of your pledge.”

‘Token of the pledge?’

Grid couldn’t understand the officiant’s words. The bride’s side had taken care of all wedding preparations, so he couldn’t help panicking. Then Irene handed him a pair of rings. It was the finest gold ring with a diamond in the middle.

“Put these rings on our hands.” Irene shyly said.

Her red face was so lovely that Grid picked up the small ring with trembling hands. Then he slid it on Irene’s finger. Irene also placed the ring on Grid’s finger. Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[You have worn the Ring of Pledge. If you are with the person

wearing the same ring, special effects will occur.]

[You have pledged eternal love with Irene Winston von Steim.]

[You have become the husband of a lady.]

[You can now check the estate's information using the authority of the lady's husband. However, you have no right to decide estate policy.]

[You will gain more benefits and have a stronger voice the higher your wife's liking towards you.]

[If your wife's liking is low, the worst case scenario is a divorce. Be careful.]

[You have become an earl's son-in-law.]

[The Nobility stat has been opened.]

[All stats have increased by 20.]

[You can advance into the social circle of the nobles.]

[You will receive a monthly salary of 500 gold.]

Grid's mouth dropped open. His fortune seemed to be increasing

thanks to his beautiful, competent, and kind bride.

On the other hand, Earl Steim watched his daughter blush as Grid put the ring on her and suddenly found Khan. He approached Khan and handed him a drink.

“Are you Grid’s friend?”

Khan looked up with surprise and asked, “Why is a great person like Your Lordship interested in someone like me...?”

“Don’t speak like that. Aren’t you a blacksmith who represents the north and a friend of my son-in-law? It is an honor to talk to you.”

“...Yes.”

After that, there was a flurry of drinking. Most people drank alcohol like water while blessing the bride and groom. Vantner and Bland got drunk together and cursed the bridegroom, causing Knight Captain Phoenix to expel them.

There were foreign envoys and senior nobles who discretely laughed at the fact that the groom was a commoner, but the good mood was sustained because Faker secretly stunned them and placed them asleep in a corner.

On the other hand, the residents and users in Winston were also celebrating. There was the festive atmosphere of fireworks and

music.

“Lady Irene got married!”

“Ahh! It is to our hero!”

“I hope that the lady will give birth to a son!”

“Yes! I am looking forward to the future!”

The NPCs learned that Irene’s marriage partner was Grid and danced with joy. However, the users didn’t know the details and weren’t very interested in Irene’s marriage. They were delighted about other parts.

[Irene, the lady of Winston, has married and blessed everyone!]

[All Winston products will be exempt from taxes for the next 10 days.]

[Users who set Winston as their residence will gain a 50% increase in experience and 30% increase in item acquisition for the next 15 days.]

[Users who have settled in a city or village that belongs to Earl Steim will gain a 30% increase in experience and 15% increase in item acquisition for the next 10 days.]

This was good luck!

The millions of users in Earl Steim's territory started to hunt hard to take advantage of this opportunity. Users heard the rumors and moved to Earl Steim's territories to experience this event, causing these areas to have an enormous population growth.

Among them, the number of population heading to Winston was unequaled. But Winston's population was already saturated. The users who planned to move to Winston were forced to look at other villages near Winston.

Those villages included Bairan, which was managed by the Tzedakah Guild. The village of Bairan was a territory under Winston and as a result, it was able to achieve tremendous growth in a short period of time. Thousands of people migrated every day, hundreds of new houses were built, the number of shops increased and the economy was booming.

“Ah~! What is this? I am too busy!”

Jishuka and the Tzedakah Guild cried out. If this trend continued, the money would pour in, but they were worried about being too busy to have time to level up.

Then let's go back in time to the wedding night!

Grid was naked and facing Irene, who had uncovered her white body.

“Beautiful...”

“I’m embarrassed...”

Irene had a wide pelvis and long slender limbs, like a model. Her breasts were only a B cup, making it somewhat inadequate for Grid’s taste. But Grid wasn’t disappointed. The shape of Irene’s breasts was perfect and the harmony of colors was wonderful... The details will be omitted.

“Irene!!”

“Oh my.”

The excited Grid lowered Irene onto the bed. Then he immediately used the techniques described in the book he read before accessing Satisfy. The techniques were very dazzling... The details will be omitted.

“Ahh!!”

Whenever Grid’s long and hard fingers swept over Irene’s white and soft skin... The details will be omitted.

“Grid...!”

Irene shed tears as she was surrounded by pleasures she had

never experienced in her 20 years of living. The pleasure she felt was so huge that she was almost scared.

“I’m scared... I feel like another person... It feels like I will fly away somewhere...”

His hands gave her such pleasure that it was hard to believe Grid was a virgin. The reason he could demonstrate such excellent hand techniques wasn’t because he read the book, but because he was influenced by his high dexterity stat.

The combination of his stats and titles meant that he had over 1,500 dexterity, transcending human limitations. Sometimes delicate! Sometimes strong! He was able to perfectly control the tempo as his hands swept over Irene’s whole body. It was almost enough to give him the title of caressing king.

“Grid... Hurry...!”

“Irene!!”

Irene looked up at him with a yearning expression. The moment Grid met that gaze, he let go of his reason. He took a deep breath as for the first time in his 27 years of life... The details will be omitted.

“Ahh... Grid! I love you...! I love you!! I love you!”

As the night grew deeper, the intensity of Irene’s pleasure grew.

Combined with the title effects, Grid's strength exceeded 1,600 and his stamina exceeded 1,000, so Grid was comparable to the legendary virile king.

Thanks to that, Irene was surrounded by pleasures that ordinary women never experienced... The details will be omitted.

[Irene's liking towards you has increased.]

[Irene's liking towards you has increased.]

[Irene's liking towards you has increased...]

Irene's love towards him grew bigger every time Grid moved his waist... The details will be omitted.

Thus, the first night was a great success. Grid was able to achieve the maximum liking with Irene in just one night.

Chapter 139

Flash!

Grid opened his eyes to the sound of birds chirping and raised his body. The first thing he did was look for Irene. He was anxious at the thought that last night was a dream, then he sighed with relief.

“Irene...”

A beautiful girl with silver hair, who he could assert was the loveliest person in the world, was sleeping on his right side. Her glowing skin was shining through the blanket, creating a strange emotion inside Grid.

‘My woman.’

Grid had never achieved love in 27 years. No, he couldn’t even hold hands with a girl. It was inevitable that he would feel like this towards his first woman.

‘I will make Irene happy.’

Grid had a new goal. Irene being kidnapped twice by the Yatan Church were the worst memories of her life. She would suffer from the trauma for a long time. Grid vowed that he would never let her suffer the same misfortunes again.

‘I need enough strength to protect her.’

Doran would be pleased to hear this from the other world. Irene was deeply asleep after the exertions the night before. He was worried that he would wake her up, so he got up as quietly as possible, dressed and walked out of the room.

Two maids were waiting for him in front of the door.

“Have you woken up, Sir Grid?”

“I want to wash up, so please guide me to the bathroom.”

“Um...”

One maid was calm while the other had a lively nature. Grid followed behind them without thinking and then panicked in the dressing area before the bathroom. The maids started taking off his clothes like it was natural.

“W-What are you doing?”

How did the maids manage to take off so many clothes in merely seconds? It was like they used magic, rendering Grid naked in the blink of an eye. He covered his important areas with both hands and shouted,

“Are you crazy? Why are you suddenly stripping me?”

“Huh?”

They replied in a manner that seemed as if they thought his reaction was odd.

“You have to take your clothes off to wash.”

At the moment, Grid quickly grasped the situation and asked, “P-Perhaps you... Are you planning to wash me?”

“Yes, that is our duty.”

“It is natural for maids to wash their master’s body.”

‘T-This...!’

Noblemen were such perverted people that they forced young girls to wash their bodies!

‘These guys... Isn’t this great?’

It was something he always wanted to experience once when he saw it in manhwas. The elated Grid removed the hands covered his important parts. Then he proudly straightened up and said.

“Okay. Take it off and then wash me.”

“Yes.”

Grid had fallen for Irene overnight and swore that he would love her forever. However, that didn't mean he would be single-hearted. He was a man! Any protagonist would dream of having a harem! Since ancient times, heroes were always surrounded by girls. While Grid had no intention of missing this opportunity, reality was cruel.

‘...There is no reaction.’

In Satisfy, sex was only available once a month and it had to be between married partners. If these conditions weren't met, the sexual function itself wouldn't work. Cute maids were washing every part of his body with soft, delicate touches, but Grid didn't feel anything at all.

‘This is crazy...’

A famous line came to mind.

‘I... I am a eunuch...’

Grid was frustrated as the maids washed his body. Somehow, the maids seemed to be laughing at him, so his self-esteem as a man was shattered.

After 30 minutes.

“...”

The maids finished wiping off all the moisture on his body before Grid left the bathroom with a soulless expression and put on new clothes. They were the finest clothing that nobles wore.

The maids admired him as they exclaimed, “Sir Grid, you look so cool.”

“That’s right! The clothes fit well so you should stand tall!”

Grid confirmed his appearance in the mirror and felt awkward. “If I wear cheap clothes, Irene will... No, I will ruin the lady’s reputation. But these clothes aren’t too much? I am the husband of the lady, not a noble.”

The maids explained.

“There will be a ceremony soon. Grid will officially be made a noble today.”

“Right, right. This isn’t a costume.”

Their words were true.

After breakfast.

Earl Steim summoned Grid. “Irene is my only heir, basically giving her the authority of an earl. That child will become a countess after my death.”

“...”

“Aside from her title, Irene is the lady of a big city. It will be a problem if her husband is a commoner... I will like to give you the title of viscount, will you accept it?”

“Of course.”

The nobles of the Eternal Kingdom, an earl had the authority to appoint two viscounts and eight barons. However, Earl Steim already had five viscounts under him. He was one of the two nobles representing the Eternal Kingdom, exercising power beyond the law.

Then Grid became the sixth person to be awarded the title of viscount by Earl Steim.

[You have become a viscount of the Eternal Kingdom.]

[As Earl Steim’s son-in-law, you have acquired the Steim last name.]

[You have the authority to rule a territory.]

[You have the authority to command soldiers.]

[You can employ up to three people as knights. You can employ both NPCs and users.]

[You can give a forceful command to the people. But it isn't recommended.]

[You will receive a monthly salary of 2,000 gold.]

‘Yes!’

Grid has a decent salary of 500 gold as the earl's son-in-law. However, he was disappointed because the amount was too low. Now he was a viscount and obtained an extra 2,000 gold, making it a total of 2,500 gold every month.

‘2,500 gold in cash is...!’

It was three million won. It was a huge fixed amount, so Grid was thrilled. Earl Steim noticed his satisfaction and asked quietly.

“So... Did the first night go well?”

“...That.”

Grid couldn't easily answer. The other person was his father-in-law. What son-in-law could explain the truth about what happened last night? In the end, Grid replied modestly.

“It is a level that I can be proud of.”

“Haha!”

Earl Steim laughed with satisfaction at Grid's answer. Then Irene entered the room. Her face flushed as she read the atmosphere, then she said.

“Father, you will be able to see your grandchildren sooner or later. Grid... He is amazing.”

“Ohh! I see! My son-in-law is so great?”

“Yes, he is really amazing. I experienced more than I imagined last night. Perhaps there will be at least five boys in the future. I will give birth to children until I run out of strength and will make Father happy in your old age.”

“Yes! I'm looking forward to it! Really looking forward to it! Grid, please use your strength. I want at least 10 grandchildren!”

“Ah...”

Grid couldn't tell the truth that he might not be able to give 10 grandchildren because he could only do it once a month. He knew the circumstances of the Steim family so he didn't want to make Earl Steim worry.

“...I will do my best.”

Grid barely managed to answer and left the room. Then Irene spoke separately to him, “Are you returning to work at Khan's smithy as planned?”

Irene was clutching his arms like she didn't want to separate from him. She would like to be with Grid 24 hours a day.

Grid lamented. “Before that, there is something else I need to do. Irene, can you lend me a few soldiers?”

Grid had used his skills and increased Irene's liking to the maximum in just one month. Now he intentionally used that liking. Irene couldn't refuse his request.

“I can lend you a few soldiers. But what do you need to do that requires soldiers...?”

The walls overlooking Winston! Grid stood next to Irene and spoke seriously while gazing at Bairan Village in the south.

“As your husband, I wish to fight for the peace of your territory. I will defeat the Guardian of the Bairan Village, which has

frightened many people.”

Originally, Grid didn't have any talent for the game. Before he became Pagma's Descendant, he stayed in one city for a year and only reached around level 80. But now it was different. He had gone through all types of incidents since becoming Pagma's Descendant and now knew what he had to prioritize in the game.

‘I have to produce Failure first and foremost.’

The first item that Grid created, Failure! It was an absolutely fraudulent greatsword. Unfortunately, it had no value as a sell-able produce due to the usage conditions attached. Dainsleif was already the strongest weapon currently in existence, so Grid hadn't felt a strong greed for Failure.

But now he changed his thinking. He felt that he needed Failure. He had awakened to the common sense that it was ‘natural’ to have better weapons.

“You will fight for my sake, as well as this territory...?”

“That's right. It is only for you.”

“Ah...!”

Sometimes, well-meaning lies were required! Irene was thrilled by Grid's words and replied with a touched look,

“You can take 100 soldiers and two knights, but please don’t overdo it and remember to be careful. If you are hurt... My heart will be torn.”

She truly was lovely.

‘I really got a good wife.’

Grid grabbed Irene and hugged her tightly. He swore that he would surely succeed in defeating the Guardian of the Forest and collect the blue orichalcum, so that her help wouldn’t be in vain!

Chapter 140

Winston's parade ground.

There were exactly 100 soldiers gathered in a large space that could accommodate 5,000 people. They were bewildered.

“Morning training has ended, so why are we here?”

“I agree... It is also just our 100 man unit.”

Currently, Winston had 2,030 troops. Many troops had been lost due to the repeated battles with the Yatan Church, but Earl Steim had brought new soldiers to fill up those numbers. Only 100 of them were called out of 2,000 troops, so they couldn't help feeling anxious.

They were the 13th Hundred Man Unit, famous for causing a lot of mishaps! Therefore, they waiting anxiously as they thought about the punishment they would receive.

“First of all, let's try to think about what we did wrong. Last night, the armory guards... The third group? Did you doze off while keeping watch?”

“That doesn't make sense. The situation is still tense because of the Yatan Church, so how can we sleep on duty? We slept secretly in turns. Our network was very thorough. We weren't caught.”

“Really? Then the second group? You patrolled the market. Did the merchants complain that you stole things?”

“It can’t be. We only ate fruit or meat skewers, and no one made a fuss.”

“Umm... I don’t think we did anything wrong recently. We made some gangsters who worsened security disabled, but we can’t be punished for that. Right?”

“That act deserves a reward... Then what? What did we do wrong that we were made to gather?”

In the end, the soldiers couldn’t solve it on their own and asked their captain, Jude.

“Captain, why have we been called?”

“...I don’t know.”

Jude was also unable to understand the situation. He was moving about the usual schedule when there was suddenly an order to assemble. Jude wasn’t smart enough to guess why, so he just stood silently.

“Anyway, our captain won’t know anything about it.”

“I agree. Fighting is our captain’s strongest point. He is useless in

everything else.”

“ ... ”

The soldiers were in the midst of talking when two knights appeared. They were Romeo, an outstanding knight and his second in command, Deck. Romeo, who wore glittering golden full plate armor and a red cloak, shouted in a loud voice.

“Be quiet and pay attention! Viscount Grid is coming!”

“Viscount Grid?”

He married the lady just yesterday. Did he become a noble today? A noble should consume their stamina on the first night and enjoy the honeymoon, so why was he coming to the parade ground?

Grid appeared while the soldiers were feeling puzzled. He was wearing white armor and gloves and a great sense of dignity was coming from him. He made Romeo’s brilliant gold armor seem shallow.

‘The rumored hero who saved Winston from the previous lord and the Mero Company...!’

This was the first time the 13th Hundred Man Unit saw Grid. They all felt admiration.

‘There is a story that he rescued Lady Irene after killing Malacus.’

‘Isn’t he also a great blacksmith? He is amazing.’

Grid had a high amount of reputation, and was also rich in the dignity stat. The soldiers were envious and overwhelmed him with their gazes, causing Grid’s head to lower in embarrassment. Grid climbed onto the podium and fixed his attention on Jude before smiling faintly and saying,.

“The quality is generally good. Irene recommended this hundred man unit for a reason.”

The average level of the current Winston soldiers were around 70~80. The soldiers that Grid saw yesterday had an average combat power of around 1,000. But the soldiers of the 13th Hundred Man Unit had an average combat power of 2,000 while Jude had a huge 5,000 combat power.

Given the fact that the level 180 knights armed with top-tier items had a combat power around 7,500, Jude’s combat power was unusually high for someone only wearing poor quality chain mail.

Grid felt a strong interest and touched the sheath at his waist. Then he pulled out the sword received from Irene.

[Commander’s Sword]

Durability: 100/100 Attack Power: 100

* Dignity +30

* Skill 'Character Observation' will be generated.

A sword given to military commanders appointed by royalty or nobles. It isn't suitable for use as a weapon because of all the jewels.

But it gives the military command the advantage of being able to observe the soldiers' abilities closely. It is useful when commanding an army.

Weight: 220

'Character Observation.'

[Your insight is more than 600 points. Due to the influence of insight, Character Observation Lv.3 is activated.]

[Character Insight Lv.3]

You can grasp not just the personal information of the target being observed, but their current stats, the limit of their stats and their skills.

* Targets to be observed are limited to allies.

Name: Jude

Age: 25 Gender: Male

Occupation: Captain of Winston's 13th Hundred Man Unit

Level: 103

Strength: 818/2,080 Stamina: 431/908

Agility: 34/330 Intelligence: 11/20

Skills: Snatch the Enemy's Weapon and Use it as a Weapon (S).
Silence (A). I have no Idea (SS-).

A rare fool born in Winston. When it comes to strength, he doesn't fall behind anyone. He is a natural warrior who doesn't know fear.

Unfortunately, his brain is less evolved. No matter how hard he tries, he can never climb to a higher position. It is close to a miracle that he became the captain of a hundred man unit.

‘Then what about the knights?’

Grid followed by observing Romeo and Deck.

Name: Romeo Laniche

Age: 34 Gender: Male

Occupation: Lady Irene's knight.

Level: 196

Strength: 878/910 Stamina: 420/441

Agility: 253/270 Intelligence: 174/200

Skill: Elite Spirit (A+). Decent Blow (A+) Cool-headed (B).

The son of Viscount Laniche and Phoenix's disciple. He followed Captain Phoenix and naturally served the Steim family.

His talent grew from the beginning and trained in an elite course. However, he is in distress because his growth has been stagnant lately.

Name: Deck

Age: 32 Gender: Male

Occupation: Lady Irene's knight.

Level: 185

Strength: 750/1,050 Stamina: 334/536

Agility: 213/320 Intelligence: 199/230

Skill: Flattery (B+). Ability to Grasp the Situation (S-).
Conventional Swordsmanship (B).

His ability to read the situation is excellent. He always acts according to the trends. He has talent as a commander.

Looking at the total stats, the knights were much higher than Jude.

‘But considering the level difference, Jude actually has higher stats compared to the knights.’

The innate stats that Jude were born with were higher than the innate stats of the knights. It was a reasonable thought. By nature, weren't humans born with different talents? Jude was born with talent higher than Romeo and Deck.

‘But more than the innate stats... It is the maximum growth of the stats.’

The numbers that Jude's stats could grow to completely overwhelmed Romeo and Deck. If Jude was able to grow to his full potential, he would be at least twice as strong as Romeo.

‘The disadvantage is his unreasonably low intelligence, but Jude has many advantages to overcome that shortcoming.’

Grid noted the ratings of Jude's skills. The ratings of Jude's skills were much higher than the knights, and these skills seemed to be one of the sources of Jude's high combat strength. Grid made his decision.

‘Jude, I will raise you as my knight.’

As a viscount, Grid had the authority to appoint three knights. A normal person would've wanted a smart knight or a governor of a city, but Grid thought differently.

‘I can't be stupid.’

He would pick those whose stats could grow to become his knight and make them as loyal as dogs. Grid smiled wickedly and started to check the character information of the other soldiers. Unfortunately, none of the remaining 100 soldiers had talent worthy of Jude. But they definitely were more skilled than ordinary soldiers.

If Grid made them work in this raid... No, if he trained them well, they would be reborn as elite soldiers who would help protect

Winston and Irene.

‘Is it good to have a husband like him?’

‘What is he doing?’

After Grid’s appearance. He didn’t say anything and pulled out a sword, looking over the soldiers with a grin. Grid’s appearance didn’t look normal. The person who was lauded as a hero was behaving strangely, causing the knights and soldiers to feel anxious.

‘This is a little...’

‘It seems like they are just rumors.’

They started to feel disappointed with Grid! After verifying all of the soldiers’ information, Grid finally returned the Commander’s Sword to its sheath before cutting straight to the point.

“We will depart for Bairan Village.”

“Bairan?”

“Why are we going there all of a sudden...?”

The soldiers started to murmur. Romeo frowned at them.

“Hey! Concentrate!”

“Ah, what a surprise.”

“I’m sorry.”

Grid was startled because he was standing right next to Romeo. He smiled at the soldiers then started explaining, “We are going to Bairan Village to defeat the Guardian of the Forest. It will be a tough journey, so everyone should be prepared.”

“Heok!”

The exclamation of shock wasn’t from the soldiers. It was from Romeo, who looked at Grid with hesitation. As a knight from a noble family, he was normally highly conscious of his image. However, he forgot about it as he trembled in front of the soldiers.

“V-Viscount? You want to defeat the Guardian of the Forest? With just these people? Are you serious?”

Of course.”

“Hat...! No, why are you saying something so absurd?”

The Guardian of the Forest was a peak golem type monster, and was impossible to damage with merely swords and arrows since its

body was covered with hard rocks and orichalcum. It also constantly summoned small golems and the attack power was threatening enough to cause earthquakes. It was one of the strongest monsters in the north.

“It will be difficult to defeat the Guardian of the Forest, even if you bring along all of Winston’s troops!”

Romeo asserted. This wasn’t an exaggeration. The Guardian of the Forest required dozens of magicians or two or more great magicians to defeat. But the magicians in Winston were at a mediocre level and there were only four of them.

It was impossible to knock down the Guardian of the Forest with 2,000 troops if they didn’t have a powerful magic unit. The 2,000 troops would be wiped out. Yet Grid wanted to defeat the Guardian of the Forest with 100 soldiers and two knights?

Romeo then recalled the Tzedakah Guild.

“Ah! Perhaps you are planning to call the Tzedakah Guild? Are you planning to join forces with them, just like when you defeated Malacus?”

“What nonsense are you saying?”

Obviously, it would be easy to defeat the Guardian of the Forest if he called the Tzedakah Guild. But Grid had no intention of doing the raid with the Tzedakah Guild. The soldiers and knights were

NPC salary workers, so they couldn't look at the items dropped by the Guardian of the Forest, while the Tzedakah Guild members were equal to Grid.

If he did the raid with them, Grid would have to split the items with them. He didn't want that. In other words, Grid planned a raid with NPCs in an attempt to monopolize all the drops from the Guardian of the Forest.

‘In the first place, there is no need to ask for their help.’

Grid had defeated the pope alone. Why should he borrow the guild's hands when he could easily get rid of the Guardian of the Forest? He shouted, “Everybody move! We will depart straight away!”

“Isn't this like a lightning bolt out of the blue...?”

The knights and soldiers were grouchy. They thought they would die. Grid was making the wrong moves as soon as he became the lady's husband. They were worried about their future. But Jude had no thoughts. He just silently followed Grid.

It was the day when Grid's subordinate fostering program began.

At the same time, Khan's smithy.

“...When is Grid coming to work?”

Vantner had arrived at the smithy since early morning and had been waiting for Grid for five hours. He had been too agitated about being deprived of Irene and lost his temper. Therefore, he wanted to apologize to Grid for being rude and ask him to make the armor.

It was the moment he had been waiting 40 days for. He hoped that Grid would come to the smithy as soon as possible. But Grid never showed up at the smithy, even when lunchtime passed and it became night.

‘He is enjoying his honeymoon and not even showing up to his job... That bastard... He isn’t even responding to the guild chat or whispers...’

Vantner’s expression turned dark.

Chapter 141

During the three day journey towards the Grey Forest on the outskirts of Bairan, Grid constantly worked Jude and the soldiers.

He instructed them to fight the monsters who were drawn by Malacus' Cloak. However, the Bairan monsters had a minimum level of 100, while the Grey Forest monsters had a minimum level of 120. It was hard for the level 70~80 soldiers to fight them. There were the sounds of suffering.

But Grid was firm. He never gave orders for the soldiers to retreat. They were forced to fight, even if they had to die. He gave almost no breaks. In the end, the soldiers couldn't refuse his commands and were forced to fight with a real determination to die. Indeed, they almost died several times.

The soldiers no longer regarded Grid as a hero. They thought he was the devil.

Initially, the soldiers thought that this expedition was to torment them. But none of the soldiers lost their lives to the monsters. Every time the soldiers were on the brink of death, Grid and the knights saved them.

This repeated for three days, and the average level of the soldiers increased to 90. Jude always fought in the lead and managed to reach level 110.

‘Certainly... NPCs are different from users.’

Grid realized some new facts. Users gained 10 fixed stat points every time they gained a level, while NPCs randomly acquired a minimum of 6 to a maximum of 20 stat points. Every time Jude levelled up, he got at least 16 stat points. Indeed, Grid was interested in a Grade A NPC.

Grid was encouraged.

‘Yes Jude. Grow quickly. Then become my faithful dog.’

The next day, the party finally reached the Grey Forest. From here, the atmosphere became strange. The spirits of the soldiers that had grown under Grid’s direction faded away in an instant.

“I-I’m sorry but we can’t move any further.”

The start of the forest was covered by a poison fog generated by the poison flowers. A radius of 300m was filled with poison. The soldiers and knights naturally shrunk back. They were five meters away from the poison, but their skin was already irritated. They could feel their health deteriorating in real time.

Romeo judged that stepping into the forest without a Rebecca priest was nothing more than suicide.

“It is unreasonable to beat the Guardian of the Forest with this group. It’s impossible to reach the Guardian of the Forest itself. It’s great that we reached here, but we can only turn back...”

The knights and soldiers stood still and didn't move. Grid didn't force them.

'The poison flowers' poison fog does 350 damage per second.'

Putting aside the knights, the soldiers had less than 3,000 health. If he forced them into the fog, they wouldn't even be able to move 100m before dying. Grid worked hard to train them, so he didn't want to lose them like this.

'I have to go ahead.'

The poison flower wasn't simply a poisonous plant. It was a level 160 carnivorous plant that attacked anything that came into its range with its tentacles. It was the object of complete terror for travellers and monsters.

But the flowers weren't a threat to Grid. The tense Grid put a hand into his inventory. He was planning to take out Dainsleif in order to get rid of the poison flowers.

"Jude?"

Jude was silent as usual as he walked forward towards the fog. He was heading towards the poison fog that scared even the knights!

‘Indeed! He’s a person that I am paying attention to!’

Grid was filled with anticipation. What would Jude use to break through the poison fog? He watched with curious eyes. Then Jude finally stepped into the fog. Jude’s health gauge started to decline at a tremendous pace.

But Jude didn’t care. He groaned and kept advancing. Then he fell down onto the grass.

“...Eh?”

Grid was perplexed by the unexpected development. Then the soldiers were in an uproar.

“Ah Captain! He moved without thinking and is digging his grave!”

“Let’s go rescue Captain quickly!”

“Shit, we have to go into that poison fog? We’ll die as well!”

“Uhh... Will Captain die like this?”

Jude’s poisoned gauge was falling quickly. The helpless soldiers were forced to watch as their captain died in front of their eyes. Grid noticed his mistake.

‘Wasn’t he stupid?’

Despite repeatedly gaining levels, Jude’s intelligence was still stuck at 11. There was also the unknown skill with the ominous name of ‘I have no Idea.’ The reason Jude went into the fog wasn’t because he had a means of breaking the fog, but because he had no idea. Grid belatedly discovered this fact and hurriedly moved.

‘I can’t lose him like this!’

“Viscount!”

Romen and Deck cried out. A viscount was throwing himself into poisonous fog just to save a mere captain? They couldn’t understand Grid’s behavior.

Deck shouted in an urgent voice, “Sir Romeo! If the viscount dies, then we are finished!”

“Come on...!”

But it was too late. Grid’s movement speed was superhuman. The moment Romeo and Deck thought to stop him, Grid was already in the middle of the poison fog.

“Drink it quickly!”

“...?”

His vision became cloudy. A terrible pain filled his body. Jude thought he would die like this. Someone suddenly ran up to Jude and raised his body. Then Jude was fed a potion? The person was Grid.

“...?”

A noble was willing to risk his life to save a commoner? Didn't nobles consider soldiers to be meat shields on the battlefield? Grid was different from the nobles that Jude had met. Why was he different? He was curious, but Jude's intelligence couldn't infer the reason. So he was just thrilled.

Then he made a stupid look as tentacles from the poison flowers flew towards him. The tentacles were like flying birds, but none of them could reach Jude. It was natural. How could level 160 monsters exert their power in front of Grid?

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave!”

Swords of light moved in all directions around Grid. The tentacles flying towards Jude were destroyed and dozens of poison flowers screamed. Then the poisonous fog started to disappear like a lie. Jude made a stupid expression and admired Grid's skill.

‘Strong.’

Clean air started pouring into the poisoned lungs. His innate

health meant Jude was quickly freed from suffering and he raised his body. Then he bowed to Grid.

“Thank you.”

These words were too simple towards someone who saved his life. Grid was embarrassed for a while.

‘He really is stupid.’

He told Jude, “It’s good to be brave, but you should think before moving forward. You don’t have 10 lives, right?”

“...Um.”

Jude nodded like he understood. But the expression was too subtle. It was like he didn’t understand what it meant. Grid felt uncomfortable. He couldn’t help feeling anxious. It wasn’t a difficult demand. Grid just asked him to be careful. But how stupid was he to not understand?

Then the knights and soldiers ran up to them.

“You’re safe!”

They gazed at Grid with admiration.

“It’s amazing that you can sweep up dozens of poison flowers all at once! This is the majesty of the hero who defeated Malacus!”

“The acting of rescuing the captain is the epitome of all nobles and knights!”

Romeo and Deck started to praise Grid. The soldiers who misunderstood Grid as a devil once again recognized Grid as a hero.

“Viscount is the best!”

“Thank you for saving the captain!”

The cheers from the soldiers and knights! Grid smiled at them, but it had an ominous feeling.

“How is it? If you are with me, you can easily defeat the Guardian of the Forest.”

“...No, that...”

Despite the fact that Grid had shown his greatness, the knights and soldiers still reacted skeptically to beating the Guardian of the Forest.

Grid didn’t care. He was willful from the beginning, so he just started moving forward again. The knights and soldiers were

forced to follow him. Then the party encountered something in the center of the forest.

“Humans! No humans in forest! Humans pollute forest! No forgive humans!”

It was a goblin lord. Most goblins were around one meter tall, but he was around two meters tall. And his strength was beyond imagination. As a level 180 field boss, he was an intermediate boss that had to be defeated before meeting the Guardian of the Forest.

He summoned dozens of hobgoblins. Grid identified this and began conducting his troops.

“This is the final training before we defeat the Guardian of the Forest! Three soldiers will mark one hobgoblin, while the knights and Jude will look at the entire battlefield and help those in danger. Once the goblin lord starts acting strange, it is the precursor to an earthquake. At that time, spread out and minimize the damage!”

The goblin lord had the same attack pattern as the Guardian of the Forest.

The goblin lord summoned hobgoblins while the Guardian of the Forest summoned golems. The goblin lord also possessed the same wide range earthquake technique as the Guardian of the Forest.

That’s why Guardian of the Forest raid parties tended to meet the

goblin lord before meeting the Guardian of the Forest. Grid had familiarized himself with the process and responded as calmly as possible.

Then!

The knights and soldiers marked the hobgoblins according to Grid's instructions, while Grid approached the goblin lord. Then he used Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill, in order to suppress it.

[Critical!]

[The Holy Light Gloves option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target five times.]

[You have dealt 302,555 damage.]

[You have defeated the guard of the Grey Forest, the goblin lord!]

[2,600,100 experience has been acquired.]

[The Goblin Lord's Club has been acquired.]

[The Goblin Lord's fang has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

“...Ah.”

The critical strike combined with the Holy Light Gloves' option and Kill was a blow that managed to cause the level 280 griffon boss monster to fall into a critical state. Therefore, it easily took care of the level 180 goblin lord.

Of course, this wasn't his intention. Why was the power of his items applied at such exquisite timing?

“Hiik! Humans! Scary!”

The hobgoblins ran away with fear while Grid was feeling embarrassed. Grid grasped the situation.

‘Damn, I should’ve taken off the gloves.’

Grid felt regret over missing the opportunity to train the troops, while the knights and soldiers were baffled.

‘Is that a human?’

‘Ridiculously strong...’

“The Guardian of the Forest. It's time to hunt it.”

In the midst of the chaos, only Jude was moving forward without

thinking.

Chapter 142

A few months ago, Grid had owed money to creditors. He suffered all types of persecution under the Mother's Heart is Happy employees.

He did hard labor every day in order to pay back the interest and practically lived as a slave with no signs of a better life. He couldn't even dream of being loved by others, or enjoying himself over a bottle of soju.

But now it was different.

Grid had got a legendary class and barely succeeded for a while. However, now the debt had been completely cleared and he became rich.

Since the Malacus raid, he produced the Thorn of Deep Grievance for Ibellin and earned 4.61 billion won in revenue. He still had 2.95 billion won left, despite paying 5% of the gold sales commission fee to the item trading site, paying off his family's remaining debt, and purchasing a car.

Nowadays, Grid could eat chicken once every two weeks. He could eat one chicken in one meal without having to share. Now that he could enjoy such luxuries, he wanted to collect 10 billion won to buy a piece of land and build a residence!

But before starting that, he thought he needed to produce Failure first. Then he moved to purchase blue orichalcum, which was the

main ingredient of Failure. However, there were no blue orichalcum at the auction site in the game or on the Internet.

It might be because no users had raided the Guardian of the Forest, or the drop rate of blue orichalcum was low, or another blacksmith had bought the blue orichalcum. Grid didn't know the exact reason why there were no blue orichalcum for sale. But he knew the answer to obtain blue orichalcum.

Wasn't it a simple task to collect them directly from the Guardian of the Forest raid?

'I obtained three blue orichalcum when selling the Sword of Self-transcendence to Administrator Vladi... I need 12 more blue orichalcum to produce Failure.

And...

Grid was currently in front of the Guardian of the Forest.

"Here."

The deepest part of the forest. There was a huge crater where the forest used to be. Grid started to observe all the topographic features, including the trees tinged with grey ash.

'The soldiers don't have enough cover to depend on. The trees will be crushed like cookies... It will be a frontal confrontation.'

Grid wasn't particularly worried. As long as the knights and soldiers marked the golems summoned by the Guardian of the Forest, he could defeat the Guardian of the Forest in that gap. But the knights and soldiers were afraid.

"E-Excuse me Viscount... Shouldn't we go back now?"

"Please save us! If I die, my wife and children will be sad!"

"I'm still young..."

Despite Grid showing his strength on the way here, the morale of the knights and soldiers was still low. In the end, Grid threw off the broad-brimmed hat he had been wearing. Then he wore the Holy Light Crown and pulled out the Commander's Sword to raise his dignity stat.

"The Guardian of the Forest? Didn't I get rid of Malacus, who filled the world with terror? You just have to believe in me. Yes?"

"O-Ohhh...!"

Grid's current dignity stat was 364 points. If he added 200 points from the Holy Light Crown and 30 points from the Commander's Sword, his dignity stat neared a huge 600 points. This was comparable to the dignity stat points held by the top NPCs that represented each nation, even if they weren't kings. The general soldiers as well as the knights, Romeo and Deck, couldn't help

bowing to Grid.

“I have great faith in the viscount. We will follow you with no more complaints.”

“Okay.”

The troops fell silent. Grid felt satisfied and started to look around again.

‘By the way, why isn’t the Guardian of the Forest appearing? Shouldn’t it appear now?’

Grid had confirmed the raid timetable through a website in advance. Today was the day that the Guardian of the Forest was supposed to respawn, and the timing was right as well. He also had to be careful of other raid parties, so he had deliberately hid his face and identity with a hat.

But when he arrived here, there were no raid parties and the Guardian of the Forest couldn’t be seen.

‘Don’t tell me the site is a scam?’ It was a paid membership site. Grid was angry since he had paid 130,000 won in order to check the raid timetable. ‘I trusted it because it has a lot of members...!’

Grid was convinced that he had been cheated of the price of six chickens and kicked a rock furiously. Then the small rock started to shake loudly.

Jude clapped with wide eyes, “Amazing. The rock you kicked is dancing.”

“That’s not it...”

The knights and soldiers became frantic. The rock that Grid kicked was moving and growing larger? Like a turtle hiding inside its shell, it was the moment when the crouched up Guardian of the Forest fully emerged.

However, it was a little strange.

“What is this guy?”

Grid was confused. Originally, the Guardian of the Forest should be over 5m and large. However, this one had a height similar to Grid and was sleek looking.

‘Isn’t it like a human?’

There were five fingers and toes on each extended limb, just like a person. Except for the back that was made of hard rocks, the whole body was composed of transparent ores and flashing above its head was the name ‘Awakened Guardian of the Forest.’

“You, what are you?”

He tried to measure the combat power but it was ????. There were only question marks. Grid instinctively perceived the danger and became alert. Then the Awakened Guardian of the Forest narrowed the distance in an instant.

Kwaang!

There was a storm in the aftermath of his movements. The ash scattered all over the place and the roots of the trees were shaken.

Peeng!

It was like watching Regas. The Awakened Guardian of the Forest aimed a sharp kick. Then Deck, standing next to Grid, coughed up blood and turned into light.

[The knight Deck has died.]

“Crazy!”

Killing a level 185 knight in one blow? Grid hurriedly exclaimed, “Avoid it! Especially Jude! You absolutely must survive!”

The knights and soldiers wouldn’t be any help. The tense Grid put a hand into his inventory. The black greatsword was pulled out and Dainsleif showed its majestic appearance.

It had now been 47 days.

Grid had promised to make a new armor for Vantner. Following Pon and Ibellin, he was fortunate enough to be the third winner of Grid's production item.

‘Now I can be born again as an overgeared person!’

When armed with the strongest armor that Grid would produce, his defense would be sufficient and he could run amok! Vantner was excited. It wasn't an exaggeration to call him the most delighted person in the world.

But what was this? An absurd thing happened. Grid abandoned the armor production for a quest? Then there was no news.

From that day, the time of waiting begun. Vantner waited every day for Grid to return. A fortnight passed and he waited indefinitely. Whenever he walked the street, he would frantically look if he heard any grumbling. If he saw an Asian man, he would think it was Grid.

Grid didn't return until a month and two weeks later. Vantner wasn't able to contact Grid because the guild chat and whispers were blocked. It was enough to make Vantner curse. He honestly didn't know how many times he insulted Grid.

But as he waited for Grid, Vantner fell in love.

Then four days ago! Grid returned to Winston as Vantner dreamed of. Vantner's long wait would be repaid.

‘I can finally get my armor...!’

Vantner was thrilled to tears. He ran off to meet Grid, like he was reuniting with a lover. Then he became frustrated. Instead of producing an armor, Grid suddenly announced his marriage. It was also to Lady Irene who Vantner had been longing for!

On the day of the wedding ceremony, Vantner was in turmoil from the unexpected developments and couldn't hide his hostility towards Grid. Rather than bringing up the wait, he was angry at Grid taking away Lady Irene. Then he became drunk during the wedding, cursed Grid, and was kicked out.

He regretted it the next day. He realized that he had lost control. Irene was just an unrequited crush, so how could he be angry at Grid for taking her away? Vantner felt ashamed and sorry. He was worried about Grid's reaction.

‘Surely he won't refuse to make my item?’

He was well aware of what a narrow-minded person Grid was. So after the wedding, he stayed for three days at Khan's smithy. He wanted to apologize to Grid for his actions and to ask for the production of his item.

But Grid never showed up in Khan's smithy after his marriage.

Khan knew the reason why. But he wouldn't tell Vantner Grid's whereabouts, no matter how he asked.

“Hey, look Old Man. Why won't you tell me where Grid went?”

“Didn't you swear at Grid on his wedding day? I don't want someone like you becoming involved with Grid.”

“Hah, really...”

Khan was a twisted old man. There was a reason why he was a good fit with Grid. Vantner failed to find out Grid's whereabouts for three days and eventually asked Jishuka.

–Master, can you go and see Irene?

–You want me to ask about Grid's whereabouts?

–Yes...

–Okay. I also think that now is the time for Grid to work.

The Tzedakah Guild recruited Grid because they needed his blacksmith abilities. Grid also joined the guild to act as a blacksmith. As the guild master, Jishuka had to remind Grid of his duties.

She went to see Irene. Then she was shocked by Irene's words.

“Huh? Grid... No, Viscount Grid has gone to defeat the Guardian of the Forest?”

“Yes. He said that he wants to defeat the Guardian of the Forest for our sake. Isn't he like Prince Charming? So cool.”

“...This is a headache.”

Like other games, Satisfy was a thoroughly competitive society. All users and guilds struggled for their own interests. One of the easiest ways for a guild to profit was to control a hunting ground.

Guilds controlled hunting grounds where honey flowed and prohibited outsiders from entering. This was called guild monopolization. It was a natural occurrence. The Tzedakah Guild also controlled two hunting grounds around Bairan without opening them to outsiders.

The first place was Ruger Dungeon where monsters over level 250 appeared, and the second place was the Grey Forest where the Guardian of the Forest appeared.

The Guardian of the Forest was very strong. It was a level 245 field boss, but it was stronger than a dungeon boss. Its stats were abnormally high and it had a wide range of CC and summoning skills, making it very difficult to deal with.

It also possessed a passive skill to reduce physical damage and along with its natural defense and health, it took the current Tzedakah Guild at least three hours to defeat it. But Grid only led 100 soldiers and two knights to the Guardian of the Forest raid.

It was also during this cycle!

‘The Awakened Guardian of the Forest is several times stronger than the normal Guardian of the Forest.

Blue orichalcum is a mineral born with the power of moonlight and the Guardian of the Forest. Was that why? The Guardian of the Forest and blue orichalcum were very sensitive to moonlight.

Once every four months, the two full moons would rise at the same time and the blue orichalcum, which made up most of the Guardian of the Forest, would show an infinite power and awaken the guardian.

Right now, it was the awakening cycle. Four months ago, the Tzedakah Guild wasn't aware of this and was annihilated after challenging the Awakened Guardian of the Forest. The Awakened Guardian of the Forest had significantly less health and defense than the normal one, but it exerted overwhelming attack power and agility.

‘It is much stronger than a pope, who was a priest. This time, Grid can't avoid death.’

Even the Tzedakah Guild have given up on the Guardian of the Forest raid during this awakening period. Therefore, they didn't bother controlling the Grey Forest. They planned to try the Awakened Guardian of the Forest raid in four months.

No matter how she thought about it, the odds of Grid succeeding in the raid alone was 0%.

‘This is better.’

If Grid ever participated in the guild's community, Grid would've found out that the guild monopolized the Guardian of the Forest raid and would've been able to ask for the blue orichalcum that he wanted.

But he didn't. His ignorance of the guild community and his insistence on personal activities led to this. Jishuka hoped that Grid's habit would be fixed. She wanted him to realize the importance of the guild community with this incident and hoped that he would refrain from personal activities in the future.

In front of Khan's smithy.

“Really, that Grid...”

Vantner clicked his tongue after receiving Jishuka's explanation through a whisper. He wanted to help Grid, but it was impossible because he was too far away.

‘He will be angry from the experience loss after dying and might not want to make my item...’

A man arrived at the smithy while Vantner was feeling worried. Khan, who only treated Vantner badly, enthusiastically welcomed the man.

“Ohh! Hasn’t it been a really long time? Has it been a few months?”

“It’s good to see you. Has My Liege been well?”

“Huh, you haven’t heard the news about him these days? He’s become tremendously successful. Now he is once again on a brave raid...”

Khan suddenly paused in his conversation and whispered in the man’s ears. What was he saying? The man was happy.

“As expected from My Liege... Really amazing. He tried to run away from the frostlight orc chief and now he is raiding a monster alone? I will go to meet him.”

The man said goodbye to Khan and exited the smithy. Then he blew a whistle, riding the drake that was called and soaring into the sky.

Vantner was confused.

“I’ve never seen that ID among the rankers who use drakes as pets.”

Was a new rookie popping up again? The stagnant Vantner became frustrated.

Chapter 143

?????

The combat power displayed above the Awakened Guardian of the Forest's head was made of only question marks. If this were Grid from a few months back, he wouldn't have been able to guess why and probably would've thought it as a bug and grumbled about it.

However, now he was different. After many incidents, Grid had calmed and matured almost to the point of unfamiliarity. His thinking power finally belonged to the category of normal people.

'Is this implying that its combat power is too high for my insight?'

Peng!

"Ah, is my scouting broken? What's with your immeasurable combat strength?"

Grid was reminded of a scene from an old manhwa. His insight had worked on the pope, so this meant that the guardian in front of him was stronger than the pope.

"How rotten... I came here to play but I met a strong enemy."

Grid had defeated the pope and obtained the legendary battle gear set, so he was much stronger than before. He had planned to easily defeat the Guardian of the Forest. Then what was this awakening mode?

Grid wasn't aware of why the Guardian of the Forest awakened and why it was at this time. But he didn't panic. He thought about it calmly and positively.

'It will be a tough fight, but I think that it will work out well. Doesn't it seem like the guardian will give a lot of blue orichalcum?'

The ash grey forest couldn't dim the light of the blue orichalcum on the awakened guardian's body. If he could obtain all those blue orichalcum, wouldn't he be able to make two Failures?

'I will collect it!' Grid wanted to take out a pickaxe. However, he needed to first neutralize the guardian. 'I can't be too excited or I might miss the jackpot. Let's not attack carelessly and wait for a chance.'

Grid was a greatsword lover. Except for the Ideal Dagger that he made for a quest, he had always used a greatsword since starting Satisfy until now. He was confident that he had a higher understanding of a greatsword than most users did.

All out power! Deadly blows!

“Phew.”

Grid grasped Dainsleif tightly and took deep breaths. He waited for a moment. The awakened guardian stared at Grid, then a red light flashed in its eyes. It made a posture like a sprinter, then quickly narrowed the distance towards Grid.

Grid timed it.

‘One. Two. Now!’

It was perfect timing. As soon as the awakened guardian ran into Dainsleif’s attack range, Grid released all his tensed muscles.

Kwaang!

An explosive sword strike! Dainsleif caused a dark red afterglow as it accurately struck the guardian’s chest.

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 5,700 damage to the target.]

The awakened guardian’s health gauge was reduced around 1/100. Grid was convinced.

‘Just like the size is several times smaller than the original, its

defense and health are reduced as well.'

Monster types could be divided into the main categories of: attack, defense, support, and balance. While it was possible to classify them in more detail depending on species, attributes, skill, etc, these were just the basics.

The Guardian of the Forest was a typical defensive monster. As a peak golem, it possessed both abnormally high defense and health. On the other hand, the Awakened Guardian of the Forest was undoubtedly an offensive monster. It was obvious that it was an aggressive monster when its health was reduced by 1/100 by a single blow, as well as the fact that it killed a knight instantly.

'The advantages are its fast speed and high attack power.'

This was a good thing. Grid could exert overwhelming attack power, so he found it more comfortable to deal with offensive types compared to defense types. It was possible to take care of the opponent quickly.

"I will kill you in an instant."

The awakened guardian was stronger than the pope? He was also stronger than the pope. Grid's eyes were filled with confidence. But he still remained calm. His head was cold while his chest was hot.

"..."

Grid didn't move first. He waited for another chance, just like before.

Peeng!

Indeed. As an offensive type monster, the awakened guardian was aggressive. It didn't learn and aimed for a frontal attack again.

‘Now!’

Grid calculated the perfect timing for a counter. He swung Dainsleif the moment the awakened guardian entered his range of attack.

Chaaeng!

This time, it was a vertical slash. The heavier blow fell upon the guardian's shoulders.

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 6,380 damage to the target.]

Kik. Kkikikik.

The awakened guardian was hit and let out a strange noise. It

paused for a moment before heading directly to him again.

‘Hehe, you idiot. Is your IQ in the single digit~?’

On the other hand, Grid believed that his IQ was in the double digits! He prepared for the third counter. He once again swung Dainsleif with proper timing. But this time, there was a completely different result.

The same move no longer worked. The awakened guard avoided the attack by moving its upper body the moment Grid struck. Then it moved around Dainsleif towards Grid’s side.

‘The same stupid lunge was a fake?’

A chill went down Grid’s spine. A monster using a trick! Then the guardian rotated, gathering the centrifugal force before kicked Grid’s face.

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 13,090 damage.]

“Kuheok...!”

This wasn’t a skill. It was just a kick. In other words, a simple blow. Except, that “simple blow” made him instantly lose a third of his health. This was twice the damage that Grid could deal with his

critical attacks. Considering Grid was also equipped with legendary equipment, it was a stunning sight to behold.

[The effect of Doran's Ring has been activated.]

[The option of the Holy Light Armor has been activated.]

[19,635 health has been restored.]

“Damn bastard!”

The broken nose bone was restored and the nosebleed disappeared without a trace. However, Grid's anger didn't fade. Falling for a monster's tricks? Grid didn't expect to be so stupid! Then Grid fired Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link.

Pipit! Pipipipipi-!

17 swords of light covered the awakened guardian's body. But it didn't do much damage. The awakened guardian surprised him by avoiding nine of the strikes.

‘Fast!’

Grid panicked as the guardian leapt into the air like a martial artist and evaded. Then it flew above Grid's head and its heel descended. Grid hurriedly defended.

Jjejeong!

[The durability of +5 Dainsleif (Reproduction) has been reduced by 37.]

‘As expected from the blue orichalcum!’

Dainsleif was made of black iron, one of the finest minerals, and the durability hadn’t been damaged until now! Except for adamantium, its body was composed of blue orichalcum, which was known as one of the best minerals.

“I’ll kill you! I will tear your body to shreds! Blacksmith’s Rage!”

Grid didn’t shrink back. Rather, the momentum around him became stronger.

[Blacksmith’s Rage has been activated. Your attack power and attack speed will increase significantly for 20 seconds.]

Chaaeng! Chaeeeeeng!

The onslaught of the excited Grid began. The awakened guardian defended by crossing its arms. Grid’s attack speed after Blacksmith’s Rage was used was so fast that the guardian couldn’t counterattack.

Grid kept up this momentum.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave!”

It was impossible for the awakened guardian to defeat against the waves being emitted in every direction.

[You have dealt 10,300 damage to the target.]

[The target’s attack speed has reduced.]

The awakened guardian stumbled like its body suddenly became heavier. It quickly corrected its posture but it was already too late. Grid accumulated a lot of combat experience and he wasn’t going to miss this moment.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Kill!”

Kuoooooh-!

A powerful killing intent filled and suppressed the air. Romeo and the soldiers watching the battle from the bushes were scared, urinated or fainted. The awakened guardian also flinched in response. It perceived great danger from the black energy around Grid’s greatsword.

Kwang!

The awakened guardian struck the ground with its feet. Then the

earth suddenly started to vibrate. One of the AOE skills possessed by the Guardian of the Forest could also be used in its awakened form.

“Ugh.”

Grid was immune to status conditions, but what about when the entire earth was shaking? He lost his balance. The subtle collapse of his posture dropped the accuracy of Kill significantly.

[Your attack has missed.]

‘Damn!’

His strongest move had missed? Grid was shaken. Then the guardian, who avoided Kill, started to fight back as it struck Grid’s body with both fists.

Pepepepeok!

The number of blows was higher than Link. The fists that could even crush steel slammed into Grid. It was the sight of a full-scale beating.

“V-Viscount Grid!”

The soldiers screamed. The volcanic ash blown by the wind pressure interfered with their sight, but they thought that Grid

was being turned into a rag.

“We have to help. Our savior... He will die.”

Jude jumped to his feet. Romeo stopped him before he could go forward.

“Viscount Grid is safe! We will just interfere!”

Romeo’s words were true. At first glance, Grid seemed to be standing firmly on the ground. He never collapsed, despite being hit by the awakened guardian’s strike dozens of times. Meanwhile, the awakened guardian stopped punching. It seemed to think Grid was dead.

However, reality was different. Golden discs were flashing from within the ashes? The golden discs appeared in front of the guardian.

Kikik! Kik.

The awakened guardian belatedly noticed that it had been the golden discs that it had been hitting so far.

Kwaang!

It nervously kicked out at the discs. Then it flinched again. It kicked with all its power, but the golden discs floating in the air

didn't even move.

“...You.”

The two golden discs swirled and moved in different directions. Then it was revealed that Grid didn't receive even one wound.

Grid frowned. “Did you avoid my attack using such a shallow method? Are you pretending to be a smart golem? Huh? Damn bastard.”

Float.

Grid's body rose in the air. This wasn't a temporary rise. It was the 'Fly' magic attached to Braham's Boots. Romeo and the soldiers were in a daze.

“Heok! The viscount can use magic?”

“I don't know!”

Romeo was confused. He heard from Earl Steim that Grid was Pagma's Descendant, so how could he use magic? It was also senior magic!

‘Does that mean Pagma could use magic? Or is Pagma's Descendant an existence that transcends Pagma...!’

Teong!

There was a disturbance from the side and the awakened guard jumped as high as possible. It had planned to grab a hold of Grid before he escaped. But the attempt failed. The height that the guardian could jump was 4m. Grid had already flown above 5m.

Grid scoffed, “Try to trigger another earthquake, you stupid bastard. It is useless to trigger an earthquake when I’m in the sky.”

A person in the sky had an advantage over those on the ground! In the grey sky, Grid started dancing among the volcanic ash that was like snow.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Grid’s sword dance usually lasted from 1.5 to 3 seconds. But this sword dance lasted two times longer than that. It was natural. This was because he was using two sword dances in succession.

“Transcend, Link.”

[The new skill fusion has succeeded.]

[Fusion skill ‘Transcended Link’ has been created.]

[Your intelligence has increased by 10 due to the successful fusion of a new skill.]

[Transcended Link]

A sword dance that transcends imagination and is more dazzling than a butterfly's wings.

You will temporarily be in a transcended linked state.

A total of 20 strikes will be launched, dealing 150% attack power with each hit.

Every time a target is hit, they will be stiff for 0.1 seconds.

* This skill doesn't share a cooldown with Transcend and Link.

Skill Mana Cost: 1,600

Skill Cooldown Time: 15 minutes.

“Eh?”

Grid was simple.

If he switched to a ranged mode with Transcend to double his attack power, then used Link, the original 800% attack power of Link would be doubled by the ranged attack. He thought it would be effective, so he connected the two skills.

However, the actual result was a skill fusion and its power was beyond imagination.

Kwakwakwakwakwakwakwang!

The deepest part of the Grey Forest. There was an outpouring of black energy swords in the sky of forest where the Guardian of the Forest had lived for hundreds of years.

Chapter 144

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 183,900 damage to the target.]

The fusion skill Transcended Link did more damage than Kill. In addition, it also caused the status condition of stiffness. It was the birth of a new special move.

Kiyaaaaaah!

The awakened guardian screamed with pain from the profound blow. Then notification windows flashed in front of Grid.

[Pagma's Swordsmanship has reached a higher ground.]

[The level of Pagma's Swordsmanship has increased.]

[Pagma's Swordsmanship]

Lv. 2

-When the skill is deactivated-

You can become one with the sword at any time. Increases physical attack by 30%, critical hit rate by 20% and critical damage

by 10%.

* This effect is only applied when a sword type weapon is equipped.

* The skill consumes no mana.

-When the skill is activated-

Become one with the sword. Wave, Restraint, Link, Kill, Transcend and Transcended Link. You can unleash a total of six sword techniques.

* The effect of the deactivated skill will be lost.

* 20 mana is required to activate the skill.

* Once deactivated, it will take 10 seconds until the skill can be activated again. Nothing will be consumed when deactivated.

“This is good.”

His physical attack power, critical hit chance, and critical damage when Pagma’s Swordsmanship was deactivated had increased by 10%. It was comparable to the Advanced Weapon Mastery skill that only rankers above level 240 could acquire. No, it was more than that.

‘I am sorry that it is only applied when deactivated, but...’

He only activated Pagma’s Swordsmanship whenever he used active skills such as Wave, Kill, and Link. Unfortunately, all of those active skills had a long cooldown time. Due to this, the time he activated Pagma’s Swordsmanship was very short, and Grid looked forward to the deactivated effect in the future.

Kuweeeeeeh!

The awakened guardian roared. Its health gauge was reduced by one-third. It cried out for Grid to come down to the ground and fight.

“You want to kill me?”

Grid scoffed from the sky. Now that the level of Pagma’s Swordsmanship had risen, he wanted to go down and test out its power. But why should he make things harder for himself?

“It is up to here.”

Suuuuoh.

Grid took a high-grade health potion and started to unfold his sword dance again. He did two sword dances in succession. He was aiming for a new skill fusion. This time it was Transcend and Wave. Grid had no doubt that the fusion of these two skills would result in a powerful skill like Transcended Link.

“Transcend, Wave!”

Grid was filled with anticipation. But there was no skill fusion. The effects were the normal skills.

Kukukukung!

The black energy swords poured down from the sky like a waterfall in every direction. It was a very threatening attack for the awakened guardian. It used all the hard minerals and rocks on its body to form a shell.

[You have dealt 15,800 damage to the target.]

[The target's attack speed has reduced.]

“This.”

The skill fusion might've failed but Wave's attack power was doubled due to Transcend. The shell was badly damaged.

‘It seems only some of the sword dances can be fused... I will take care of this first, then experiment later.’

The ones he wanted to try fusing most were Transcend and Kill, or Link and Kill. If the fusion was possible, it would be a skill that went beyond the power of Transcended Link.

But the cooldown time for Kill was 400 seconds, even with the 20% decrease in cooldown time from Braham's Boots. The experiment had to be postponed because the cooldown time of Kill wasn't over yet.

“Blacksmith's Rage!”

Grid's attack power and attack speed rose! He wielded Dainsleif with all his strength.

Pepepepeong!

Depending on the angle with which Grid swung Dainsleif, sword energies with different shapes were fired.

It was impossible for the guardian to evade due to having its movement speed slowed by Wave. the Awakened Guardian of the Forest was unable to defend against all attacks with its shell and started to scream again.

“Amazing!”

“Viscount Grid is invincible...”

Romeo and the soldiers were thrilled. The powerful Guardian of the Forest was being one-sidedly turned into a turtle inside its shell. Grid truly seemed to transcend human limits. But this

transcendent dignity was only temporary.

[The duration of Transcend is over.]

The cooldown time was 50 minutes, while the duration was only 30 seconds.

“Pant pant...”

After constantly attacking for 30 seconds, Grid stopped and suffered from the stamina loss. Despite his high persistence stat, he was exhausted and gasping for breath. However, his expression was relaxed.

‘It is almost over.’

The awakened guardian only had a quarter of its health left. After being hit by Transcended Link, it started to use its minerals as a shield, but it was useless. Grid’s power in Transcend mode was so overwhelming that its health kept falling.

The cooldown time for Kill was almost over, so it was time to finish this. Grid recovered his breathing as he slowly descended.

“I will collect it.”

Grid was ready to take out his pickaxe. However, he overlooked the fact that night was coming.

Kikik. Kkikikikik.

Grid descended to the ground because he believed that he had caught the awakened guardian when it suddenly made a strange sound. As the surroundings darkened, the red eyes turned blue and the blue orichalcum on its body started to turn purple.

“What? What are you trying to do?”

Grid frowned as he sensed the change. Then there was an explosion of magic power from the transformed awakened guardian.

Kwaaaang!

“Ouch!”

The explosion seemed like it would blow the entire forest away. Grid was blown away by the aftermath of the explosion just before he landed on the ground, then he rotated several times as he was thrown into the forest.

Ku tang tang tang! Kwa kwang!

“Ouch...”

Grid fell onto some rocks and shuddered with pain. He was

covered with volcanic ash that poured from the shaking trees. Grid spat out the ash in his mouth and cursed.

“That crazy bastard... Eh?”

Grid murmured as he rose from his spot.

Kwang! Kwang! The speed of the awakened guardian rushing through the forest couldn't be compared to before. But Grid didn't feel any tension.

Jjejeong!

The rotating pavranium defended against the fists and kicks of the awakened guardian.

The awakened guardian attempted to strike through gaps in the pavranium, but the wall of defense developed by the pavranium was absolute. They successfully defended against the awakened guardian's lightning speed attacks.

Grid snorted. “Isn't it amazing? This is the power of items.”

Kiyaaaaaah!

The awakened guardian yelled like it didn't like his words. Then a blue flash emerged from its open mouth.

Jeeeong!

The pavranium shook as they blocked the flash. They became stiff and didn't move, just like when they defended against Jishuka's arrow. This was bad. Grid's face tensed for the first time.

Kikik. Kik.

The awakened guardian made a sound like it was laughing and shot past the pavranium. Grid didn't stay still. He defended against the kick flying towards his abdomen with Dainsleif.

Chaaeng!

[The durability of +5 Dainsleif (Reproduction) has been reduced by 46.]

‘What?’

Before the change, Dainsleif's durability had dropped by 37 when he defended against the guardian's attack. But now it dropped by another 20%. Looking at this numerically, it meant that the guardian's attack power had increased by 20%.

‘What is this?’

Grid was confused by the strengthened guardian before noticing the darkness that was around him. It was night. He recalled some

of the descriptions written about Failure.

‘Attack power +20% in dark places.’

‘Due to the nature of the blue orichalcum, it becomes stronger in the dark.’

“...Should I have come in the morning?”

After entering the Grey Forest in the afternoon, he had wasted time by hunting monsters, including the poison flowers and goblin lord.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

“How rotten!”

Grid pledged that next time he would come in the morning, as he defended against the awakened guardian’s onslaught. Dainsleif boasted a maximum durability of 500. It was experiencing continuous durability loss and started cracking.

During that time, pavranium recovered and started to protect Grid again. However, the guardian had already found the method to disable it. It fired the blue flash at the pavranium again.

“Damn! Damn!”

Grid's personality started to be revealed under his confusion and agitation. He lost his coolness. The awakened guardian stretched like it was making fun of him. Kik. There was a strange noise like a laugh.

It was an obvious provocation!

“You dog bastard!”

The moment that Grid was about to completely lose control of his thinking power.

[The effect of the composure stat is activated.]

His 400 points in composure showed an effect. Grid instantly recovered his cool thanks to it. A greatsword user focused on attacks that used its weight to deal damage.

Peeeeek!

Grid didn't defend against the flying fist.

[You have suffered 7,300 damage.]

Immediately after the hit,

“Ohhhhhh!”

He swung his greatsword with all his strength.

Kwaang!

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 7,700 damage to the target.]

Peeok!

[You have suffered 7,250 damage.]

A hit once again.

[You have dealt 3,900 damage to the target.]

He hit back.

“Yes, let’s see who dies first!”

Grid was originally a person whose control sucked. His combat method was simple. Hit, be hit, drink potions and hit again.

[You have suffered 7,140 damage.]

[You have dealt 3,920 damage to the target.]

[You have taken a high-grade health potion. 8,000 health will be restored.]

[You have suffered 7,300 damage.]

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 7,810 damage to the target.]

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 15,600 damage.]

Hit! Be hit! Drink potion!

Then at this moment,

[The effect of Doran's Ring has been activated.]

[The option of the Holy Light Armor has been activated.]

[23,400 health has been restored.]

The power of his items was revealed.

Kkik?

The awakened guardian panicked. The more it fought the intruder, the weaker it was becoming, while the intruder seemed the same.

Buuong.

The guardian was disadvantaged every time it was hit, so it became cautious. It avoided the big greatsword and tried to counterattack when Grid's back was exposed. Then it was surprised. It was because Grid had been moving in one direction, but he suddenly turned towards the opposite direction.

Chaaeng!

The guardian flinched as it was hit in the waist.

Tong! Grid's right foot left the ground. He used that reaction to raise Dainsleif, which was stuck in the awakened guardian's waist.

Kwajak!

The body of the awakened guardian was thrown into the air. Unlike the past, Grid now had some level of control.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship...!”

He planned to trigger the final blow while the guardian was defenseless in the air.

Kiyaaaaaah!

The guardian's survival instincts woke up! It didn't want to die alone so it instead aimed the blue flash from its mouth towards Grid.

“Kill!”

Peeeeeeong!

The greatsword shattered the head of the awakened guardian.

Puooook!

The blue flash pierced Grid's heart.

[A legend doesn't die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

Grid lived.

On the other hand, the awakened guardian's head was destroyed and turned into grey light. Blue orichalcum ore was scattered all

over the place, seeming more beautiful than ant jewel in the moonlight.

[Under two full moons, you have defeated the Awakened Guardian of the Forest!]

[14 pieces of blue orichalcum have been acquired.]

[3 pieces of purple orichalcum have been acquired.]

[The Amethyst Shield has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level...]

[You have reached level 200!]

[Your stats have awakened and the unique features of all stats will improve.]

“...How rotten.”

Flop!

The joy of gaining levels and items only lasted for a short moment! Grid flopped down without any hesitation. Then he started lamenting on the ground. The enemy was so strong that he had focused on the battle and forgot about the pickaxe. It was a matter of huge regret for him.

Chapter 145

Grid started appraising the items he acquired after the struggle with the awakened guardian.

[Blue Orichalcum]

Orichalcum is a mineral born with the power of moonlight and the Guardian of the Forest.

It is impossible to erode the Guardian of the Forest's magic power, but it has the best hardness and strength among all minerals.

It is lightweight and becomes much stronger in darkness.

* Advanced blacksmith skills are required to smelt it.

Weight: 3

[Purple Orichalcum]

A mineral that can only be obtained when the Guardian of the Forest has awakened under two full moons.

It holds a unique magic power that boosts attack power and magic power. But unlike the blue orichalcum, its strength is extremely poor.

It isn't suitable as a raw material for battle gear. However, it is a good material to use for making accessories.

* The blacksmith skill must be mastered to smelt it.

Weight: 1

[Amethyst Shield]

Rating: Epic

Durability: 200 Defense: 200 Magic Resistance: 200

A beautiful shield that shines purple, red or black depending on the angle. It is a symbolic piece that is awarded only to the head of the Red Knights.

It is an item lost three years ago when Piaro, who was framed as a traitor by Asmophel, fled to the Eternal Kingdom.

The third prince of the Saharan Empire is looking for this shield. It is recommended that you bring it to him.

Conditions of Use: Red Knights Leader.

Weight: 350

[A hidden function doesn't exist.]

“I'm getting goosebumps.”

Grid noted that the awakened guardian dropped exactly 14 blue orichalcum. He shuddered at the thought. A total of 15 blue orichalcum ores were needed to make Failure. However, only 14 blue orichalcum ores were dropped, as if someone knew this and wanted to mess with him.

“I would rather it give a lot less than 15 than to be teased like this and missing just one ore of blue orichalcum..”

What if he hadn't obtained three blue orichalcum from Administrator Valdi a few months ago? Wouldn't he be lacking just one material to make Failure?

“It is enormous.”

Grid calmed his agitated heart and turned to the purple orichalcum.

‘Accessories...’

Grid currently had two accessories. One was Doran's Ring, while the other was the Ring of Pledge obtained from his marriage.

[Ring of Pledge.]

Rating: Unique

A token of eternal love.

You will be in a 'happy' state when you are with your spouse. Movement speed will increase by 8% and all stats will increase by 30 points.

* Depending on your spouse's liking, the emotion when you are with your spouse will change. Happiness, joy, contentment, normal, dissatisfaction, depression and hate. There are a total of seven emotions, and the Ring of Pledge can have different effects depending on the emotions.

If you spend a hot night with your partner while wearing this ring, the experience of all skills will rise by 10%.

* A hot night is only available once a month.

When wearing the ring, the affinity of all NPCs of the opposite sex other than your spouse won't easily increase.

If you are caught by your spouse not wearing the ring, your spouse's liking will fall by 90% and their chances of becoming pregnant will decrease dramatically.

Weight: 0.1

Doran's Ring had proven its effectiveness several times and was certainly a fraudulent accessory. But the Ring of Pledge was different.

The additional effects were only applied when he was with his spouse, and the increase in skills experience was only available once a month. It also wasn't easy to accumulate affinity with NPCs of the opposite sex if he wore this ring.

To be honest, he didn't need to wear it unless he was with Irene. But Grid had no intention of taking it off. He didn't want to take the risk, since Irene's liking would drop significantly if she discovered it.

He was usually an unlucky person, even if his luck had increased these days. Let's not take the ring off.

Rather, the NPC could get pregnant? Satisfy went this far with the simulation? Grid thought it would be fun in many ways.

'Discovering my child's talents, educating them and helping them grow...?'

But it took more than a decade to raise a child. Considering the disparity of female users, the second generation system didn't seem to play a very important role.

“Um... I should create a necklace with the purple orichalcum.”

He could wear multiple rings, but only one necklace. Therefore, the performance of necklaces was overall better than rings. Grid easily made a decision.

“Okay, okay. A necklace is good.”

He would need the help of a jeweler to make the accessory. He decided to ask Khan for a recommendation, then he looked over at the Amethyst Shield.

“This is a quest item.”

It was the thing he was most nervous about. Grid remembered when he met Piaro in Kesan Canyon after obtaining Pagma’s Swordsmanship.

‘He wanted to punish Asmophel, who framed him as a traitor.’

Asmophel was in the Saharan Empire.

‘Someday, I will visit the third prince in the Saharan Empire... At that time, I will meet Piaro and proceed with the Asmophel quest.’

The Saharan Empire was very far away. It couldn’t be reached easily, so Grid placed the Amethyst Shield in a corner of his inventory for the future.

Romeo and the soldiers approached.

“Are you okay?”

They were worried. They witnessed with their own eyes that Grid was hit by a powerful flash before the awakened guardian died. They had expected Grid to die. Grid assured them of his safety.

“Have you forgotten that I received the blessing from god? I can’t die.” After his simple and clear answer, he patted Romeo’s shoulder with a sad expression. “Deck’s death was a shame. I’m sorry I couldn’t protect him.”

Grid sincerely meant it. He was friends with Khan and his wife was Irene, so NPCs were like humans to Grid. Deck was a promising young knight, so it was tragic that he died here.

Romeo was in tears, “His bravery will be remembered by everyone here.”

Deck had saved the lives of many soldiers on the way here. The soldiers silently promised that they would never forget him. At that moment, the sharp cry of a beast was heard from the sky.

“What is this?”

“G-Gargoyle?”

A huge shape could be seen in the night sky. The flapping sound of the wings seemed like a griffon or gargoyle at first. Then the red body was revealed by the moonlight. It was a drake. An adult drake could grow up to 4m and they were rare monsters so strong that the griffons and gargoyles couldn't be compared.

They was a lower branch of dragons that even had the nickname of King of the Sky. There was a surprising figure on its back.

“My Liege, have you been well in the meantime?”

It was Huroi, who obtained a second class thanks to Grid. There was a heavy wind as he landed. Then Grid greeted him, “Hasn't it been a while? You have grown a lot.”

Grid eyed Huroi's combat power. 10,000. It was 2,000 more than Knight Romeo.

‘He is over level 200.’

He was ahead of others despite having the non-combat class of orator. Despite his excellent gaming talent, he was affected by the limitations of his class. Now that he had his second class, he was able to stare at the position of ranker.

“This is all thanks to My Liege.”

In the past, Grid hated Huroi. But not anymore. His perception changed after the two-man raid.

Grid smiled at him, “I’m glad that you didn’t forget about me. You should repay my grace by serving me.”

“Huh?”

Indeed, it was a reunion after a long time. It was around 4~5 months in Satisfy time. Huroi wanted to talk to Grid about what they had been doing in the meantime. He wanted to explain how he got the drake and his fantastic adventures. He also wanted to hear about how Grid became the husband of a noble lady.

However, Grid wasn’t interested in talking. There were only around 100 users among the two billion in Satisfy who could control a drake, the strongest pets.

“Go hunt the frostlight orcs.”

“...?”

Why did he need to go hunt mobs? Grid explained the reason to the confused Huroi,

“Don’t they drop sylphid scales? I need you to gather at least 28. While the drop rate is low, you should be able to collect it if you

hunt for 10 days or so.”

Grid planned to make the invisibility cloak. The correct name was Hooded Zip Up. It required 20 sylphid scales in order to produce it. Before obtaining Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Grid hunted for sylphid scales but had to give up after only obtaining 12.

While he had to give up, now Huroi had come.

‘I will create two: one for my use and one to sell to others.’

“ ... ”

Huroi recalled the hellish memory of being held in Winston’s dungeon for almost 200 hours.

‘Grid showed up when I was in despair and offered me the hand of salvation.’

He also recalled the frostlight orc chief raid.

‘I was stunned and about to be hit by the orc chief, then he protected me.’

The more he looked, the bigger Grid’s help was. He would be pleased to repay the favor.

“Then I will go.”

It was a tremendous bleeding to be tied to one hunting ground for 10 days when he was aiming to be a ranker. Therefore, Huroi was ready to leave with no delays. Grid stopped him.

“Walk instead of flying.”

“Huh?”

Grid pointed to Romeo and the soldiers, “If you fly, they won’t be able to follow you.”

“What...?”

“Take these people and train them while hunting.”

“...”

“You don’t want to?”

“...No.”

In the end, he was forced to walk on the ground despite having a drake. It would waste a considerable amount of time. Was that all? He was also supposed to be the soldiers’ babysitter. But there was nothing he could do. He had sworn to repay all that Grid had done

for him.

The descendants of Blue Wolf didn't take oaths lightly. Huroi intended to faithfully carry out Grid's orders.

"He has good timing."

Grid hummed as Huroi and the soldiers left. He wanted to make the Hooded Zip Up, but the drop rate was so low there wasn't much merit in hunting them directly. It would waste too much time.

He was grateful that Huroi appeared when he did.

'Sooner or later, I will make you a good item. So don't be too upset.'

Grid had a lot of room to spare after getting rid of his debt, so he was much less selfish than before. He had no intention of one-sidedly having Huroi do everything for him. Sooner or later, Grid was planning to give him a surprise.

"Now... First of all, I need to make Failure."

Grid's body rose in the air. It was much slower than the drake, but his flying speed was still fast. The destination was Khan's smithy.

A few hours later.

A man appeared in the deepest part of the Grey Forest. He looked at the place where the traces of battle still hadn't disappeared.

“What? The Awakened Guardian of the Forest isn't at a level that the Tzedakah Guild can defeat.”

Had someone within the top 5 of the unified rankings arrived here before him?

“Tsk, I wasted my time thanks to this. I can't come here every four months, so I missed my chance.”

The man who disappeared into the forest had the ID of 'Agnus' above his head.

Chapter 146

Grid returned!

As soon as she heard the news, Jishuka rushed to Khan's smithy from Winston Castle.

‘Is he in a very angry state?’

She imagined that Grid would be very frustrated by the Awakened Guardian of the Forest.

‘In the future, he should pay attention to the guild community.’

She judged that it was a perfect opportunity to teach Grid about refusing even the basic communications and to fix his habit of doing personal actions. But what was this?

“Jishuka? Why are you here?” Grid had a bright expression.

‘Why isn't he depressed about failing the raid due to lack of information?’

Jishuka was surprised by his unexpected appearance and asked, “Did you do the Guardian of the Forest raid?”

“How did you know? That's right.”

“...Were you successful?”

“Of course.” Grid replied like it was no big deal.

‘What? Did the Guardian of the Forest not awaken?’

Grid complained to the bewildered Jishuka, “But why did the guardian awaken? I suffered because it was a bit too strong.”

“Huh?”

Jishuka was at a loss for words.

‘He really beat the Awakened Guardian of the Forest? With no more than two knights and 100 soldiers?’

It seemed like a lie. Jishuka dubiously opened the guild information window. Then she checked Grid’s level. Grid had been level 180 just yesterday, and now he was level 200. The fact that he succeeded in the Awakened Guardian of the Forest raid wasn’t false.

‘It’s outrageous.’

She knew that the legendary class, Pagma’s Descendant was fraudulent. Apart from having a legendary blacksmith skill, Grid could demonstrate a level of combat similar to rare combat classes

and could wear any equipment.

Just that. That alone was a scam. However, the fraudulent legendary class was more than her imagination.

‘Isn’t one Grid bigger than the sum of all our guild members?’

She calculated that it was impossible to defeat the awakened guardian with the current power of the Tzedakah Guild. But Grid succeeded in the raid alone.

Jishuka was mistaken. Reality was different.

The reason that Grid could take care of the awakened guardian relatively easily was thanks to pavranium and Braham’s Boots. He was able to win because he blocked the guardian’s attacks with the pavranium, then he attacked the defenseless guardian from the air.

What if Grid fought against the entire guild? He couldn’t shield himself from all the attacks with just two pieces of pavranium, and he wouldn’t be able to defend against firepower in the sky. There was the five seconds of invulnerability, but that couldn’t last long against so many people.

The Tzedakah Guild were powerful and composed of a variety of classes, allowing them various tactical combinations. It would be too much for Grid alone to overwhelm the Tzedakah Guild. But Jishuka didn’t know the details and misunderstood Grid.

‘This is beyond a balance collapse. Isn’t it at the level of a bug?’

She started to worry. There were some spies from the Yatan Church in Bairan Village. She didn’t know when there would be a massive raid from the Yatan Church in retaliation for defeating Malacus. Was it okay to let Grid’s power be used as just a blacksmith in this situation?

Jishuka felt greedy for Grid’s combat ability.

“Grid, do you want to migrate to Bairan...?”

“Jishuka.”

The two people spoke at the same time. Grid wasn’t interested in what Jishuka had to say. He didn’t give her a chance to speak as he continued.

“If there isn’t anything special, can you go? I personally have something to do.”

“...”

Grid was the guild’s blacksmith. He was obliged to produce their items. But he kept doing personal activities. Jishuka felt like shouting, but she suddenly changed her mind.

‘There were no conditions when he joined and I promised him

freedom, so maybe he will leave if I push too much?’

Jishuka bent over slightly. She slightly emphasized her chest. She had grasped from the beginning that Grid was vulnerable to large breasts.

‘I will make him out of his mind first.’

She thought it would be simple to make Grid dazed, but he didn’t even blink. He had lost his virginity, so breasts didn’t affect him as much as before.

“What? You aren’t going?”

“Eh? Y-Yes. I’m going.” Jishuka turned red with embarrassment before his reaction was too cold. She covered her chest with both hands and ran away from the smithy. “Bah, what is this? Was he better as an idiot?”

Two months ago, Grid was stupid, stingy, and easy to handle. But now that his personality had changed, he was hard to deal with. It made her sad.

“Just because you have become a little big? Idiot!”

Jishuka walked down the street and angrily kicked a flower pot. She was a beautiful and famous celebrity, and she acted in public, so rumors spread in minutes. There were even articles on the Internet.

[Tzedakah's guild master creating a disturbance on the street.]

[According to the testimony of a witness, a man is believed to have broken her heart.]

[(Column) Jishuka is sexy even when angry! Let's explore her charms!]

[Jishuka's love is the martial artist Regas?]

[Jishuka has received a Hollywood love call...]

The day was filled with gossip about one of Satisfy's two beauties, Jishuka.

However, Grid was inside Khan's smithy and didn't know what was happening out in the world. He wasted time due to Jishuka's arrival, so he quickly moved towards the furnace. Then he took out the hammer he had been using for a long time.

[Unknown Blacksmith's Hammer]

Rating: Epic

Durability: 350/350 Attack Power: 70~80

Odds of Making a Rare Rated Item: +17%

Odds of Making an Epic Rated Item: +7%

A blacksmith's hammer made by a craftsman with great skills and potential, but his experience and reputation is somewhat lacking.

This is a hammer produced by the craftsman himself, so it isn't suitable for other blacksmiths to use.

Conditions of Use: Pagma's Descendant

Weight: 80

'This is lacking.'

Currently, he had 17 blue orichalcum. He only had one chance to produce Failure. Grid wanted to raise his odds as much as possible.

'Failure is a supreme weapon. I have to finish it with the highest rating.'

That's right. Grid wanted to complete Failure with a legendary rating.

[Failure]

Rating: Unique ~ Legendary

Failure was an item that was guaranteed to have a unique rating when produced. The basic performance was fraudulent, so a unique rating didn't change the fact that it was an absolute weapon.

However, human greed was endless! Grid would feel like it was lacking if he completed it with a unique rating.

‘I'll finish it with a legendary rating.’

What was the key to making a legendary rated item? Grid had produced thousands of items. He always did his best. He invested at least 20 hours into making one item. However, the experience of obtaining satisfactory results was small enough to fit in one hand. He only made three legendary items, while normal and rare rated items emerged like a factory.

‘I have to increase the chances of making legendary items.’

What did he need to do? It was to make a legendary rated hammer.

“Let's make a hammer.”

It had been a long time since Grid used blacksmith tools instead

of a greatsword.

Ttang! Ttang!

Once started, the flames in the furnace never turned off. Grid also didn't stop his hammering. Grid solely devoted himself to the task, regardless of whether it was day or not. Due to the heat from the fire and Grid's enthusiasm, it seemed like Khan's smithy was on the brink of an explosion.

"There will be no guests."

Khan was concerned about disturbing Grid's concentration, so he locked the doors of the smithy. Then he did his best to assist Grid.

Time passed.

The five hammers that Grid produced were rated normal, rare, epic, rare and rare. Grid was frustrated by the repeated failures. However, his mentality had matured and tried his best to the end without shaking.

Then on the fifth day. The item he wanted finally came.

[Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 550/550 Attack Power: 130~150

Odds of Making a Rare Rated Item: +30%

Odds of Making an Epic Rated Item: +20%

Odds of Making a Unique Rated Item: +8%

Odds of Making a Legendary Rated Item: +1%

* The amount of experience acquired for production related skills will increase.

A blacksmith's hammer made by a craftsman with great skills and potential, and is accumulating his experience and reputation.

This is a hammer produced by the craftsman himself, so it isn't suitable for other blacksmiths to use.

Conditions of Use: Pagma's Descendant

Weight: 50

[An legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +25 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +1,000.]

It was the moment when Grid's fourth legendary item was born after the Sword of Self-transcendence, Divine Shield, and Thorn of Deep Grievance. Grid frowned, rather than being pleased with the result that was obtained faster than expected.

"It isn't much."

He couldn't help being disappointed. The 20% chance of making epic items and 8% chance of making unique items were high enough that they couldn't be ignored. He was pleased by this outcome. However, he wasn't pleased that the chance of making a legendary item only increased by 1%.

'I don't think that a 1% increase will actually help... No, no. This is more than I expected.'

Grid thought about it positively as possible. Considering the number of items he had made so far, his chances of making a legendary item had been less than 0.1%. Having this increase by 1% would clearly have a great effect.

Based on simple calculations, one out of 100 items would be legendary rated, so wasn't this good? The probability had skyrocketed compared to the thousands he needed to make in the past.

'It's only the odds, but it's a lot better than before.'

Grid didn't delay. After five days of work, his concentration was

at its peak.

‘Now...!’

Grid held the Legendary Blacksmith’s Hammer. Then he started smelting the blue orichalcum.

Ttang! Ttang!

His skilled hammering was repeated. The blue orichalcum was delicately tempered.

“Ohh!”

Khan was amazed. As Grid hammered, the form of a blue shark slowly appeared on the anvil. Was this hot smithy the cool sea? The shark was lively enough to give off the illusion.

‘It is unbelievable.’

The transparent shark-shaped greatsword was amazing. To Khan, it was far more creative and practical than anything made by the dwarves.

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid’s hammering didn’t stop until the sun fell and the moon

rose and became faint again.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Patience skill has been activated. Concentration, stamina and defense will rise to the extreme for one hour.]

Then when the chickens were crying at dawn.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Breath has increased the effectiveness of your production items]

Grid had a rare bright smile.

[Failure]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 1,090/1,090

Attack Power: 1,040~2,166 Defense: 80

* Agility +50

* There is a low probability of blocking the enemy's attacks.

* There is a certain probability of activating the '5 Joint Attacks' skill.

- * There is a high probability of activating the 'Cutting' skill.
- * The skill 'Bisect' will be generated.
- * There will be a fear effect if the enemy is more than 20 levels lower than the user.
- * Attack power +20% in dark places.

It's a weapon designed by a legendary blacksmith. It's a greatsword, but its cutting ability is excellent because of its unique shape. It resembles the predator of the sea, a shark, and gives fear to enemies. The small blades spiking from the sword will increase the defense.

Blue orichalcum is used as a material. Its lightness means the attack speed doesn't fall. Due to the nature of the blue orichalcum, it becomes stronger in the dark.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. More than 5,000 strength.
Advanced Sword Mastery level 8 or higher.

Weight: 550

Pachichik! Pachichik!

On the lower edge of the wide sword, the name 'Grid' started to

be written in cursive. It was the moment when the item that Grid first created as Pagma's Descendant was revealed to the world.

Chapter 147

‘I did it!’

Grid was successful and felt greater joy than ever.

All the legendary items he had made so far. The Sword of Self-transcendence, Divine Shield, and Thorn of Deep Grievance were clearly excellent, but not enough to be called the best. They weren’t a match for the unique rated Dainsleif made by Albatino.

But Failure was different. The item was directly created by Grid and was an undeniably superior weapon. Dainsleif? It was enough to throw Dainsleif to the dogs.

“It’s different.” Grid was convinced. “Now I am the best.”

He had the strongest armor set and now he was holding the strongest weapon. Wasn’t he invincible?

‘Oh my god... Who would’ve imagined the day would come when a talent-less gamer like me would be like this?’

It was new. Before becoming Pagma’s Descendant, he had played hard for a year and only reached level 80.

“In the end...”

Grip. Grid formed two fists! All of the emotions he had suppressed started to emerge as he shouted.

“I’m a winner!”

Top rankers? Game geniuses? They were all destined to be helpless in front of the power of items.

“Hahahahat! Aren’t I raising my level too quickly? The system isn’t as good as items. Pu~hahahat!”

If they found out why Grid was laughing, the rankers who were hunting would become angry.

“Blood Witch Yura? Our next encounter will be different! Now I am better than her? Puhahat! Kek! Kek! Huh?”

Grid was laughing like crazy when he confirmed the notification windows in front of him.

[You have proven your potential by making five legendary items.]

‘This?’

The explanation of the Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship said that something special would occur when five legendary rated items were made. The notification windows in front of Grid kept updating.

[You have grown enough. You are no longer a nameless blacksmith.]

[All future items you make will be engraved with your initial 'G.']

[It will become known all over the world that Pagma's Descendant has been born.]

[Your potential is blooming.]

[The penalty that occurs when an item's usage conditions isn't met is reduced by 15% per rating.]

[The penalty of an item's options being reduced by 50% when an item's usage conditions isn't met will disappear.]

[The speed of item understanding will become two times faster.]

It was good thus far. The fact that the penalties when wearing items that he didn't meet the usage conditions were reduced was tremendous. Grid felt like he would have a heart attack from the joy. But...

[Your growth has deteriorated due to the blossoming of your potential.]

[The amount of stats acquired when making items will drop.]

[You won't acquire any additional stats in the future when making items with a rare rating.]

[You won't acquire any additional stats in the future when making items with an epic rating.]

[When unique rated items are produced, all stats will permanently rise by +4.]

[When legendary rated items are produced, all stats will permanently rise by +10.]

“...”

So far, Grid was awarded +2 to all stats when making a rare rated item, +4 to all stats for an epic item, +12 to all stats for a unique item and +25 to all stats when making a legendary item. But what was this? His potential blossoming(he read it as depleted), caused the amount of additional stats obtained from making items to drop significantly.

“Dammit...!”

It caused damage in the long-term. It wasn't just damage, but huge damage.

“Ahhhhhhh! These damn operators!”

Why were they making the boundaries of a legendary class so blatant? This was a balance patch for Grid, but he couldn't help screaming. Meanwhile, the notification windows were being renewed.

[The class of Pagma's Descendant will be revealed to the world. Do you want to register for the rankings and announce that you are Pagma's Descendant?]

If it was the Grid in the past, he would've said YES because he wanted to be a celebrity. But now it was different.

"I don't want to."

The famous people in the Tzedakah Guild, including Jishuka, suffered from huge crowds wherever they went. Grid witnessed it several times and now he had no desire to be a celebrity.

'In the first place, it's more profitable to make money from items than from the broadcasting fees.'

[You won't be registered in the rankings.]

[The information for the Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship skill has been updated.]

[(Witness of God's Weapon) Legendary Blacksmith's

Craftsmanship Skill]

Lv.3 (87.1%)

Produce equipment items that you know how to make.

You can create the production methods for a new item with the 'Legendary Blacksmith's Creation' skill.

You can produce myth rated items.

There is a high probability of producing rare~ epic rated items.

There is a certain probability of creating unique rated items.

There is a rare probability of creating legendary rated items.

There is a very rare probability of making myth grade items.

* All stats of a production items will increase by 17%.

* When unique rated items are produced, all stats will permanently rise by +4 and reputation throughout the continent will rise by +150.

* When legendary rated items are produced, all stats will permanently rise by +10 and reputation throughout the continent

will rise by +500.

- * When myth rated items are produced, your reputation throughout the continent will rise by +1,000.

- * Something special will occur with every five legendary items created. (Currently 5/10)

“... This is real. It really isn’t a joke...”

The skill description was miserable compared to before. Grid noted that special effects would occur every time he made five legendary items.

“Legendary items? I won’t make them.”

The special events seemed to be a balance patch.

‘In fact, it isn’t quite rotten.’

There were advantages, such as the reduced item penalties. The next special effect might be even better. As he was trying to think positively, the final notification windows appeared.

[You currently have 11,830 reputation throughout the continent. You can use the Reputation Store when your reputation reaches over 30,000.]

[Reputation Store]

A special store for all users. It is possible to purchase goods with reputation.

There are many rare items, so please be sure to use it.

The store's location will periodically change.

The system notified him of the existence of the reputation store only after the reputation that could be obtained from making an item dropped? Wasn't this deliberately making fun of people?

Grid's face turned red, "These operators @\$&*(!~\$#@#*!"

"..."

After making the strongest item. Khan watched Grid as he ran amok in joy and then anger.

'It has been a while since I've seen this...'

S.A. Group's headquarters.

Yoon Nahee and her team members were watching the monitor.

They watched the moment when Grid made the legendary rated Failure. The team members let out sounds of admiration.

“Wow, amazing. A legendary rated item popped up straight away?”

“He normally makes normal and rare items, so isn’t his luck good these days? He’s a late bloomer. Kilkil.”

Yoon Sangmin spoke from a corner. “Now that he has obtained the strongest legendary weapon, the balance will collapse rapidly.”

Team Leader Yoon Nahee shook her head. “Rather , the balance will be adjusted.”

The monitor changed to Grid’s viewpoint. They were able to see the list of notification windows that were being updated.

“He now acquires less stats and reputation when making an item. Well, isn’t this too delayed?” Yoon Sangmin sneered at Grid.

The team members wondered.

“Don’t you know? Satisfy’s system has already been established. Unless a new episode or event-driven quest is added, there is no need to add a patch to the existing system.”

“Then what is this? Is this skill change scheduled?”

Yoon Nahee nodded, “That’s right. Pagma’s Descendant isn’t a pure combat class. Its combat ability is lower than other legendary classes, but it can’t grow infinitely by enjoying the stat boost effect. Well... Based on the current situation, I don’t think that his combat ability will be pushed in comparison to the other legendary classes...”

The problem was that Grid was an unlucky person. According to supercomputer Morpheus’ predictions, Pagma’s Descendant should’ve made five legendary items three months ago and not gained as many stats.

But Grid was so unlucky that he couldn’t make legendary items. No matter how hard he tried, he only made low rated items. Therefore, Grid had a much longer stats-synergistic effect than Morpheus predicted, turning bad luck into good luck.

“I don’t know if he is lucky or unlucky...”

By this time, the whole world started to shake. It was the aftermath of the shocking message that appeared to all users who connected to Satisfy.

[A successor to Pagma’s techniques and will has emerged. He is the only legend in the world who can produce legendary items.]

Breaking news, breaking news, breaking news! A feast of breaking news. The media in each country made a fuss.

[Who is Pagma?]

[Pagma, a legendary blacksmith and master of the sword!]

[Is Pagma's Descendant a legendary class?]

[It is estimated to be a legendary thanks to the phrase 'legendary.']

[The only legendary item maker!]

[The first legendary class out of two billion users has appeared!]

[(Column) What is the power of a legendary class?]

[The 1st ranked blacksmith Panmir, 'I am not Pagma's Descendant.']

[The top guilds are already in action to find Pagma's Descendant...]

[Is Pagma's Descendant the creator of the Special Jaffa Arrow?]

[The possessor of the third epic class, Katz. 'Pagma's Descendant? The legendary class is just a blacksmith. It's nothing in front of the Blood Warrior. I'll give him enough money to become my personal

blacksmith.’ Katz’ arrogant remark!]

It was at the level of panic. The reaction was different compared to when the epic classes were announced. The S.A. Group judged that the atmosphere was being overheated from one topic and took action.

“Immediately activate the quests for the national competition in the game. It will disperse people’s attention.” Lim Cheolho commanded.

At that moment, a new notification window appeared in front of all users in Satisfy.

[In two months of real time, a national competition will be held in honor of each country. Participants will be recruited. Prove your abilities by completing in-game quests.]

The gaze of the media started to shift.

[Various event quests have been created in the game. There are special rewards just for participating in the quests?]

[The S.A. Group’s national competition will be hosted in South Korea!]

[The national competition will include events like a boss raid, PvP, pet marathon, breaking through a labyrinth, various production games, siege, etc...]

[Chairman Lim Cheolho. ‘If you are selected as a national representative, there will be tremendous rewards.’]

[(Column) The first legendary class, Pagma’s Descendant. Will he also participate in the national competition?]

[What country is Pagma’s Descendant from?]

[The country that Pagma’s Descendant belongs to will be the national champion.]

In the end, the attention of the press and public opinion once again focused on Pagma’s Descendant.

At Khan’s smithy.

Grid was doing his own work, regardless of the world’s interest. It was due to Jishuka’s request.

“It is highly likely that there will be a war with the Yatan Church. We need your skills. I hope that you can produce items for all guild members within a month.”

“One month? Hey, then I won’t have time to participate in the event quests.”

“Omo? Do you plan to compete in the national competition? Can

you cope with the storm that will happen once your identity is revealed? Pag.ma's De.scend.ant?"

"...It is too annoying."

The most desperate person was Vantner.

"Grid! My armor!"

[You have learned how to make the Wave Armor.]

[Wave Armor]

Rating: Rare ~ Legendary

Rare Rating Information:

Durability: 420/420 Defense: 531 Movement Speed: -8%

* Reduces the damage received by 40% if your health is above 90%.

* Increases defense against cutting attacks by 15%.

Epic Rating Information:

Durability: 455/455 Defense: 575 Movement Speed: -7%

- * Reduces the damage received by 45% if your health is above 80%.

- * Increases defense against cutting attacks by 20%.

- * There is a small chance of invalidating the cutting attack.

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 493/493 Defense: 631 Movement Speed: -6%

- * Reduces the damage received by 50% if your health is above 70%.

- * Increases defense against cutting attacks by 25%.

- * There is a certain chance of invalidating the cutting attack.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 574/574 Defense: 694 Movement Speed: -4%

- * Reduces the damage received by 60% if your health is above 60%.

* Increases defense against cutting attacks by 30%.

* There is a high chance of invalidating the cutting attack.

As armor made of black iron, it is several times lighter and stronger than steel.

There is a wave pattern on the entire armor to deflect the enemy's attack.

User Restriction: Level 240 or higher. More than 500 strength. Advanced Heavy Armor Mastery level 2 or higher.

Weight: 1,920

“Okay, I understand, I understand.”

Grid finally returned to his responsibilities. He would be stuck in the smithy, but he wasn't frustrated at all.

‘Anyway, I am the best.’

Unlike other rankers, he didn't have to rush around and hunt. For the time being, he would concentrate on making money and having a leisurely time. Grid enjoyed the feeling of being in seclusion, like a martial artist hermit.

Meanwhile, a long limousine arrived in front of Shin Youngwoo's house. The owner of the limousine was a person Youngwoo knew all too well.

Chapter 148

By the end of February.

The spring vacation of the Young Ladies High School was also ending. Sehee's new semester of her second year in high school would start in a few days, so she was studying hard today.

Hobbies? Travel? Dating? She had no interest at all. She simply enjoyed leisurely activities like jogging in the morning and yoga in the evening. Even that was just to maintain her condition for studying.

Sehee only devoted herself to studying. Why was she so obsessed with studying?

It was because of her brother, Youngwoo.

Her brother didn't have any talent in studying and he didn't stand out in any particular field. His only advantage was his patience, but after he went to university, she became worried about his future because he became lazy.

She expected him to improve after going to the army, but he actually worsened. Rather than going back to study, he fell into a game called Satisfy and got into debt. Their parents were worried. The two of them sighed because her brother's future was becoming dimmer every day.

‘I have to take care of Oppa.’

Was it because she grew up watching her pitiful and useless brother? Sehee grew up at an early age because of her brother. In middle school, she became determined to look after her parents and brother.

‘I’ll study hard on behalf of Oppa. I will succeed and become responsible for my parents and Oppa.’

Unlike her brother, Sehee was talented. She was a good student, went to the prestigious Young Ladies High School and had top grades in the nation. Her ultimate goal was simple. She planned to graduate from the best university, get a good job, earn a high salary, and support her parents and brother.

‘Oppa can believe in me.’

She continued studying while thinking so. However, a problem occurred not long ago. Her brother changed. Her brother suddenly become economically self-sustaining in a certain area.

That’s right, it was Satisfy. Ironically, it was the game that ate some of her brother’s youth. Her brother succeeded in the game and cleared his debt. He repaid not only his debt, but their father’s debt as well. Then he gave their parents hundreds of millions of allowance for their comfort.

One day, her brother said to her, “In one year, I will buy a 10

billion won building. We can rent it out and our family can live happily for the rest of our lives.”

Sehee was proud of her brother who succeeded in changing. She was delighted. On the other hand, she was also worried.

‘It isn’t a bluff...’

He had the ability to afford it, but her brother had bought a 800 million won foreign car as soon as he made money. She knew that rich people often lost their wealth due to a lack of economic sense. Sehee was worried that her brother would quickly lose his wealth. In addition, she was also concerned about his relationship with girls.

‘If he is too ostentatious...’

There were many women who would be attracted to a man driving a 800 million won foreign car. But wasn’t her brother someone with no dating experience? He would be easy to fool.

“Sigh... I would feel more comfortable if I am with Oppa.”

She wanted to watch over her brother 24 hours a day. Sehee had an unusual obsession with her brother, probably because she had been taking responsibility for him for several years already.

“Huh?”

She was sitting at her desk when she turned her gaze towards the window. It was noisy outside.

‘Is it a celebrity?’

Men, women and children were making a fuss on the street. Sehee approached the window to see what the fuss was about. Then she frowned.

‘Why is she here...?’

She had a bad feeling.

000-0 Street, XX Neighbourhood, Geumcheon-gu.

The neighbourhood consisted of ordinary people, but it had been noisy lately. It was because an expensive foreign car appeared in front of the Shin house, whose occupants operated a vegetable store. The residents of the area were interested in the car and examined it.

“That is the 13th model from B Company. It is 800 million won.”

“Wow, I’m shaking. Shin ahjussi, did he sell a lot of cabbages? How did he afford this car?”

“It looks like his son is driving it, not Shin ahjussi...”

“Eh? Doesn’t he usually dress in sweats like an unemployed bum? Where did he get the money to drive a car like this?”

“He must’ve won the lotto.”

“Kung... He paid off his debt and bought a car like that, I think he really did win the lotto.”

“I won’t be able to afford it even if I die working~ Life is unfair.”

“Well... I buy five lotto tickets every week, but I never win... Perhaps I should buy 10 tickets every week.”

The weekend. The residents were walking in front of the Shin family’s house. There were many people enjoying the spring weather, and they continued commenting on Youngwoo’s car. Then a vehicle entered the neighborhood. The eyes of the residents’ widened.

“What is this...?”

It was a large limousine that was 8.5m long. The ordinary people stared as the gorgeous white car stopped in front of the Shin house. It was the moment when the locals forgot about B Company’s 13 series.

Clink.

Three burly men descended from the vehicle. Two of them looked around, while the other one ran to the back seat and opened the door. Then a woman appeared. The woman boasted such overwhelming beauty that the flowers lining the street faded at once. It was like she was the only thing shining in the world. The scenery seemed grey beside her.

“Wow...”

“That woman?”

The residents captivated by her unrealistic beauty belatedly realized her identity. She was Yura, who was praised as the ‘Jewel of South Korea.’

A frenzy occurred.

“Wow! I can’t believe it! Yura! Yura!”

“Yura unni! Please sign this!”

“A photo! Can I have a photo?”

“Yura! Will you marry me?”

“Ahh... I never thought the day would come when I can see Yura in real life... I don't care if I die right now...”

“She is even prettier than her photos. Truly a goddess.”

It was the level of a riot. People started to rapidly gather after hearing the noise. But the three bodyguards that came with Yura were the aces of the industry. They efficiently occupied the space, allowing three people to control dozens of people. Thanks to this, Yura was able to ring the doorbell of the Shin home without being disturbed.

“Heok... Why is Yura at the Shin house?”

“D-Don't tell me...?”

The people's imaginations ran wild. The Shin family's unemployed son! Could he have a special relationship with Yura? Was it due to Yura's financial power that the Shin family's useless son could drive an expensive car? There were all types of speculation, but it didn't last long.

“Yura wouldn't like such an ugly person...”

“Of course. If Shin-ssi's son and Yura were on an uninhabited island alone, Yura still won't look at Shin-ssi's son.”

“Then what is Yura doing at the Shin house?”

The gates of the Shin house opened.

“What are you doing at my house?”

An irritated voice was heard. People’s eyes focused on the owner of the voice. It was the Shin family’s daughter. People admired her.

“Wow... She’s acting like that towards Yura.”

“That... Even entertainers on TV seem ugly next to Yura...”

“The two people look like a picture.”

“Maybe Yura is here to see her. Is it strange for beautiful people to hang out together?”

“That’s right.”

No one was thinking calmly. They were half out of their mind as they spoke.

‘Noisy.’

They attempted to take photos. Sehee felt burdened and brought Yura into the house.

“Come in.”

“Thank you.”

“Now, what is your purpose for coming here?” Sehee asked with curiosity as she locked the gate.

Yura looked at the small garden planted with camellias and replied with a smile.

“I came to see Youngwoo-ssi.”

“...”

Sehee didn't feel good. She didn't hide her hostility.

“Why is a great person like you trying to meet Oppa? In the first place, how do you know him? What is your relationship?”

Yura was a genius. But that didn't apply to relationships. She responded without realizing the meaning behind Sehee's questions. “I met Youngwoo-ssi while playing Satisfy. I got friendly with him while playing lovers.”

“Playing lovers?”

“It was a very short, but fun game.”

Sehee no longer heard Yura's voice. Only the word 'lovers' went through her mind.

'Oppa said he was playing hard to make money, but he is actually flirting inside a game? I have been busy studying for his sake and never even held a man's hand.'

Sehee's complexion changed. She was so irritated that tears filled her eyes.

"I originally planned to enhance Failure and my armor but..."

Grid knew what he had to do. He had no intention of relying on his existing items. He learned from the Awakened Guardian of the Forest that his defense wasn't sufficient, even if he was wearing a legendary armor set. Grid was planning to use his class effect of 'increased probability of item enhancement' in order to strengthen Failure and his armor.

'I want to use these items for as long as possible... Even if it costs a lot of money, it's better to take the risk. I have to buy all the enhancement stones in the auction house.'

But before that, he needed to make Vantner's armor.

"I can't postpone it any longer..."

Thanks to his quest, the marriage ceremony, and the Guardian of the Forest raid, the armor had been delayed for nearly two months. Grid didn't have the heart to delay it any longer. He looked at the method to make the Wave Armor.

“Good good.”

The Wave Armor was indeed a great item. In particular, the first option gave an excellent defense effect.

‘It's less than the Holy Light Armor.’

The default defense of the Holy Light Armor was better than Wave Armor. The Holy Light Armor also reduced physical damage by 40% and magic damage by 50%. Considering the other options and set item effects, the Holy Light Armor was actually a few times better than the Wave Armor. However, the Holy Light Armor was limited to ‘Franz,’ so it was like an exclusive item for Grid.

‘If I want to sell armor, the Wave Armor is better.’

Once all the guild members had their items, he would produce a large amount of Wave Armor and sell them to rankers. Grid was excited about acquiring the Wave Armor production method for free.

Ttang! Ttang!

The hammering sound was light. Grid was enthusiastic about producing it and worked with a high degree of concentration.

After approximately three hours.

Vantner came looking for him. Grid felt his presence but kept hammering.

“What, Mister? Didn’t you say you were going to pray?”

Vantner scratched his head. “I want to watch my armor being finished... Heheh, is it okay if I watch?”

Vantner had been waiting for almost two months, so he was very excited. Grid understood Vantner’s anticipation.

“It’s fine if you are quiet. Sit over there and watch.”

“Thank you. I’ll be praying to the gods that it’s a legendary item.”

Vantner fell to his knees. Then he joined both hands together and really started to pray. It reminded Grid of Cassus when he made the Divine Shield.

‘The Vatican is stable...’

There was no news that a new pope had been elected.

‘Didn’t I forget to seal Isabel’s spear? Perhaps Isabel will die and it’s my fault? I’m sorry... Well, one day she will come for it to be sealed.’

Grid started concentrating on hammering again.

Ttang! Ttang!

The tempered black iron and mithril steel plates on the anvil were gradually assembled in the shape of armor. Vantner’s excitement soared as he prayed.

‘Please...! Please let it be finished with a legendary rating...! I’m praying to all the gods in the world! Please please please let it be a legendary rating!’

As his prayer was reaching its peak...

“This... My sister is calling.”

Then Grid’s hammering suddenly stopped?

“Huh? What?”

Vantner was confused as he failed to identify the new situation.

Grid put his hammer and the armor he was making back into his inventory.

“I’m sorry. My sister is calling me, so I have to go.”

Grid thought it sounded urgent.

“...?”

Vantner doubted his ears. He thought Grid was playing around. But it wasn’t a joke.

[The guild member ‘Grid’ has closed his connection.]

“ ... ”

Grid disappeared from in front of him. Vantner stared at the flames in the furnace for a long time before screaming.

“You bastard! You are deliberately playing with meeee!”

“It’s noisy, so get out.”

“Ugh... Uwaaaack!”

Vantner was kicked out by Khan and ran to the hunting grounds. Then he swung his axes at monsters while thinking about Grid.

Chapter 149

–Oppa, come out! Quickly!

“What’s going on?” Youngwoo received contact from outside and hurriedly emerged from his capsule. “Sehee?”

This was the first time Sehee prompted him to log out since he had started making money in Satisfy. How urgent was the situation for her to do something so unusual?

‘Perhaps it’s a robbery?’

Youngwoo had a timid nature.

He was four times as affected by horror movies when compared to normal people, and he couldn’t walk alone at night unless he was drunk. He panicked whenever he looked into the eyes of someone who was slightly scary. If a burglar entered his home, he would think about fleeing rather than protecting the house.

But!

‘Now it’s different.’

He had lived through all the suffering, and his confidence was currently soaring due to his endless successes. In the first place, he would’ve been courageous if it was for his family.

Snap.

Youngwoo opened the closed door and shouted, “What bastard dares? I will kill anyone who puts their hands on my sister!”

He would protect Sehee, even if the burglar was armed with a knife! Then Youngwoo stiffened like a stone statue.

“Hello.”

“...Eh?”

Youngwoo was stunned. Rather than a robber, a familiar beauty was inside his house.

“Don’t you really care for your sister?” The beauty said with a smile.

She was sitting facing the flushed Sehee. Sehee was happy, but she spoke as curtly as possible, “Oppa, what? What did you imagine? Anyway, I’m not involved in this. Can you not advertise yourself as a sis-con?”

Finally, Sehee looked at the beauty with a winner’s expression. ‘There is no room for you between a brother and sister.’ She seemed to be saying. The beauty smiled at Sehee like she was cute.

“What...?”

On the other hand, Youngwoo was stunned and rubbed his eyes several times. Then he repeatedly confirmed the beautiful woman who was sitting across from Sehee.

‘Why is she in my house?’

Yura. Why was the jewel of South Korea in a shabby place like this? It didn’t seem real.

‘I don’t know why she’s here, but she’s really pretty.’

Yura was wearing a pale yellow jacket over a V neck t-shirt that revealed her collarbone. She had good posture, confident eyes, delicate gestures and clear pronunciation. Her overall impression was that of a noblewoman.

Approximately two seconds. That was how long Youngwoo lost his spirit to Yura before shaking it off. He might be deceived by external factors, but his feelings towards Yura weren’t so good. He shook his head and moved towards the sofa. He sat down next to Sehee and faced Yura.

“Why did you come to my house? By the way, don’t you know too much about me? Are you a stalker?”

Yura’s eyes narrowed.

‘He has changed.’ The Shin Youngwoo who she met on the way to the alumni reunion would’ve shrunk back from her. He acted like a sinner and couldn’t even look her properly in the eyes. But now he was different. He was dignified instead of shrinking back, and he gazed straight into her eyes.

“You look like a completely different person.”

“I hope you mean it in a positive manner.”

Even his manner of speaking was different. Yura smiled and replied, “I like the current you.”

‘She likes it?’

Yura was one of the best beauties on Earth, and was powerful and successful at the same time. Such a great woman said she liked the current him, so he couldn’t help feeling joy.

‘The glory of my family... No, no. It isn’t good to be in the heart of such a strange woman.’

Yura had a stalker temperament, so Youngwoo replied to her as coldly as possible. “I don’t want to be in your heart.”

Yura wasn’t fazed. She looked at Youngwoo’s whole body.

“You have gained weight. It’s really good compared to before. Your basic skeleton is good, so you look nice.”

It was true. In his debt-ridden days, he couldn’t feel the pleasure of eating full meals. He played games all day, skipped meals and didn’t exercise, so he was underweight. But now that he was wealthy, he ate all types of delicious foods.

He enjoyed food like a gourmet, and got the idea that he wanted to live a long life to enjoy his riches. He sometimes jogged with Sehee in the morning, and before he knew it, he reached a normal weight.

Compared to his previous appearance, he was now slightly above average? It was a huge development.

“I feel like I can depend on you right now.’

“What?” Youngwoo was embarrassed by Yura’s remark. “What is it? Tell me clearly. You, why did you come to someone else’s house? I don’t like this situation. Quickly cut to the chase.”

‘Well done Oppa!’

Sehee was delighted as she watched the two people. Unbelievably, Yura seemed to be one-sidedly following her brother. Meanwhile, her brother was indifferent to Yura. Why was a woman that the world admired so obsessed with her brother, and why was her brother treating Yura like this?

Sehee honestly couldn't believe it, but she still enjoyed watching her brother's attitude. "I will prepare some tea."

Her brother was trying to dump a woman. Sehee found this hilarious and smiled as she headed towards the kitchen.

Then Yura finally cut to the chase, "I would like you to participate in the national competition as a representative of South Korea."

"Eh?"

What was she saying? Youngwoo subtly reacted and Yura explained the situation.

"This is an unofficial offer from the South Korean government. They want me to set up a national team so that South Korea can achieve a good score in the upcoming national competition that is starting May 1st and will last four days."

Yura was one of the top 5 rankers in Satisfy. She was a global star, so it wasn't strange that she had a link with the government.

"I understand the matter, but why me? Don't you tend to overestimate me?"

"I am convinced that you have the first hidden epic class."

The second epic class was known to be obtained by Agnus while the third epic class was Katz. Only the first epic class hadn't been revealed yet. Youngwoo was aware that the first epic class was the 'Duplicator' Euphemina, but Yura didn't know this. Youngwoo had survived her strongest magic in the past, so she misunderstood and thought he had an epic class.

"As you know, South Korea was a powerhouse in games decades ago. In most game competitions, South Korea's professional gamers and teams won the championship, while the rankers in all RPG games were Korean. But that is just the glory of the past... Koreans aren't doing well, especially in Satisfy."

"I have read about it before... Koreans don't have a physical presence?"

"As it happens, yes. It is a problem facing all Asians in general."

Sehee misunderstood the conversation from the kitchen and came out quietly. She sat on one side so that she wouldn't interfere with the conversation. Yura thanked Sehee for the tea and continued.

"The South Korean government wants to regain some of the glory of the past through this national competition. Right now, the gaming industry is competitive. The South Korean government wants to revive our competitive gaming power... In other words, they want to build the image of a country powerful in Satisfy."

“They want to obtain a good record in the national competition?”

“Yes, but it’s really hard.”

“Why? Aren’t you 5th on the unified rankings? One person can participate in three events in the national competition. Isn’t it enough for you to participate in three events and earn three gold medals?”

This was the first time that the national competition was being held, so only eight countries were participating. Earning three gold medals would be enough to enter the top rankings. Youngwoo thought it was simple, but reality wasn’t so clear.

“There are seven people stronger than me in PvP, and boss raid and labyrinth breakthrough aren’t my specialities. The production related competitions are for production classes only, so they are out of the question.”

“...”

“The pet marathon will end up being between drakes, but there is no Korean user who owns a drake, so we have to give up on that. The remaining events are the siege, target processing, sword drawing and treasure hunt. Among them, the only one where I can win a gold medal is target processing. The siege is also my specialty, but it is difficult to obtain a medal because the Korean team is too lacking.”

Youngwoo, who had been listening quietly, finally asked a question, “You, don’t you seem useless?”

“...”

Youngwoo casually stabbed her in a sore spot. Yura eyebrows twitched before she started frowning. Youngwoo continued without caring.

“Is this true? No, why are there seven people stronger than you? Aren’t you 5th on the unified rankings? Shouldn’t there only be four people stronger than you? In addition, you are the Eighth Servant so you should’ve obtained special powers. I thought you were strong enough to be one of Satisfy’s three pillars?”

Yura recovered her cool and explained.

“It’s true that I’ve obtained the status of Eighth Servant. By sacrificing my divine power stat to God Yatan, I can acquire new dark spells and my combat abilities have risen dramatically. But the world is huge. The rankings aren’t the only measure of strength. In fact, you aren’t a ranker. Given the number of unlisted rankers like you, there are probably at least 10 people stronger than me.”

“Hrmm... Who are the people stronger than you right now?”

Yura listed them without hesitation. “1st ranked Kraugel. 2nd ranked Zibal. 3rd ranked Chris. 7th ranked Agnus. 8th ranked

Hurent. 11th ranked Bondre. 15th ranked Hao. That's it."

"I know that Agnus has an epic class, but the the 8th, 11th and 15th ranked?"

"Yes. Their levels are lower than mine. But they are monsters in combat. Although they are unimpressive compared to Kraugel."

"Is Kraugel that great?"

"I have seen him hunting many times and he is beyond common sense. He is a person who draws out the maximum result with minimal movements at all times because his field of view is large and he can accurately calculate things like damage, skill cooldowns, as well as reading the pattern of movements and countering. People call me a genius, but Kraugel has several times more talent for the game."

"Wow... He sounds amazing."

He said so, but Youngwoo was thinking differently. So what if he is excellent at these things?

'It is nothing in front of the power of items.'

The truth of RPG games was items. As Youngwoo was ridiculing Kraugel, Yura asked him politely.

“I need your strength as the first epic class. Please participate in the national competition and demonstrate your skills. The government has promised high incentives if you win a medal, so it won’t be bad for you.”

Youngwoo’s ears pricked as he heard the word ‘incentives’ and he was troubled for a moment.

‘I want to participate... But it will be annoying if it is revealed that I have a legendary class... Ah, perhaps?’

Youngwoo asked Yura, who was waiting for an answer with a serious posture. “Is it possible to participate while hiding my ID?”

“You can’t. Your identity must be thoroughly proven to enter the competition.”

It was expected. Youngwoo changed the question. “Then what about the pet marathon? Is it possible for inanimate objects to participate?”

“... Inanimate objects?”

“An inanimate pet.”

Pets were pets. Pets. Animals. In other words, a living creature. But inanimate?

“An inanimate object isn’t a pet.”

“The inanimate objects have an ego. They absolutely obey commands.”

Inanimate objects with an ego?

“Is it like the golems made by great magicians?”

“The concept is roughly like that...”

“Roughly?”

“Anyway, the pet marathon is basically a competition between drakes. They will bite at all the competition until the destination is reached. My pet doesn’t have the concept of stamina, so it can tease other pets and win the marathon. I will win the gold medal. The condition is that I don’t appear before the public.”

“Huh?”

“Pretend that my pet is your pet. Don’t worry, I will pilot it. Of course, all benefits that you receive for the gold medal will be mine. Okay?”

“...I honestly don’t care about credit. Do you have a pet that is equivalent to a high grade golem with an ego?”

“If you don’t believe me then go home and connect to Satisfy. I will show you.”

“Okay. I will connect and send you a whisper.”

Yura got up. She told Sehee that the tea was delicious and headed for the front door. Youngwoo opened the front door out of courtesy. Then Yura gazed at him and gave him belated news.

“There is something you should know. By now, Bairan Village should be ruined.”

“What?”

“Neberius, the Fourth Servant of the Yatan Church, has determined the coordinates of Bairan Village due to the spies he sent. Using Mass Teleport, he has led a large army, including the Fifth Servant Balak, to invade Bairan Village. The Tzedakah Guild is either already wiped out or on the brink of annihilation.”

“...”

Yura raised a finger and pointed it at Youngwoo’s heart. “Didn’t I say that I wouldn’t kill you when war broke out between the Yatan Church and the Tzedakah Guild? This time I have paid off my debt.”

‘It can’t be.’

Youngwoo checked the time. It had been 40 minutes or so since he logged out from Satisfy. That was two hours within Satisfy.

“Did you time your visit with the Yatan invasion?”

“Yes. You said you didn’t care about getting caught up in the war. Isn’t this good?”

“...I’m not sure.”

It was annoying. In the first place, his relationship with the Tzedakah Guild didn’t require him to get involved in wars. Youngwoo was a blacksmith of the Tzedakah Guild, not a soldier.

“Then I’m going now.”

“Wait.”

“What?”

Youngwoo stopped Yura before she was about to leave.

“The Fourth Servant... Does he have the ability to give God Yatan’s blessing?”

Yura shook her head. “Only the First Servant can give God

Yatan's blessing. Why? Do you have a quest?"

"What if I do? Can you help?"

"It's hard. I am the Eighth Servant, but I haven't met the First Servant. And aren't you hostile to the Yatan Church in the first place?"

"Indeed... I understand."

Yura left. Youngwoo immediately returned to his capsule and logged into Satisfy.

{Shit! Kill, the killing doesn't end!}

{Faker's group, we are facing Neberius. His magic will be sealed when we draw his attention.}

{This is Toban. Balak is so strong that I can't last much longer. Where is the support from Regas and Pon?}

{The senior followers are focusing on Pon and Regas. I'm supporting with magic, but it seems hard for them to leave.}

There was an uproar in the guild chat window. The situation was so dire that few people noticed Grid logging in.

{Ah... How rotten. Being Jishuka's protector is very arduous. If only Grid made my armor... Damn.}

It was Vantner. Grid smiled widely.

“You can play an active role if you have armor?”

Certainly, only Vantner's weapons were good. It wasn't just Vantner. Not surprisingly, many of Satisfy's rankers were armed with items not suitable for their level due to a lack of top quality items. Grid was one of the few people who could overcome this scarcity.

“I will deliver the armor.”

Grid opened his inventory. Then he pulled out the Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer and the Wave Armor that was on the verge of completion. The guild had endured the enemy's ambush far longer than Yura predicted, but he still initiated a quick and deliberate hammering.

Chapter 150

There were various hunting grounds for level 100~200 users in the vicinity of Bairan Village. Thanks to that, there was a steady floating population of users. However, the population was small, so the development speed was slow and there was the big city Winston in the area, so users were reluctant to live in Bairan Village.

The number of residents, including NPCs and users, was only around 500 people.

But!

The event effect of Grid and Lady Irene's marriage meant that Bairan Village was enjoying a boom. Over the past week, a large number of people moved in and there were now around 5,000 people in Bairan Village. The Tzedakah Guild used their funds to hire technicians in the north to quickly build homes and facilities, as well as experts in various fields. Thus, the village was rapidly developing.

"It's a completely different scale from when I came last month."

"Yes. There were only a few small houses and stores, and now there are big buildings?"

The users who visited Bairan after a long time were impressed. Hundreds of workmen were setting up buildings, making it a spectacular sight. Once all the buildings were completed, it seemed

like Bairan could be called a city.

“Despite the rapid development, the security is excellent.”

“This is managed by the Tzedakah Guild. What crazy person would mess around with the Tzedakah Guild?”

“I’m envious of the Tzedakah Guild... Don’t they have the best estate among all the guilds? They will be sitting on a cushion of money very quickly.”

“This is all thanks to Lady Irene’s marriage. The marriage happened with exquisite timing for the Tzedakah Guild.”

“Who’s her husband?”

“How should I know? Probably some noble.”

The streets were flooded with people, despite the fact that most users were at the hunting grounds. If NPCs were included, there were approximately 2,000 people always in residence.

“Eh? What’s that?”

“I’s terrific magic power.”

Among the users doing their business, the high level magicians

turned their attention to the sky. The Tzedakah Guild had built high buildings in Bairan. Magic power was being generated at the tallest spire of the castle that stood in the middle of the village.

At first, the scale seemed small, but rapidly expanded. Then the identity of the magic was determined. It was the precursor to a mass teleport.

“Wow... Isn’t that only available for third advancement magicians?”

“What is this? An event?”

“Oh, right! It’s an event!”

“Kyah! what is this?”

It was amazing. Hundreds of rays of light were fired from the movement gate and fell like a meteor towards different part of the village. The users were excited because they thought it was a special event in connection with the national competition. But their cheers turned to screams in seconds.

“The infidels, punish them in the name of God!”

“Show the fools the greatness of God Yatan!”

Kwaang! Kukwakwang!

The identity of the people who fell from the rays of light were the Yatan believers. There were more than 1,000 of them. Black magic was used everywhere, instantly filling Bairan Village with poison fog.

“H-Hik...!”

“Aaaaack! H-Help me!”

The buildings that the Tzedakah Guild invested time and money in were eroded in an instant. The pretty flowers and green trees blooming on the streets became black and corrupted. There were fires everywhere and blood flowed like a river, making it like hell itself.

“What the hell is going on?”

The average level of the users in Bairan Village was 140. As of February 20XX, Satisfy’s users had an average level of 93, which meant that users in Bairan were fairly high levelled. However, the Yatan followers had a minimum level of 160. Around 1,000 such people appeared simultaneously, as well as 200 high ranking elders that were at least level 200.

“Don’t fight! You will just die if you fight!”

“Damn! What is this?”

Of the 2,000 people residing in Bairan Village, only half of them were users. The other half were NPCs that lacked combat capabilities.

“This is divine punishment!”

“Kyaaaaak!”

“Die! Infidels!”

“Ugh!”

It was a sudden raid. The Yatan Church’ followers were overwhelming. The NPCs died in an instant while the users went on the defensive.

“Shit! Logout!”

“I will leave as well!”

The users who were already attacked by the followers weren’t allowed to log out, because they were judged to be in combat, but the other users logged out quickly. Thus, the number of users fighting against the Yatan followers was less than 300.

“Wah...”

“How rotten! We are outnumbered! Outnumbered!”

The 1,000 Yatan followers fought. They attacked everyone they saw, regardless if they were NPCs or users.

“Save the people!”

Helplessness! A force that swept everything away! The victims grew as the Yatan believers were like surging waves. But the one-sided damage didn't last long. It was thank to the Tzedakah Guild's excellent response.

“What? Someone dares attack in my area? Kyaaack~ spit!”

Toon was easily controlled by Jishuka due to his simple nature. He was head of security in Bairan Village and led the knights and soldiers.

“All of you protect the people. Kyaaack~ spit!”

He ordered the knights and soldiers, before spitting out of habit and jumping into the enemies alone. The Yatan followers? They were just a joke in front of a rare class who was 35th on the unified rankings, ‘Beasts of Prey’ Toon.

“King of the Beasts!”

Toon crossed his long arms equipped with wristblades and used a

skill. Then his body changed into a lion. He was almost twice as large as an ordinary male lion.

“Kuang!”

“Heok!”

“Aaaaack~!”

The Yatan followers started to scream. Every time the enormous lion’s paws were swung, bones would break. In addition, the fangs chewed on skulls, killing the believers.

“Shackles of darkness will press on your body!”

While their peers were being attacked, the elders used black magic to summon magic shackles. Then they tied up the body of the great lion.

“Lord of Heaven!”

Toon was unable to endure the dozens of shackles and used another skill. Then his body became smaller and turned into an eagle. The shackles became too loose and Toon escaped through the gap. Then he descended from the sky and his beak pierced the head of a follower. At the same time, he changed into a lion and roared.

“Kuweeeeeeh!”

“Kiyaaaaak!”

Dozens of believers had blood pouring from their ears as they sat down. Toon attacked the necks of the people in pain and they turned into light.

“Kuhahahaha! Rejoice! Fighting is fun!”

“Mister Toon... His personality is strange, but his skills are great.”

On the walls. Laella, the 2nd ranked mixed magician, stared blankly at Toon who was facing the enemies alone before grasping her orb. It was the Dark Magic Orb that was acquired after the Malacus raid. Laella amplified her magic by borrowing its power and fired magic towards the Yatan followers surrounding the soldiers.

“Wrath of the Red Witch.”

Kakakakak!

A powerful pillar was fired in a straight line. The bodies of the believers were instantly burned. The soldiers were saved and thanked Laella. Then they moved and started to save the people.

The east gate.

“Hrmm, are you the cream of the crop?”

Vantner, who had been hunting with a grudge against Grid, ran over after receiving the command. He saw three users dying in front of him.

“Go to hell and become God Yatan’s eternal servant!”

The elders of the Yatan Church wore black robes and were shouting at the users. Vantner rushed forward and wielded his twin axes.

“Keook!”

The bodies of the believers were cut in half and they turned into grey light. The saved users were thrilled.

“Thank you!”

“The number one guardian knight, you protected us! I will boast about it on the Internet!”

“You’re as strong as rumored, Vantner!”

“Hehe, it isn’t such a big deal... Huh?”

Vantner had suffered for a while due to Grid treating him as an insignificant person, so he was pleased about being praised by the users. He was scratching his bald head and laughing when he found Jishuka on the roof of a three-storey building.

Three Yatan elders were approaching behind her while she was busy shooting at the believers. Unlike the ordinary believers, they were wearing robes of different colors.

‘High ranking believers!’

Vantner moved quickly. Then he successfully saved Jishuka, who expressed her disapproval.

“Aren’t you late?”

Jishuka’s white teeth contrasted with her tanned skin. Vantner gave her a thumbs up and shouted, “Leave it to me and just kill all of them!”

“Okay.”

Swaeek!

Truly an expert archer. He couldn’t help admiring her marksmanship every time he saw it. The arrow flew 100m and pierced a follower who was about to murder some residents. Then

she fired towards the roof of another building and turned five people chanting a spell into a skewer with only one arrow.

“This is the basics.”

Jishuka was satisfied with her abilities.

“Magicians! Kill the magicians!”

Five high ranking believers moved at once. Their targets were Laella and Zednos, who continued to cast magic from the walls. Then a cold voice was heard in their ears.

“You should always watch your back.”

“...!”

The believers screamed. Someone was behind them?

“Suddenly...? Keok...!”

“Cough!”

Faker. He slit the throats of the five high ranking followers. Blood poured from their throats and the believers collapsed.

“Next...”

Sururuk.

Faker turned his gaze to one side and disappeared using his Stealth skill.

‘I don’t need to worry about the others.’

The north gate.

A boy with a pretty appearance like a girl stood there. He listened to the screams coming from all directions and moved to one side.

Inside a burning mansion. There were people present.

“S-Shit...! What is this? Does it make sense to come to this village, only to die? This is truly unfair!”

“All my hard earned experience will drop...”

“Why do I have to die in this village? Please help...”

Four high ranking elders were driving six users into a corner. The users were seriously injured and about to die, so they were crying or begging for their lives.

Tadat!

Ibellin's running speed increased. He moved through the open door and jumped on a chair on one side. He fell between the users and believers. Then he pulled out a flamberge that was like the thorny stem of a rose.

“You alone?”

“Who are you?”

Ibellin replied to the believers, “Overgeared No.2.”

It was the name that Vantner gave him. Recently, Vantner had been sarcastically calling Pon Overgeared No.1 and Ibellin Overgeared No.2. Ibellin loved this name.

Seokeok!

The strongest flamberge, the Thorn of Deep Grievance was wielded. The followers reacted quickly and avoided a deep injury.

“This wound... Heok?”

A follower's face turned blue. It was because the small cut was bleeding in an unbelievable manner.

“A magic sword!”

The followers retreated, on guard against the Thorn of Deep Grievance. Ibellin didn't let them go. He chased after them persistently.

“It isn't a magic sword. It's just cursed.”

Puk! Seokeok!

Due to its distinctive shape, the sword move bizarrely, making it difficult to gauge the scope of the attack. Blood rose like a fountain as screams echoed in the house.

Chapter 151

“Hmmm.”

The inner sanctum of the castle.

Regas yawned with a relaxed expression. He had a lot of work to do, so he shut off all contact for a fortnight. He was sitting at his desk and looking at his accounts book when he heard that the enemy invaded and ran out.

There was no inspiration.

“It’s fine without me.”

The Yatan believers weren’t even suitable to be training opponents. He was about to head towards the castle when his gaze suddenly shifted towards the sky. Two last rays of light were dropping from the slowly closing teleport gate.

“Are they strong?”

Regas’ eyes shone as he climbed up the stairs then onto the walls. He jumped into the gap between Laella and Zednos, who had been watching the battlefield and supporting the guild members.

“Many people are suffering.”

“Ah...”

“Huh?”

Laella’s shoulders were shaking.

“What is it?”

Magicians had the ability to detect magic power. Laella and Zednos were able to detect the danger before Regas and they replied at the same time.

“Monster.”

“A monster.”

At that moment.

Kwaang!

Two rays fell into the middle of the battlefield. A notification window popped up in front of all users in Bairan Village, including the Tzedakah Guild.

[The Fourth Servant of the Yatan Church, Neberius has appeared.]

[The sound of the flute that contains dark magic flows into your ears.]

[There is a loss of balance and loss of concentration.]

[Evasion rate has fallen to 0%. Accuracy has fallen by 60%. Magic casting speed is two times slower.]

[These effects will last until the sound of the flute stops.]

[The Fifth Servant of the Yatan Church, Balak has appeared.]

[He is a demonkin who controls fire. If you enter within 1m of Balak, you will receive 500 fire damage per second.]

[The flames of a demonkin are like God Yatan's breath. Yatan has blessed all believers, increasing the stats of the Yatan believers by 50%.]

“...Whoa.”

Regas's eyes sharpened as he made an admiring sound.

‘It is time to show the result of my training.’

Several months ago, the Tzedakah Guild couldn't deal with even one servant. But that was the past. The Tzedakah Guild grew faster

than others. Now two enemies stronger than Malacus appeared simultaneously, but they didn't shrink back. Regas was confident, but Zednos, the number one wind magician, was different.

“We should give up on Bairan. It's better to go to Winston and borrow troops from Lady Irene to recapture it.”

The grey-haired Neberius playing the flute was very frustrating for Zednos. He noticed that there was no chance of winning with the debuffs, which acted as a counter to all physical attack classes as well as magicians.

Laella rebuked him, “Recapture? Zednos, do you think they came to take over this place? No. They simply came to destroy. The moment we abandon this place, it will be turned to ashes. We can't back down. We must fight and win.”

“It will waste money and time, but can't we restore the village at any time? Isn't it better than dying and losing experience and items?”

“Is that the only problem? If we lose, all the NPCs will die.”

In order to rebuild the village, the power of the NPCs (residents) was essential. The buildings could be restored with time and money, but what if there were no residents? It would just be a ghost town. And in the first place, didn't they learn from Grid that NPCs were no different from humans?

In the end, Zednos agreed, “I understand. We will fight.”

In the guild chat window, Jishuka’s command appeared.

{Everyone converge. Go towards the middle of the village while saving the NPCs.}

“Let’s go.”

The rooftop of a three-storey building. Jishuka delivered the command to the chat window and glanced at Vantner. He acted as her escort as she headed for the narrow alley area. She planned to avoid the enemy’s gaze as much as possible while heading towards her destination.

But they were already Neberius’ targets. The moment they entered the alley, Neberius showed up and blocked the way.

“The power of our church rapidly weakened due to you murdering Malacus. You need to take responsibility for that.”

The old man with grey hair constantly played the flute. Nevertheless, he still spoke with clear pronunciation.

‘Malacus can’t be compared to him.’

Jishuka and Vantner shrank back from the pressure emanating from the old man who wasn’t even 150cm tall. The guild members

ran into the alley to protect the two of them.

“Leave this place to us!”

“Vantner, please look after Master!”

“Thank you!”

As an archer, Jishuka couldn't exert her power when she was close to the enemy. Thus, the Tzedakah Guild always used tactics to protect her. They were doing so even now.

“Let's go!”

The guild members blocked Neberius' way while Vantner and Jishuka entered the opposite alley. Then they were disappointed. At the end of the foggy alleyway, ten high ranking believers were waiting for them.

“If you don't want to die, get lost!”

Vantner needed to protect his master, so he couldn't be stopped by the poison fog. Vantner advanced through the poison fog and threatened the believers with his twin axes. The believers flinched and were pushed back by his momentum. Vantner used that change to lead Jishuka elsewhere.

They needed to reach their destination. The place where Jishuka

could shoot most effectively was on the walls. Vantner was determined to escort Jishuka there, even if he needed to sacrifice his life. But the followers weren't just watching in silence. They rushed forward as Jishuka left the alleyway.

Jjejeong!

Due to Balak's passive power, the elders couldn't be ignored.

“Kuk!”

Black knights were mixed in between the black magicians and they pulled out swords hidden in their robes.

Vantner defended, but his complexion wasn't good. He was a guardian knight, but he had the worst defense because he invested all his stat points into strength, and his armor wasn't that good. But he didn't back down.

“Shit...! This is me! I am a tank destroyer, you scum!”

Vantner used a guardian skill to increase his defense, fighting back against the black knights.

Peeok! Peeok!

Huge strength.

The axes battered at the knights' swords. However, there were 10 black knights. Vantner was soon surrounded and became bloody.

“Kuoh!”

The black magicians hid among the knights and constantly used curse magic. Vantner wobbled and could barely stand upright. He was frustrated as he confirmed that his health was at the bottom.

‘Protect Jishuka!’ He vowed once again as his courage soared into the sky. But courage alone couldn’t overcome the crisis. ‘I am the worst.’

Jishuka fired an arrow every time Vantner’s weak point was struck, but her expression eventually twisted. She wasn’t able to exert her strength properly due to the constant attacks. Meanwhile, the guild members confronting Neberius in the narrow alley after sending Jishuka and Vantner away were also in a crisis.

Neberius used powerful black magic and they quickly died.

“K-Kuack...!”

“Dirty old...”

The Tzedakah Guild was a group where all members were part of the top 200 unified rankings. Every member was a monster. But it wasn’t enough to threaten the Fourth Servant, Neberius.

“What is with the strength of this dark magic? It has excellent compatibility with all magic power attributes. Some attributes are even enhanced by the dark magic.”

Neberius kindly explained it and summoned a lightning bolt.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The alley was no longer an alley. The nearby buildings simultaneously collapsed. The lightning bolt wrecked havoc.

“You?”

Neberius discovered that the enemies who should've died were still alive and his eyes widened. Then a cold voice was heard from the dust.

“I will kill you.”

The number one assassin appeared. He rescued the guild members, then he moved behind Neberius and wielded his dagger. A magician had weak physical abilities and Neberius didn't possess any defensive skills like Malacus, so he was completely vulnerable to the attack.

But he avoided a fatal wound. It was the sound of the flute. Faker's accuracy was lowered by 60% so it was slightly off target.

“Hrmm...” Neberius didn’t look relaxed anymore. He touched the wound on his neck and frowned for the first time. “You are quite good?”

“You are good as well.”

The colleagues behind Faker were his constant companions. In the past, they had been helplessly defeated by the monster girl Euphemina and trained even harder after their loss. They were also known as Faker’s group.

Faker communicated the situation through the guild chat window.

{Faker’s group, we are facing Neberius. His magic will be sealed when we draw his attention.}

“Kuk... It’s hard.”

The number one paladin, Toban, was struggling. He was trying to tie up Balak’s feet as much as possible. However, there were limits due to the continuous fire damage. Balak was also strong with the sword and Toban had already allowed several attacks. He boasted the strongest defense and highest health in the guild, but he couldn’t help speaking weakly.

{This is Toban. Balak is so strong that I can’t last much longer. Where is the support from Regas and Pon?}

Laella checked Toban's words and made a frustrated expression. Regas jumped off the wall to join the battle and Pon had joined after wiping out the followers at the west gate. She could see their situation from the wall and it wasn't that good.

Laella explained the situation.

{The elders are focusing on Pon and Regas. I am supporting them with magic, but it seems hard for them to leave.}

"This..."

Toban trembled. How good would it be if Grid was here right now? But there was no point in wishful thinking.

{Ah... How rotten. Being Jishuka's protector is very arduous. If only Grid made my armor... Damn.}

Vantner started to grumble as he reached his limit. It was a total crisis. However, the strength of the Tzedakah Guild was very scary.

"I've taken care of all the followers here. How about it? Should we help you? Kyaaack~ spit! How strong is a demonkin? Kukuk!"

The three new people who joined the guild, including Toon, assisted Toban with Balak. Faker could also take a breath.

“I came!”

It was Ibellin. The guild was scattered so he added his strength to Faker’s group. Neberius was repeatedly unable to use magic. But the good atmosphere didn’t last long.

“Pant pant...”

“Shit... It won’t work.”

“I’ve never see a demonkin before.”

“Balak is Balak, but Neberius is the problem. The debuff is too extensive and effective. I can’t attack properly due to the lowered accuracy.”

“The evasion rate of 0% is deadly for assassins...”

As the battle continued, the faces of the Tzedakah Guild became darker. Neberius and Balak were both strong, but Neberius was particularly problematic. The top priority was stopping his flute. Everyone had the same thought.

『The Tzedakah Guild have struggled well, but there is a limit. 』

The battle of Bairan Village was being broadcasted by all the media around the world. The users in Bairan Village recorded the

situation and uploaded them to the Internet in real time.

『The situation might improve if Regas and Pon could join the battle, but... There are 60~70 people affected by Balak's passive skill thoroughly marking the two of them, so it can't be helped.』

『In the first place, Malacus was the weakest of the Yatan Servants. The Tzedakah Guild may have defeated Malacus, but it's still a far cry from dealing with two stronger servants. It's obvious that the Tzedakah Guild will be wiped out without the help of the users in the top 10 of the unified rankings. 』

『It's odd to see the Tzedakah Guild collapsing.』

『But it's incredible that they lasted so long. I don't think that anyone watching this broadcast can argue with the fact that the Tzedakah Guild is the strongest. They are fighting so well, even in the worst situation... It is great. 』

『Personally, Faker and Vantner seem the most impressive. Aren't they doing a good job?』

『Vantner? Are you deceived by the splendid appearance of his swinging axes? Vantner is still immature. He didn't pay attention to defense as a guardian knight and is paying for it. Right now, the best people fighting are Faker, Ibellin, Pon and Regas. 』

『Are you ignoring Laella and Zednos?』

It happened the moment when the experts were giving negative opinions about the battle.

『Eh? Wait a moment. Who is that person?』

A man whose face and ID were completely concealed was caught on screen.

『He is using Fly magic. A magician.』

That's right. The person was flying in the air. Then he reached into the air (his inventory). He pulled out black armor and threw it towards Vantner, who was isolated with Jishuka.

“...!!”

Vantner shouted something towards the man in the sky. His expression was clearly angry. But then he received the armor and smiled. At that moment, an amazing thing happened. Vantner wore the armor and his color suddenly improved?

He seemed alive again as he started to fight fiercely against the elders. The anchors and experts were stunned.

『That armor...?』

The mysterious man suddenly came and gave Vantner armor. What was the relationship between Vantner and the man, and

what was the identity of the armor? The videos focused on him as anchors, experts and viewers around the world started to wonder about the man's identity.

In the meantime, the man once again reached into the air. This time, he pulled out a black greatsword.

“...!!”

The man shouted at the Tzedakah Guild members. One of the guild members on the ground held up hand. The man threw him the black greatsword. Then another surprise occurred. The Tzedakah Guild member grabbed the greatsword and became stronger than before, as he started to attack Balak with a terrifying momentum.

One of the experts had a flash of inspiration.

『Ah...! I know that greatsword! Isn't it the weapon used by the butcher who slaughtered the Giant Guild members in Winston in the past?』

An anchor chimed in.

『Yes! I thought it looked familiar! It really is that greatsword! 』

『 No, then that person...? 』

The man in the sky! People's curiosity about his identity was amplified.

And...

The man started to arm himself. He wore beautiful white armor with gold thread embroidered on it. After that, he placed an ordinary cloak over it.

Then.

Neberius, Balak and all the Yatan believers turned their gaze towards the man in unison.

『Eh...? What is this phenomenon? Are they focusing on the butcher?』

『 Does that cloak have a taunting effect? But he's alone, so how can he deal with all of them...? 』

The anchors, expert, Tzedakah Guild members and all users in the area. The attention of viewers all over the world was only focused on one man.

Saaah!

Did he know that hundreds of millions of people were watching him? The man put his hand into the air. Then there was a blue

light as he started to pull something out.

『Shark?』

That's right. It was a shark-like appearance. The man pulled out a blue shark-shaped greatsword from his inventory. Then he spoke the shocking name of a skill while the world was watching.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Transcended Link.”

『Pagma?!』

It felt like the entire world was shaking. As the anchors and experts were shaking with astonishment, a blue-black light filled the screen.

Chapter 152

The smithy in Bairan Village was very good. Until Khan appeared, the blacksmith there was the best blacksmith in the north. But his disciple Smith wasn't as talented. Smith was 66 this year. He had been working as a blacksmith for 50 years, but he was still a beginner blacksmith.

“Oh my, Mister Smith's farm equipment breaks down so quickly?”

“I have to go to another village to buy farm equipment.”

“Uncle Smith should've become a miner instead.”

“Haha, right. He is just as good with a pickaxe as a miner.”

He lived in the area for a few decades, but people still gossiped about him behind his back. Then what about the travellers?

“Dammit, Bairan Village is good, but the blacksmith is rubbish. I can't get anything decent from the smithy.”

“The hunting grounds here are for high levels, but why is the blacksmith so inferior? Damn!”

“But isn't he good at making Jaffa Arrows? The price is also cheap. They aren't bad for a fight.”

“Not bad is the problem.”

It was like this almost every day for decades. Smith was blamed for being incompetent. No matter how hard he tried, it was useless. He reminded himself of his mentor's teachings and repeatedly trained in controlling the fire and iron every day, but his abilities didn't increase. It felt like a witch had cursed him.

“I don't want to give up now...”

Every young man in the village dreamed of being a miner, but avoided becoming a blacksmith. So he had no disciples. Furthermore, he was old. Sooner or later, the lord would make him retire.

Smith wanted to become an intermediate blacksmith before then. He wanted to prove his worth. He lived all his life with iron, but he was going to die as a beginner blacksmith? It was obvious that people would scoff and laugh every time they saw his grave. He didn't want to be insulted even after death.

‘Try to remember.’

Smith closed his eyes in front of the anvil. He recalled the young man a few months who he had briefly taught. The young man's name was Grid. His appearance was bad, but he managed to make the Special Jaffa Arrows.

‘How did he do it?’

Smith tried. He tried not to miss a single one of Grid’s movements when handling the fire and iron. Time flowed continuously. Before he knew it, the moon sank and it became dawn. The sky brightened.

Flash!

Finally, Smith opened his eyes.

Kaaang! Kaaang!

There were no wasted movements. He handled the fire and minerals in a more orderly manner than before.

Kaaang~!

Before he knew it, the sun had risen to the middle of the sky. But Smith was in a trance. He didn’t feel the passing time or even hunger. He didn’t even realize that people were screaming outside the smithy. With the fire and hammer, he just worked at smelting and tempering the mineral.

And.

“Oh...! Ohhhh!”

Someone spoke to him. Enlightenment suddenly came. It was true. Smith crossed the wall that had been blocking him for 50 years. He was so thrilled that tears poured out. He held the newly created 'Special Jaffa Arrow' and literally fell to the ground.

“Haha...! Hahaha! I’m glad... I’m glad...”

The aftereffect didn’t go away. Smith stroked the arrow like a cherished child as he kept crying. His last desperate effort had been rewarded. Then the door of the smithy opened.

“Infidel, you will be judged.”

“...?”

Someone suddenly stormed into the smithy. It was a believer of the Yatan Church. What was this? Smith questioned the sudden situation and looked outside through the open door of the smithy.

The village was filled with fire. The screams of people were constantly heard. Now Smith grasped the situation.

“The Yatan Church has invaded...”

Ddubeok. Ddubeok.

The follower slowly approached. Then he pointed his dagger at Smith.

“Die, Infidel.”

Smith laughed heartily, “Haha... Yes. I can die. I already have no one.”

He had finally overcome the limitations. If anyone found the arrow he left behind, they would know he was no longer a beginner blacksmith. Then Smith closed his eyes.

‘I can face Master.’

He felt the eerie anticipating of the dagger approaching his heart.

Puok!

There was a strange sound. A bloody mess spread quickly. But he didn't feel any pain.

“...?”

Smith quietly opened his eyes. Then he witnessed the follower coughing up blood after being stabbed in the heart with an arrow. There was a young man smiling from behind the follower.

“Hasn't it been a long time? Old Man.”

“Why are you here...?”

It was Grid. The young man who gave him enlightenment appeared at this moment and saved his life? He thought he had no regrets about his life, but he couldn't help feeling relieved. Tears poured down again.

“Have you been well?”

Smith was thrilled and shook Grid's hand. It was a big hand filled with calluses. It was undoubtedly the hand of a blacksmith. Grid chuckled and pulled Smith to his feet.

“Old Man, you made wonderful arrows.”

“Ah...!”

His heart started pounding. He was recognized. It was his first time in 66 years. It wasn't an ordinary person, but a great blacksmith! Smith rose all the way to an advanced blacksmith due to the enlightenment of one night. He could feel the greatness of Grid so he started sniffing.

“I can continue working for the next few years. Continue... I want to keep working...”

Grid patted Smith's shoulders. “Of course, you can work more. This is your prime.”

Float.

Grid floated in the air and gazed into Smith's eyes.

“Your workspace. I will protect it.”

It was at that moment.

[Your heart warms when you think about the old blacksmith who overcame his limits with commitment and a desire to work.]

[The quest ‘Blacksmith’s Affection’ has been created.]

[Blacksmith’s Affection]

Difficulty: B

You are the successor of Pagma’s techniques and will! You have Pagma’s humanitarian ideology of using ‘blacksmithing to benefit other people.’

The new dream of an old blacksmith who passed his limit has inspired you.

You want to reward the old blacksmith whose heart is as hot as fire and solid as steel.

Quest Clear Conditions: Protect Smith's smithy.

Quest Clear Rewards: The lifespan of Smith will be extended by 30 years.

* Smith is a late bloomer thanks to his effort. He has the qualities of a fine blacksmith. Extending his life will benefit you.

Quest Acceptance Reward: The skill 'Blacksmith's Affection' will be created.

Quest Failure: Smith's life isn't extended.

[Blacksmith's Affection]

If you have the maximum affinity with an NPC blacksmith, you can raise their skill level by 1~5 levels.

The blacksmith who received your teachings will be loyal to you for life and will share with you every time they learn new item production methods.

[Quest is in progress.]

"Wow."

The first time he met Khan he Winston, he became angry in the same manner and learned the skill Blacksmith's Rage. He had come to deliver armor to Vantner, only to witness Smith's plight. Saving him gave Grid unexpected benefits.

‘Maybe the world is different from what I thought.’

He thought the world was a place where only selfish and bad guys received profits, while a good person was damaged. But his thoughts changed a bit after being rewarded for his good work.

Grid felt better as he left the smithy. Then his high insight detected exactly 15 Yatan followers nearby. Grid wore Malacus' Cloak and let them approach, calculating the perfect timing.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave!”

It was an absolute dignity. The energy waves from Failure instantly killed the 15 followers.

[The quest 'Blacksmith's Affection' has been cleared.]

[Smith's life will be extended by 30 years.]

‘Good, good.’

Grid made a happy expression and turned his attention to the center of the village. The Tzedakah Guild were facing the old man

Neberius playing the flute and the demonkin Balak, whose body was bubbling up like lava. But the guild members still seemed to be hanging on. Regas, Pon, Jishuka and Vantner weren't present, but they seemed to be fighting well.

‘Everyone is much stronger compared to the time of the Malacus raid. With their current power, won't they just make fun of Malacus?’

Grid turned his gaze to the other side. Jishuka and Vantner were isolated in an area where the houses were concentrated.

“This side is urgent.”

“Pant pant... Damn! You lousy bastards!”

Vantner's health was at the bottom. The damage he suffered was so much that his potions cooldown time couldn't keep up and he was on the verge of death.

“Die!”

“Divine punishment!”

The clever believers started to focus their attacks on Vantner. In the end, Jishuka made a decision.

Kaaang!

She moved to defend Vantner's side from the black knight's attack, causing her to cough up blood. Vantner cried out, "What are you doing? I'm supposed to protect you, not you protect me!"

Jishuka ridiculed him. "Do you have the ability to protect me?"

"Ugh..."

When the Tzedakah Guild quit L.T.S. and moved to Satisfy, Vantner made his character a tanker. He was a damage dealer in L.T.S. so the guild members expressed concern. But Vantner was stubborn. He wanted to be in charge of a different position from L.T.S, so he chose a guardian knight.

Then he immediately regretted it. The tanker's weak attack and slow hunting speed didn't suit him. In order to level up properly, he always had to hunt with a party. The gap with his rival Pon grew bigger and Vantner became impatient.

"Tanker? No."

In order to feel the pleasure of playing alone, Vantner started to put his stat points into strength. He forgot his original intentions of tanking for the guild members.

"How many times have I been told that a tanker doesn't suit me? If Garcia had become our guild's guardian knight as planned, we

would've been stronger and more stable. I'm sorry."

"..."

Vantner felt sorry towards Jishuka and apologized while bowing his head. Jishuka smiled as Vantner was feeling depressed, "After this situation, distribute your stat points better in the future."

"...Yes. After the Malacus raid, I have been distributing as much stat points as possible into stamina. I will now go unconditionally into stamina."

"Okay."

Jishuka made a satisfied expression and pulled her bowstring back to the fullest. Then flames started appearing at the end of the arrowhead. She was poised to use the strongest attack skill, Phoenix Arrow.

"Jishuka?"

She was going to use all her mana to get rid of the black knights in front of them? Wasn't it a death wish? The confused Vantner tried to stop her. But Jishuka had already made up her mind.

"I will wipe out all the enemies here. You should recover as quickly as possible and join the guild members."

Jishuka was 17th on the unified rankings. The rankings of the top players could fluctuate with just 1% of experience, so someone dying and losing 20% of their experience could drop the rankings down 20 places.

Vantner couldn't let her make the sacrifice.

“No! I will die instead!”

Jishuka stared at the shouting Vantner.

“Are you an idiot? If you die then I won't be able to escape by myself. Just listen to me.”

[You have suffered 2,800 damage.]

[You have suffered 2,550 damage.]

[You have been cursed. Your defense is reduced by 30% and your movement speed has slowed.]

Jishuka was hit by magic attacks. But she didn't protest.

Hwaruruk!

The flames at the arrowhead spread and the whole bow became covered with fire. The enemies would be wiped out the moment

she let go of the bowstring.

“Ohhhhhh!”

The black warriors and magician sensed the danger and started their onslaught.

Papapat!

A dart flew and protected Jishuka. Then a voice was heard from the sky.

“Stop. Why are you planning on dying?”

Paruru.

Jishuka blinked her long eyelashes. She didn't hesitate to turn off the flames as she turned her gaze towards the sky.

“Why are you so late? You bastard.”

She was touched to tears. She was always sexy, but her puffed up cheeks made her look cute. Grid flushed as his heart was attacked.

“I'm sorry.”

Vantner shouted while Grid was apologizing, “Hey! You bastard!

Why did you log out while making my armor and where did you go? Isn't this too much? I could've played a more active role if you made my armor!"

Grid threw him an armor. "Then start from now on."

"What do you want me to do from now on... Heok?"

Vantner freaked out as he checked the information of the armor.

[Relieved Wave Armor]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 574/574 Defense: 861 Movement Speed: -4%

* Reduces the damage received by 60% if your health is above 60%.

* Increases defense against cutting attacks by 30%.

* There is a high chance of invalidating cutting attacks.

* The skill 'Persistence' will be generated.

Among the items made by the great blacksmith 'G,' this is the second piece born with emotions.

It was left neglected during the production process and became anxious. Now it is relieved about being completed. It is filled with the desire not to be discarded twice, and that desire affects the wearer.

It has bad feelings towards its creator, but isn't petty enough to express it.

User Restriction: Level 240 or higher. More than 500 strength. Advanced Heavy Armor Mastery level 2 or higher.

Weight: 1,920

[Persistence]

If your current health is below 5%, you will instantly regain 20% of your health and will unconditionally defend against one of the enemy's attacks.

Skill Cooldown Time: 30 hours.

The guardian knight had the invincible skill 'Guardian's Power' that could stop an attack once. If he used it well, he could neutralize the enemy's movements. Therefore, the guardian knight was a tanker. However, the skill attached to an item was better than Guardian's Power.

Vantner's eyes widened.

‘There was a disadvantage that the cooldown is too long and it is difficult to use at the desired timing, but immediately recovering 20% of my health...’

It was truly a legendary item. He was thrilled as he shouted, “Grid! Thank you!!”

Vantner took off his old armor and wore the new one. His defense rose sharply and 20% of his health was immediately restored. Once he became invincible, he stormed towards the black knights.

“Jishuka! Now I am strong! Hahaha! Strong! I will unconditionally attack and protect you!”

Chaaeng!

A black knight's sword flew towards Vantner's back, but it was blocked by an invisible barrier.

“...?!”

The person who was dying had suddenly recovered, and what was this ability? The confused dark knights receded and Vantner started to run like a madman, swinging his twin axes. The enemies focused all their attention on Vantner.

Jishuka was able to widen the distance and her powerful arrows flew without compromise.

Puk! Puuok!

“Kuaaaak!”

“K-Kieek...!”

Two black knights instantly turned to light.

Kaaang! Kaang!

The surviving black knights attacked Vantner, but their swords often slipped off the wave pattern engraved on Vantner's armor.

“You...!”

The black magicians cast magic to stop Vantner, who was rampaging like a bull. But Jishuka was a problem.

“Keok!”

She started sniping the black magicians, so there was no one to stop Vantner. Grid was already looking at another place, “You're next.”

Chapter 153

The jade fire was a symbol of the demonkin. It was beautiful enough to tempt the soul, but the reality was that it could even melt steel.

Hwaruruk!

Every time Balak's sword moved, fire flashed in the air and a path of fire was made on the ground. The whole area was suddenly covered in fire.

“Damn, he's as scary as Grid.”

The center of Bairan Village. There was a black man running away from the ruins of collapsed buildings that were as dark as his skin color.

‘So fast.’

The shape of the demonkin Balak was no different from that of humans. He had a slim body like an adult male. But his skin was boiling like lava. Two big white eyes were above a mouth that curved from ear to ear. The hair was burning so it was really like looking at the image of a demon.

The ghastly demonkin caught up with the humans at a transcendent pace and swung his elongated sword.

Seokeok!

The fire sword cut at the thick outer wall of a building like it was a radish.

Jjejejeok!

Toban would've been literally cut in half.

“Kuk...”

Toban groaned as he defended with his shield. His face seen over the jade fire was distorted with pain.

‘This bastard’s passive skill is too threatening.’

He barely managed to defend, but his health kept steadily declining. The flames that spread out 1m around Balak spun rapidly and caused continuous damage.

‘It’s fixed damage, and fire resistance is useless, so it’s definitely a headache.’

The damage dealers couldn’t approach. The fire caused 500 damage per second, so it was a huge burden for level 250~260 damage dealers who had a health of around 19,000. Toon had a high amount of health but he couldn’t see an opportunity. He couldn’t easily move.

Right now, the party was hoping that Toban, their tanker would make an ‘opportunity.’ Toban had to fight alone for a while.

Kaang! Kakakang!

‘Is the attack speed becoming faster?’

Toban was using all the buff skills he had. All the numbers listed in his status window had risen from a few percent to tens of percent more than usual. But it was impossible to defend against Balak’s sword forever.

The fastest speed.

Toban couldn’t resist the sword swinging at his chest.

Seokeok! Sakak!

[You have suffered 3,900 damage.]

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 7,980 damage.]

The fire sword penetrated through his shield and blood spurted from Toban’s chest.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Flop!

Toban let out a terrible scream and fell to his knees, making Balak smile. Balak swung his sword again, as if he wanted to end this. The moment that the sword was shifting orbits.

Toban used a skill. “Swamp Shield!”

Papat!

A thick shield made of slimy mud suddenly emerged in front of Toban.

Kwa kwang!

The fire sword wielded by Balak clashed with the shield. Then it was sucked into the swamp.

“Trying to use a trick.”

The sword wasn’t pulled in. The tighter Balak held on, the more the sucking power increased. Annoyance filled Balak’s eyes.

“It would be easier if you obediently become a slave of the death

god (Yatan)..."

The demonkin's voice was simultaneously transmitted to his ears and his brain. Anyone who heard it would feel fear and confusion. However, the opponent was the first paladin of the Judar Church. He wasn't deceived by the demonkin's voice.

"Good bye."

Toban laughed. Toon and seven other Tzedakah Guild members attacked at once.

"Do it quickly!"

Balak had a passive that dealt continuous damage to all enemies within 1m of him. The longer they fought, the more disadvantageous they would be. They needed to attack in an instant.

"Counterattack."

"Fox Fire Queen!"

"Sword of the Moon!"

"Brilliant Strike!"

“Frost.”

“Vacuum Wave!”

The top 100 damage dealers of the unified rankings used their ultimate skills.

Toon stood out. Elephant, rhino, hippo, bear, lion, tiger, jaguar, eagle, snake, wild boar etc! Toon transformed into all types of different wild beasts and precisely struck at Balak’s chest.

“Lord’s Strike!”

It was the moment when the beast master, a rare hidden class, dealt 1350% of his physical damage.

Kuaaaaang!

The energy of the beasts smashed into Balak’s chest.

“You...!”

Balak’s sword was being sucked into the Swamp Shield. He failed to defend properly and coughed up blood. Then the skills of the remaining six guild members hit him. Flaming fists, a sword that seemed to slash the space itself, flashing lightning, frost that could freeze bone and a spear all struck quickly.

They were all powerful skills that dealt more than 1100% of their attack power. However, the sound of Neberius' flute was the problem. Three of the six skills were non-targeted skills. Their accuracy dropped by 60% so they failed to damage Balak.

“Ah...”

“Wow.”

The guild members were perturbed. Balak, who had been knocked down after four successive hits, stood upright again. Then he roared, “Hell Fire Festival!”

Hundreds of fireballs revolved around Balak! They burned and expanded.

“Doesn't this seem dangerous?”

“Move back!”

It was too late. The guild members tried to get as far away from Balak as possible, but the fireballs was already causing a series of explosions.

Pepeng! Pepepeng! Pepepepeng!

It was like a fireworks festival.

“Kuaaaaack!”

There were hundreds of explosions around the guild members, causing them to fly back in pain. In particular, Toban suffered a great wound and was in a critical condition.

Crack!

At that moment, the duration of Swamp Shield ended. Then Balak’s sword was freed. Balak picked up the sword that fell to the ground and his sharp teeth gleamed as he laughed.

“This time, I will invite you to the sword festival.”

“Stupid cubs who used non-targeted skills... Cough! Spit! If your hit rate is reduced, you have to use certain skills you fools.”

“Shit... Damn... Why are you so confident... Shut up.”

The guild members were turned to rags from the explosion and started swearing. This was the end. Everybody had a hunch.

Toban felt despair. ‘I couldn’t hunt because I was caught by Grid and now I will die and lose experience...’

It was the result of his incompetence. After this, he would try harder to level up and become stronger. It was around the time that Toban was making a pledge.

“Who is above level 250, has more than 1,800 strength and has advanced Sword Mastery?”

A voice was heard from the sky. They were glad and annoyed to see him.

“What, this bastard? What are you saying all of a sudden? Kyaaack~ spit!”

Toon expressed all their feelings. Toban grinned as he looked up at the sky. The most powerful user that Toban knew, Grid, appeared like a magician. The new members, including Toon, didn't recognize him because he was wearing a hat, but Toban and the other old guild members knew him instantly.

It was because Grid normally wore scruffy clothing when working at the smithy.

“Grid, what are you saying? Level? Strength? Mastery? Why are you asking that?”

“Hey, stop talking nonsense and come down to help.”

The guild members grumbled. But they were happy. Pagma's Descendant. The appearance of the legendary class gave them confidence.

“I want to lend you a weapon. I will ask again. Who is above level 250, has more than 1,800 strength and has advanced Sword Mastery?”

“Toban is over level 250 but the other conditions...”

The guild members looked at each other as Grid asked again. There were some who met one or two conditions, but none that seemed to meet all three. At that moment, Toon raised a hand.

Grid identified him and frowned. “I don’t like that bastard.”

Toon listened to Grid’s words and finally realized his identity. “I also don’t like you. Kyaaack~ spit! You are a coward who lied that you are a blacksmith.”

“Whatever, take it.”

Grid threw Toon a black greatsword. It was the sword that the butcher, who Toon wanted to fight, used. In other words, it was the weapon that Grid had been using for a long time. Toon recognized it at first glance and asked, “Are you crazy? Why are you giving me your weapon? Do you plan to fight with your bare hands?”

Grid snorted. “Do you think that garbage is my weapon?”

“G-Garbage?”

Toon thought it was ridiculous after checking the details of the +5 Dainsleif (Reproduction). This enormous item that could be called the strongest weapon in existence was considered garbage?

‘What’s wrong with that bastard? Ah, that’s right. Isn’t he originally like this?’

The butcher was known for being a psychopath. Toon released the wristblades that he had been using for a long time. He equipped Dainsleif and used the ‘Half Man Half Beast’ skill.

“Ku...ooooooooh!”

The muscles of his body expanded like the Hulk. Then grey hair started to grow on his thickened skin. He grew a snout like a wolf and his teeth became longer. He was like a werewolf. Grid checked the changed Toon and sighed.

“There is no creativity... Hey, if you like that sword then buy it from me. The price is four million gold.”

“Awooooo~!”

Wolf... No, Toon howled. Then he rushed towards Balak and started to wield Dainsleif.

Kwa kwang! Kwang!

Toon combined human abilities with the power of a beast, making him much stronger than before. In addition to that, Toban and the other guild members supported Toon with buff skills, so Balak couldn't help feeling confused.

“How can a human be so strong...?”

“This place can endure a bit more...”

Grid tied up Balak's feet for a while after throwing Dainsleif. Then he turned his gaze 80m to the rear. He saw an elderly man playing a flute with one hand, while dealing with Faker and Ibellin with the other hand.

‘I should first stop that old man playing the flute.’

The magic power from the flute was ringing all over Bairan Village.

“This is the end of that old man.”

Grid put his hand into the inventory.

Saaah!

A blue light emerged in the sky. Another greatsword emerged from his inventory. It looked like a shark. It maintained the

dignity of a predator.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Transcended Link.”

Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Grid didn’t know it, but he was at the center of the world’s attention. A total of 20 strikes was launched, dealing 150% attack power with each hit. They were fired without a time difference.

“...What?!”

Neberius cried out as he was dealing with Faker and Ibellin. A heavy rain of swords poured down from the sky. Neberius’ eyes widened at the sight. It wasn’t just Neberius. The overwhelming attack astonished the world, including the Tzedakah Guild.

“Dark Fire Storm!”

Neberius pulled out an orb. He summoned the most powerful magic of three attributes that were combined in the orb. The fire storm collided with the blue energy swords.

Pepepepeok!

“Avoid it!”

There was a huge explosion. The Tzedakah Guild noticed and spread out instantly. 18 of the 20 swords were offset by Neberius' storm. However, two swords persevered and threatened Neberius.

“This mighty force...!” Neberius admired it and stopped playing his flute for the first time. He hurriedly used magic. “Dark Ice Wall!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

An ice barrier was instantly created. Its height was much taller than Bairan Village's walls.

Kwakwang!

The two energy swords were blocked and destroyed by the barrier.

Kururung.

As a result of the impact from the collision, sparks flew and aimed at Grid.

“Danger!”

Ibellin had already felt the power of the black flame and was worried about Grid. But Grid was fine.

Kwaang!

The black flames were destroyed by a flashing Golden Shield, then Grid descended towards the ground. Sharp flashing eyes could be seen from between black hair.

“You!”

Kwajik! Kwajijik!

Dozens of dark thunderbolts fell and hit Grid. But he was fine?

“Eek...?”

Neberius freaked out.

[The effect of the Holy Light Armor has been activated, resisting the dark magic.]

Grid smiled as he saw the notification window. After the dark thunderbolts were gone, there was a red lightning strike.

Pachik! Pachichik!

An intense spark!

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Kill!”

The strongest skill!

Kwaaaaang!

A power equivalent to a nuclear bomb fell towards Neberius' head.

Chapter 154

‘This momentum...!’

Neberius was 123 years old this year. Thanks to receiving God Yatan’s blessing, he lived for a long time and had a lot of insights. The covered man changed the battlefield with small actions? If he was careless, he would receive a big injury.

‘Big injury? The slightest slip will kill me.’

Kuwaaaang!

Grid descended to 10m above the ground and then accelerated. The air became turbulent and the earth shook. A legendary class who had the strongest stats and evolved his skills to the highest level with his equipment.

Neberius judged, ‘That strength is a scam. It isn’t possible.’

Unfortunately, defense seemed impossible. He had the old body of a magician, so it was hard to avoid. Could he offset the power with a magic attack? He would have to consume a lot of magic power.

There were separate and wiser ways to deal with it.

‘I have to neutralize it with gravity magic.’

Neberius was a dark magician. His ability to do magic wasn't simply limited to attack and defense magic, so his quality was different from Malacus. He had the title of great magician and could use magic power of different attributes, as well as a wide variety of them.

“Reverse Gravity.”

Neberius used the magic that best fit this current crisis.

Teong!

“...?”

The moment that Grid was about to sweep like a hawk snatching its prey... He stopped in the air just before hitting Neberius with Kill. Then regardless of his will, he began to rise into the sky. It was the force of reversing gravity.

“Shi...!”

Grid cursed as he floated like a balloon.

His attack was judged as a MISS and the energy of Kill inside Failure was extinguished. Transcended Link and Kill, two of his strongest skills were consecutively neutralized so he couldn't help feeling angry.

On the other hand, Neberius and the building debris were also influenced by gravity and floated into the air. As if they were being sucked into a black hole, they quickly chased after Grid.

“The situation is reversed. Now it’s your turn to be attacked.”

Neberius’ specialty was double casting. He could complete two magic spells simultaneously with his mind and mouth. He triggered dark thunder balls and dark water balls.

Pajik! Pajijik!

Five spheres of electricity hit Grid’s body, affecting him from head to toe. Then three spheres of water exploded, damaging Grid and doubling the power of the electricity.

“Kuaack!”

Grid gave a terrible scream as his body was roasted. Neberius’ eyes sharpened as he observed Grid.

‘That divine armor resists dark magic but the probability isn’t 100%.’

He was lucky. Neberius felt relieved and eagerly started a magic rampage.

Hwaruruk! Chachak!

Arrows of fire and ice were created in succession and flew towards Grid.

‘It stinks.’

Grid was still dominated by Reverse Gravity and was unable to control his body in the air. If he compared his current state to a PC game, it was difficult to control because his directional keys seemed to be reversed?

Pepepepeng!

[You have suffered 1,160 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,230 damage.]

[The effect of the Holy Light Armor has been activated, resisting the dark magic.]

[You have suffered 1,155 damage.]

‘Annoying.’

He had to allow the attacks. His Holy Light Armor alleviated 50% of magic damage and occasionally completely resisted the dark

magic, but it was still a one-sided bombardment. Did he have to be a punching bag like this?

‘I don’t like it.’ He was already tired of the one-sided punching bag days of his past. Now he had to experience it again? ‘No more...’

Grid rotated his body in the air and reversed his direction. Then he flew towards Neberius who was casting a magic spell.

‘I won’t be one-sidedly hit anymore!’

Reverse gravity? That wasn’t a difficult problem when he thought about it. He controlled his body by thinking of the sky as the earth and the earth as the sky. His many combat experiences had improved the thinking ability of his brain and allowed him to quickly adjust to Reverse Gravity.

“You have no respect for the elderly!”

Grid who was falling towards the ground and Neberius who was flying into the sky. The collision of the two were inevitable since they were moving in a straight line.

‘Pagma’s Swordsmanship.’

Grid accurately calculated the timing as he narrowed the distance to Neberius and triggered a skill.

“Link!”

It was perfect timing. The moment that Neberius entered his attack range, the greatsword started to shine blue. But Neberius didn't stay still. Clack! He snapped his fingers and released Reverse Gravity.

Teong!

Gravity returned to normal. Neberius and the building debris stopped flying up towards Grid, suddenly falling towards the ground instead. Grid missed the target once again and Link only hit empty air. This was the third skill that became useless.

“Damn old man!”

Grid felt manipulated as he landed on the ground after Neberius. Neberius had already finished completing a new spell.

“Dark Storm.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

It was the moment when the magic that Yura used to kill Grid and Doran, as well as shatter the Yatan Temple, was triggered.

Flinch.

Grid wanted to shrink back from the trauma but he instead swapped to the Divine Shield.

* There is a high chance of completely resisting dark spells.

It was an option present for both the legendary Divine Shield and the Holy Light Armor. This overlapping effect was the antithesis of dark magic.

“Haha.”

Neberius thought it was so absurd that he laughed. This person was directly hit by Dark Storm, but he wasn't affected at all? Instead, he was rushing forward.

Pepeng! Peng peng!

He tried to fire magic spells but Grid couldn't be stopped. The performance of the Divine Shield in front of him was better than any Divine Shield Neberius had ever seen.

‘What great craftsman produced it...? I can't help feeling admiration. But it won't do anything against these magic spells.’

Neberius concentrated his magic power on the orb he had been holding in his hand. An orb was a magician's weapon and insurance. The orb could store magic that needed long casting

time, and the magic would be immediately used when magic power was injected.

Neberius currently had two spells stored in the orb. They were the strongest spells that mixed three attributes, just like Dark Fire Storm that offset Grid's Transcended Link. What would happen if he trigger two of his best magic spells with no time difference?

‘Victory!’

Neberius was sure of it as Grid emerged from the black storm. He had put away the shield and was holding the greatsword with both hands?

‘Stupid!’

Neberius smiled with satisfaction and poured magic power into his orb.

[Dark Thunder Explosion!]

Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaang!

There was a strong explosion that blended darkness and thunder in front of Grid.

‘What?’

Neberius could summon powerful magic again straight after Dark Storm? This was Grid's first battle with a magician who knew how to use an orb properly, so he received huge damage.

[You have suffered 14,300 damage.]

There was this much damage, even with the Holy Light Armor. Grid was surprised but didn't shrink back. He was determined not to miss the gap where Neberius would be exhausted by the aftermath of the powerful magic. But Neberius still had one spell stored in his orb.

“Dark Stone Blizzard!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

‘Again?’

Sharp stones and ice fragments were created around the confused Grid, stirring around him like a blender.

“Grid!”

“Ahh!”

The Tzedakah Guild members, who had been relying on Grid to defeat Neberius, sighed in unison. In addition to them, everyone around the world watching the battle through TV or the Internet

was thinking the same thing when Grid was hit.

There was an explosion of comments in the chat windows of the Internet relay rooms.

-What⇒⇒⇒⇒ A legendary class ≡○ How funny ⇒⇒ It's over now ⇒⇒⇒.

-What type of legendary class doesn't think about the magic stored in orbs? Why did he release the shield ㄸㄸ Really, this legendary class is more like a dog. He can't fight.

-Is his judgment blurred? Perhaps he is exhausted by Neberius' Reverse Gravity? He seems to have lost his composure because his skills keep being neutralized ○○.

-That's right. Frankly, the old man is fighting so well that he is bound to become upset.

-A good fighter... The basics... Honestly, even the top 10 rankers would have a hard time against the old man.

-That is a dog ⇒

-No, haven't you seen the news? In the first place, Pagma's Descendant is a blacksmith rather than a combatant. It is fundamentally weak.

-Did you see the dreadful power of those three skills? Pagma's Descendant isn't weak.

-Pagma might be a simple blacksmith, but he had the best swordsmanship after Sword Saint Muller.

-I had a lot of expectations for the first legendary class ~~ But this...

-It's just trash ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨

-Ah... I didn't think the fight would end so quickly... I just ordered chicken.

Hundreds of millions of people were disappointed or laughing in real time. They had yet to notice. The fact that it wasn't just pieces of stone and ice raging around Grid.

Kakakang! Kwaaaaaang!

'This is crazy!' Neberius was dumbfounded. In the midst of the storm, two golden discs had suddenly appeared and were defending against the stones and ice? The duration of the magic ended. Originally, the hat wearing person should be torn to pieces. However, he was in a relatively good condition.

"This is a headache despite having lower combat power than the pope... Well, do you still have more to show?"

The two golden discs spun around Grid who floated in the air.

Neberius cried out to him, “What is this? What is the nature of those great artifacts?”

The armor, shield and the golden discs, they were treasures that not even the king of a country would have.

“I would’ve won this fight long ago if it wasn’t for those artifacts...!”

Grid approached Neberius like a ghost. He spoke as he raised Failure.

“Don’t worry about it. It is my job to be overgeared.”

“Ugh! Diamond Shield! Dark Shield!”

Neberius had used all the magic stored in the orb. His magic power was almost depleted, so he couldn’t use powerful magic. Neberius strained himself using two unique defense spells at the same time.

Then he started the chant for Teleport. He only thought about running away.

‘This is the last hurrah.’

The cooldown time of his powerful skills like Transcended Link, Link and Kill stilled remained. Could he break through the double shields and stop Neberius from escaping? Of course it was possible. The power of skills? He didn't care about such things.

‘I have the power of items.’

Grid's Failure fell towards the two layered shield

Chaaeng!

[The Holy Light Gloves option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target five times.]

Jjeejeeong!

‘Heok? What the...!’

Neberius's eyes widened as he chanted the spell for Teleport. The opponent dealt such a strong blow that the shields couldn't fully absorb the damage and cracked?

Jjejeong! Jjejejeok!

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target five times.]

Jeeeong!

“Heeook!

The two layered shield shattered. There were hundreds of reflections of Neberius on the shattered remnants of the shields that scattered like glass fragments.

Fear. Neberius had lived for 123 years and he was filled with an emotion that he only felt a few times. Then the predator of the sea swallowed him without any mercy.

[Failure’s option effect is activated, causing the skill ‘Bisect’ to be generated.]

[Bisect]

Deals 800% of your attack power to a single target. Some of the target’s body must be cut in order to induce various abnormal status conditions.

Skill Cooldown Time: 5 minutes.

Seokeok!

“Kuaaaack!”

Due to his instinct to live, Neberius instinctively raised his right arm and screamed as it was cut off. Neberius became more frightened as he saw the blood spurting out.

“That’s nonsense...!”

He was aware that the Tzedakah Guild had more strength than he thought.

He felt tension from the assassin and young boy, while Balak’s feet were being tied up by a half human and an archer. There was the martial artist who took on 70 strengthened elders on his own.

But the hat wearing man who appeared last was special. He was too strong. Despite being a trivial being -user-Neberius was reminded of Yura, who had been selected by God Yatan. That white armor and divine shield that contained enormous divine power, was he someone related to the Rebecca Church?

“I heard that there is a secret temple in Rebecca’s Church that is fostering Rebecca’s Daughters and assassins... Did you come from that temple?”

Grid replied to Neberius’s absurd question, “Temple? No, I am overgeared.” (TL: this pun doesn’t really translate well. Basically Temple and Overgeared sound similar in Korean.)

“...Overgeared?”

The answer that wasn't really an answer made Neberius' confusion worse. Then he felt terrible pain.

Puok!

The blue greatsword pierced his heart.

“K... Kuock...!”

It was the moment when the Fourth Servant of the Yatan Church was defeated by one user.

Chapter 155

“Finally... To hell... By God Yatan’s side... I can go...”

Flop.

The decrepit body of the old man fell to the cold floor. The whole world cheered as soon as they saw him turn to grey light.

『 Oh...! Ohhh! Awesome! The first legendary class, Pagma’s Descendant has defeated the Fourth Servant of the Yatan Church! It’s truly a remarkable achievement! 』

Asia.

『 Neberius is level 300. He’s a third advancement dark magician and a hidden boss. He defeated that enemy alone? The ability of a legendary class is amazing. 』

North America.

『 I wouldn’t say he succeeded in the raid alone. Didn’t the Tzedakah Guild consume Neberius’s health and magic power before he appeared? 』

Europe.

『 If it wasn’t for the Tzedakah Guild, would Pagma’s Descendant

be able to knock down Neberius alone? 』

『 We can't be sure. 』

South America.

『 What are the pros and cons of Pagma's Descendant that could be observed in this battle? 』

Oceania, Africa, and so on. The international media of all continents broadcasted headlines about Pagma's Descendant. There was an uproar in various communities.

-Defeated. A hidden boss was defeated in a one-man raid.

-I thought he was stupid after being hit by the magic ⇨⇨ Yet he still managed to win ⇨⇨⇨⇨

-Honestly it is true. He won due to his items.

-Yes, I agree.

-What are those golden discs? I'd like to have them. Where did he get them? A quest item?

-If we knew, than would we be here? Think before posting comments on the message boards;

[A review of Pagma's Descendant by a level 269 ranker]

Hello, I am ranked 15th on the unified rankings. Proof? I don't need it. It's annoying in many ways. People can choose to believe me or not.

Then I'll get straight to the point.

Based on what I saw, Pagma's Descendant is just a beginner at combat. Why is my evaluation so extreme? Okay, then I'll change my comment to a 'magic dictionary.'

Magician. Pagma's Descendant used skills against a great magician, but was affected by gravity magic, didn't consider the magic built into orbs and received a great deal of damage... He is the worst in many ways. In particular, he couldn't deal with Reverse Gravity properly, proving that his control skills are bad. Ah, this 'bad' is based on the perspective of a ranker.

Omitted.

[PvP expert commentator RIX on Pagma's Descendant]

Omitted.

The bottom line is that Pagma Descendant's control skills and fighting abilities are plain, while the power of his items is huge.

His white armor and golden shield have high magic resistance. The cloak should have a built in taunt ability and the boots give him Fly magic. The greatsword has overwhelming damage. More than anything else, there are the two golden discs that defended against the damage of a powerful magic that combined three attributes, Dark Stone Blizzard by 70%.

How big is it? It is impossible to measure the value of the discs, but it's most likely a legendary rating.

The point we need to note here is that Pagma's Descendant is a 'legendary blacksmith.' Did Pagma's Descendant make these items himself? How does he do it? I want to commission an item right now.

[Part of an interview with the 3rd ranked Chris.]

Q: It is theorized that Pagma's Descendant is the same as the butcher of Winston who devastated your guild. What do you think?

A: I believe it is correct. I also believe he is the same person who made the Special Jaffa Arrows that became a hot topic in the past.

Q: Is he a member of the Tzedakah Guild?

A: It is natural to think so considering the context.

Q. I will ask you in a straightforward manner. Who is stronger, you or Pagma's Descendant?

A: His raid ability is better than me. Neberius might have weak defense and health, but he is still a hidden boss. I don't have enough offensive power to kill him in an instant. What would happen if I raided Neberius alone? It's easy to drive Neberius to the defensive, but he would've been able to escape.

However, my PvP ability is several times higher than Pagma's Descendant. The class itself might be strong, but his control abilities are the worst. In particular, his skill usage is very simple. I can avoid or counter his skills. I think that most of the top 20 rankers will be thinking the same thing as me.

Q: There are many people who are criticizing the control skills of Pagma's Descendant, but I haven't seen anyone degrading the class performance itself. What type of class is Pagma's Descendant?

A: It combines other elements but its best aspect is the ability to make items. Isn't he the only legendary item maker? The combat power is also the best. Attack power, defense, speed, there isn't anything lacking. His items are good, but I guess that his basic stats are also superior.

I just don't know about the power of his skills. As everybody knows, didn't the skills of Pagma's Descendant miss? (Laughs)

Everyone was enthusiastically paying attention to Pagma's Descendant. However, Grid himself didn't realize this.

[You have defeated Neberius, the Fourth Servant of Yatan, who had been experimenting with many black magic spells!]

[Reputation throughout the continent will rise by +4,000.]

[Hostility with the Yatan Church has risen to the maximum.]

[Affinity with the Rebecca Church is already at the maximum. You will be welcomed when visiting a Rebecca Temple.]

[Affinity with the Dominion Church has increased by +2,000. Visiting a Dominion Temple will give you great blessings. Your current affinity is 3,500.]

[Affinity with the Judar Church has increased by +1,400. Visiting a Judar Temple will give you great blessings. Your current affinity is 2,000.]

[Until a new black magician is appointed, the ability of the Yatan Church to produce black magicians will fall.]

[421 gold has been acquired.]

[Blessed Weapon Enhancement Stones (2) have been acquired.]

[Blessed Armor Enhancement Stones (3) have been acquired.]

[4 deluxe magic stones have been acquired.]

[Neberius' Flute has been acquired.]

[Neberius' Bracelet has been acquired.]

[67,131,050 experience has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level...]

[Neberius' Flute]

Rating: Legendary

It is a treasure that has been preserved for many years by the Yatan Church and influences the minds of those who hear it. The appearance is old but that doesn't affect the ability to produce sound.

When a member of God Yatan plays this flute, it reduces the enemy's evasion rate by 50%, their accuracy by 30% and magic casting time by 1.5 times.

When a member of the three other gods plays this flute, it will increase ally's evasion and accuracy by 20% and reduce casting time by 1.5 times.

When a neutral person plays this flute, a random effect will be created.

- * You must play it for at least five seconds.

- * The duration of the effect is 30 seconds.

Conditions of Use: None.

Skill Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.

Effect Range: A radius of 20 metres.

[Neberius' Bracelet]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 14/20 Defense: 5

Intelligence +30

* Reduces magic casting time by 20%.

A bracelet that Neberius treasured. It doesn't have much effect, but it is an artifact that is very helpful to a magician.

User Restriction: Level 250 or higher.

Weight: 1

[A hidden function doesn't exist.]

“Yes!!”

Jackpot.

‘In particular, Neberius’ flute is a big hit!’

Classes that could use buff and debuff magic were very limited, such as black magicians and paladins. Among them, there were very few classes that could use wide area debuff or buff magic. However, if he had Neberius’ Flute, he could use wide area debuff or buff magic regardless of class.

‘I can’t imagine how much it will sell for if I register it at auction... Should I try it out once?’

Grid wondered about the random effects. He started playing the flute.

Bik. Biiik. Bik.

Grid hadn't even played a recorder, so it was impossible for him to play the old flute well. However, the tone of the flute itself was so good that it didn't disturb his ears.

‘What is he doing all of a sudden?’

The Tzedakah Guild members who were cheering after Grid defeated Neberius! Those who were still attacking Balak became affected when Grid suddenly started playing the flute. Then their faces turned pale.

[You have heard a bad flute sound. All stats will drop by 30%, making it easier for you to be affected by a status condition. This effect will last for 30 seconds.]

All members of the Tzedakah Guild weakened. On the other hand, the jade flames around Balak's body started to burn more fiercely.

“I feel stronger!”

“Y-You crazy person!”

“Hey Grid! What are you doing?”

Kwaang! Kwaang!

The blazing sword started to attack the weakened Tzedakah Guild members. Pon and Regas, who almost killed all the elders, suddenly faced a crisis.

“Pant... Pant... My stamina is suddenly depleted...”

“The elders are becoming stronger...”

[A random effect has occurred. Decrease the stats of all allies and increase the stats of all enemies.]

“...Wow.” Grid belatedly confirmed the notification windows and scratched his head like he was embarrassed. “Sorry.”

“This is shit!”

Vantner cursed as he defended against Balak’s swords with his twin axes, then rolled far away. It wasn’t just him. Most of the guild members fell down because they couldn’t endure the power of the strengthened Balak.

“It can’t be helped. I have to get rid of this cheap thing.”

Grid blamed the item and looked at Balak. He started approaching Balak and Balak hurriedly flew into the sky. Then he created a door to move between dimensions.

“Neberius is dead, so I will step aside today. But I will be better prepared next time.”

The magician Neberius had to chant a long spell to use Teleport, but the demonkin Balak could create a dimensional movement door at will. The Tzedakah Guild trembled when they saw him running away so easily.

“We missed our prey...”

“Damn! It was an amazing chance!”

“Dammit Grid... Did you do this on purpose?”

“...I’m sorry.” Grid was sincere. Unlike the past, he had a conscience and was truly sorry. In the end, the Tzedakah Guild members couldn’t say anything more and just sighed.

“Now, let’s restore the village quickly.”

The Tzedakah Guild combined forces to defeat the remaining followers, rescued the NPCs and began to restore the village under Jishuka’s direction. It was annoying for Grid, but he let Balak

escape, so he joined in the recovery efforts.

The Tzedakah Guild members were shocked when they saw him working hard.

“Hasn’t Grid changed too much?”

“That... He is a little too good-natured.”

“I thought I was looking at the wrong person...”

Toban listened to the words of the guild members and trembled, “Don’t talk nonsense. I’m sure he is better than before, but he still isn’t good.”

At the same time, a super luxurious mansion in Miami, USA.

A blond man watching Grid turned off the TV. Then he turned to the long-haired young man standing beside him.

“You were defeated by that guy?”

The youth with the ID of Box in Satisfy, hid his face with embarrassment. “I’m sorry.”

The blond man raised his body from the chair. Then he headed towards the gold ultra-high tech capsule that was located in the

centre of the living room.

“Asuka and Black Teddy are also trash. I shouldn’t have offered them the executive positions.”

“But Asuka’s wealth is required. We can’t let her go.”

“I know.”

The blond man who gave off a sharp impression like a serpent was Zibal. He was second on Satisfy’s unified rankings and the head of the Snake Guild. He invited talented people from different fields and his Snake Guild occupied the strongest territories of Satisfy one by one. He had ambitions to become a king and evaluated Grid.

“He’s a dunce. The fact that he is the only legendary item maker is irritating, but if we can occupy territories and monopolize the secret dungeons of various places, we can also get a supply of legendary items.”

Chapter 156

Neberius died and Balak escaped. Jishuka looked at the estate information to identify the exact damage.

Name: Bairan

Size: Village

Ruler: Jishuka Bairan (Baroness. Master of the Tzedakah Guild)

Administrator: Grill (C-grade administrative ability)

* The higher the administrative ability of the administrator, the higher the overall development of the estate.

Affiliation: The Eternal Kingdom, Earl Steim.

Population: NPCs – 451. Players – 5,104.

Troops: Knights – 2. Soldiers – 103

Security: 10/100

* The state of security is the worst. Residents of the village can riot, and gangsters and monsters will often pop up near the village.

* Each time the number of soldiers increases by 10, the security will increase by one point.

* Security will increase hourly in proportion to the number of soldiers.

Internal Affairs: 269/1,200

* Increasing the number of shopping malls, public cultural facilities and buildings will increase the internal affairs number.

* Once the internal affairs number reaches the maximum, the scale of the estate will increase.

Diplomacy: None.

Forces hostile to the ruler: Yatan Church/ Rio Kingdom/ Red Dragon Trauka/ Iron Style Group/ Holding Clan/ Couch Clan.

Forces hostile to your affiliated groups: Yatan Church/ Rio Kingdom.

Specialties: Jaffa, steel.

Distinguished Figure : ★ ☆ Currently one person present ☆ ★

This morning.

Before the invasion of the Yatan Church, the number of NPC residents in Bairan was 700, security was 90 and the internal affairs was over 600. This was accomplished by the guild pouring all their funds over the past 20 days.

That had been destroyed in half a day. Anyone would curse angrily, but Jishuka had a bright expression. It was because of the good news of a distinguished person.

‘The distinguished person column was always marked as unknown.’

One talent was able to play the role of 100 people or soldiers. No, maybe he could play the role of a thousand or ten thousand people.

‘I wish they could have an administrative ability, but it’s still good.’

Jishuka confirmed the details of the personnel menu.

* If the ruler of the estate or a subordinate has more than 300 insight and wears the Ruler’s Sword, there is a very rare chance of finding the distinguished person.

* If the ruler of the estate or a subordinate has more than 600 insight and wears the Ruler’s Sword, the odds of finding the distinguished person isn’t bad.

* If the ruler of the estate or a subordinate has more than 900 insight and wears the Ruler's Sword, there is a medium chance of finding the distinguished person.

‘More than 300 insight...’

Insight was a special stat. It was something that users of the commander class possessed by default, but in the case of general users like Jishuka, they would only acquire it after long term management (guild, estate, etc.).

The only user with the insight stat in the Tzedakah Guild was Jishuka, and hers was limited.

‘I have 75 insight, so I won't be able to find the distinguished person...?’

A distinguished person appeared for the first time so Jishuka was very anxious about missing them.

“Hrmm, I'll wander around and find them somehow.”

The eastern region.

Jishuka ordered the guild members and soldiers here, where there was the largest damage. She observed the residents who were in the middle of the repair work. But she witnessed an interesting sight along the way.

“Hey you. Aren’t you good at shovelling?”

“Huh?”

“You have a skill called Shovel Mastery... No, it is your nickname.”

“Heok? How do you know that?”

“Wow~ You are really bad. You have such a precious ability, but you kept quiet and played around because you don’t want to work?”

“Played around? Aren’t I standing guard right now?”

“The war is over, so why are you standing guard?”

“I received an order to protect the residents from the remnants of the Yatan Church that may have survived!”

“Bullshit. Even if there are still some Yatan followers left behind, you should’ve confessed that you are good at shovelling. There are plenty of soldiers to stand guard, so you should go shovel.”

“I-I was seriously injured in the battle against the Yatan Church, so I don’t have enough stamina for shovelling?”

“Seriously injured? Do you mean that graze on your forearm? Wow, aren’t you a complete bastard? Shovel, or do you want to get hit?”

“...I will do it.”

It was Grid. Was it given by Irene? Grid was holding the Commander’s Sword and was able to figure out the skills of the soldiers with one glance.

‘Does a legendary class have a variety of special stats?’

Jishuka’s expectations rose. The Commander’s Sword needed a high level of insight to be used properly!

‘Can’t he handle the Ruler’s Sword?’

The confident Jishuka ran up to Grid. “Grid, find me a distinguished person?”

“What nonsense are you saying?”

Grid frowned at Jishuka’s sudden words. He didn’t ask anymore questions. Jishuka handed the Ruler’s Sword to Grid.

[Ruler’s Sword]

Durability: 150/150 Attack Power: 150

* Dignity +60

* Skill 'Character Observation' will be generated.

* Skill 'Talent Search' will be generated.

A sword only given to a recognized lord.

It gives you the ability to observe soldiers and residents closely, so it can be used for estate management.

Weight: 200

The Ruler's Sword was an upgraded version of the Commander's Sword.

'Talent Search?'

Grid felt intrigued as Jishuka asked him with interest, "You can use the Commander's Sword, so that means you can use the Ruler's Sword, right? There is currently one distinguished person in Bairan, so please find them for me."

"Are you making a blacksmith do everything?"

“Heheh.” She smiled, poked Grid’s side and winked at him. “I will personally reward you. Yes?”

“Ugh...”

What did she mean by personally rewarding him? Grid was embarrassed because the sensual beauty + meaningful remark caused his imagination to run wild.

‘It has been 22 days but my heart is still pounding... Is this something other than lust?’

Perhaps love?

‘Crazy.’

Grid never even held hands with a woman in reality, so it was easy for him to mistake his feelings for a woman. How big was this? Grid reminded himself of the Ahyoung incident and set his spirit straight.

‘A woman like this wouldn’t like me. I shouldn’t waste my time on vain delusions.’ He didn’t need a human woman in the first place. ‘I like the NPC Irene the best.’

Grid was gradually becoming Damian! He put the Commander’s Sword into his inventory and pulled out the Ruler’s Sword while

saying, “As a personal reward, fund Vantner and Toon. They are a little short of money to buy the Wave Armour and Dainsleif.”

“Unfortunately, the guild’s resources are depleted. I’m sorry but it will take some time. Ah, and take this.”

[7 pieces of blue orichalcum have been acquired.]

[21 pieces of orichalcum has been acquired.]

[55 pieces of black iron has been acquired.]

They were precious minerals. In particular, the blue orichalcum could only be obtained from the Guardian of the Forest, so there was no value for it. It was for free? Jishuka grinned brightly at the surprised Grid.

“It’s natural to give valuable minerals to the guild’s blacksmith.”

At present, the Tzedakah Guild gave Grid all the materials when there was a production request. Therefore, Grid was able to make items at no cost and make huge profits. He thought that was enough, but now they were supporting him with minerals?

Grid was honestly impressed. Wasn’t it a joy to be acknowledged by others? He felt like Zhuge Liang from the Three Kingdoms.

“Thank you for knowing my value.”

Grid replied honestly. Jishuka was embarrassed by his unreasonable confidence and coughed, “You are a treasure for our guild. I will do my best so that you feel like our guild is the best place to live. So let’s keep on doing well together.”

“If you want to keep doing well, you should call me Oppa... You, aren’t you only 24 years old?”

“W-What? Oppa? I don’t want to!”

Within the Tzedakah Guild, Jishuka was on the younger side. She was annoyed whenever reminded of her young age. She was accepted as the master due to her leadership and excellent abilities, but she felt uncomfortable whenever commanding her members. Thus, she deliberately abandoned her age. She wasn’t aware of her age, just her position as the guild leader. Therefore, she couldn’t call Grid Oppa.

“I can’t do that.”

Jishuka refused with a serious attitude, so Grid guessed that she had her own situation.

‘Or maybe she just doesn’t like it? Indeed, non-Asian countries aren’t so tied to age.’

“Then please.”

Jishuka gave Grid the task of finding the distinguished person and went back to work. Grid was left alone and checked the Talent Search skill.

[Your insight is more than 600 points. Due to the influence of insight, Talent Search Lv.2 is activated.]

[Talent Search Lv. 2]

Observes the hidden potential of the target.

* The observation targets are limited to NPCs belonging to the estate.

“...Does this mean I have to observe everyone?”

As a Tzedakah Guild member, Grid could observe the information about Bairan Village. So he knew that there were 556 inhabitants and troops in Bairan Village. Did this mean he had to observe 556 people? Grid was annoyed for just a moment.

‘It’s interesting, so I don’t mind.’

That’s right. Observing the current abilities, maximum stats and skills of the target was pleasant, so he didn’t mind the amount of time it would take. Besides, what if he discovered a hidden potential? It would be twice the fun.

‘My insight will rise quickly while observing them and maybe I can find knight candidates... This is like killing two birds with one stone.’ His knight candidate Jude came to mind. ‘Jude, this guy is great...’

He was hunting the frostlight orcs and gathering the sylphid scales under the leadership of Huroi and Romeo... No, Jude and the soldiers were undergoing special training. Grid hoped that they would quickly come back with the sylphid scales... No, he hoped that would return after growing.

–Youngwoo-ssi.

He was wandering the village and observing the NPCs when he received a whisper from Yura. Grid continued to observe the NPCs as he replied.

–Why are you so late?

–I’m sorry. I’m late because I was watching the battle of Bairan Village on the Internet.

Grid stopped.

–The battle of Bairan Village?

–Yes, the first legendary class Pagma’s Descendant appeared in public for the first time.

–It was broadcasted on the Internet?

–The Internet and TV. The whole world is currently in an uproar. It's surprising. I never thought that Pagma's Descendant would belong to your guild.

‘Fortunately, it isn't known that I am Pagma's Descendant.’

He was conscious of the users in Bairan Village and hid his face and ID. Yura spoke to the relieved Grid.

–Are you in Bairan Village? I want to see the pet that you talked about.

–You're coming to Bairan Village?

–I'd like to try and find out who Pagma's Descendant is.

–Aren't you Yatan's Eighth Servant? Do you think our guild will let you enter?

–I will hide my ID. It won't be dangerous unless you reveal my identity.

–Why do you think I won't reveal your identity? Why do you trust me?

–Don't you and I have a secret relationship? We have a cooperative relationship and I won't act hostile towards you.

–Don't misunderstand me. Anyway, okay. I can't leave this place for a while, so it's better for you to come here.

At the same time, Winston. Irene was informed that Bairan Village was ravaged and rose to her feet.

“Let's join in Bairan Village's restoration work. Gather the soldiers and technicians. We will leave right away.”

Phoenix expressed disapproval, “Will My Lady go there yourself?”

“My husband is suffering, so shouldn't his wife go and help?”

“But the road to Bairan Village is dangerous because there are a lot of monsters. Winston can't be left empty, so is it okay for you to go?”

“We can leave Valdi in charge of Winston.”

“Administrator Valdi can't handle the current work due to the aftereffects of being attacked by the Yatan Church...”

“Shut your mouth!”

“...My Lady?”

“I am lonely! I can't sleep because I have been thinking of him every night! I want to have a child soon! Do I have to say anything else?”

“I have sinned greatly, so please kill me!”

He was an old man who couldn't understand the heart of his lady. Irene was determined and began to leave as soon as the knights were prepared.

Chapter 157

It happened after he observed the 39th resident.

[Insight has increased by 1.]

Grid identified the fifth rise in his insight stat and smiled.

‘The Character Observation skill of the Commander’s Sword is better, but the Talent Search attached to the Ruler’s Sword raises insight faster.’

Grid’s deep eyes observed a young man engaging in repairing the wall.

‘Talent Search!’

[You have discovered the target’s abilities, skills and potential.]

Name: Ian

Age: 27 Gender: Male

Occupation: Miner

Level: 33

Strength: 45/115 Stamina: 69/138

Agility: 21/80 Intelligence: 48/81

Skill: Pickaxe (C).

A young miner in Bairan Village.

* A very ordinary person. You have failed to discover any hidden talents.

Grid realized it clearly.

‘Jude... He is a really big idiot.’

He had observed 40 residents and hadn't found anyone with a lower intelligence than Jude. When it came to the maximum intelligence, the lowest he had seen was 80 points. He had never seen anyone with a maximum potential lower than 80.

‘But Jude has a maximum intelligence of 20 and his current intelligence is 11...’

Jude was stupid.

‘He's easier to manage if he's stupid, but it is still pathetic.’

Then a man with a solid body approached Grid.

“Kyaaack~ spit!”

The man spat like it was a habit. His grey hair rose into the sky like he had been struck by lightning. He had a muscular body and sharp eyes like a beast. It was Toon, who was ranked 35th on the unified rankings and had a rare hidden class.

He handed Dainsleif to Grid. “No matter how I think about it, I can’t buy this.”

Grid was puzzled.

“Why? It might have a unique rating, but isn’t its performance comparable to a legendary rated weapon? The attack power might be slightly lower than a legendary weapon of the same level, but the options are better. 4 million gold is an appropriate value, so isn’t it better to buy this instead of something else?”

Toon made a sour expression, “I know how good it is. I want to have it. But I’m not rich enough to spend 4 million gold. Kyaaack~ spit!”

“If you’re 35th in the unified rankings, aren’t you popular in your country? Shouldn’t you sweep in money by appearing on TV programs and CFs? Doesn’t every guild member make money like this? In particular, Jishuka gets a lot of money just from spending half a day taking photos for magazines.”

“...That is a story for someone else...”

Toon's voice was weak. Grid couldn't hear him properly.

“What?”

Toon shouted loudly, “I don't receive any broadcast or CF offers! I can only make money through hunting! But I can only earn 10,000 gold a week through hunting!”

For reference, 10,000 gold was worth 12 million won. Toon earned 12 million won a week? It was a huge sum for the general public, but it was different for a ranker. In the case of items with a usage level of 250 or higher, it was virtually impossible to buy good items at 10,000 gold a week, because the price of epic items was over 400,000 gold.

Sooner or later, Toon would be unable to arm himself with the right item for his level. This meant he would have difficulty hunting and his ranking would fall.

“I was a swordsman before I received the rare class, so I have Sword Mastery. However, I have been using wristblades for a long time, so I am most comfortable with them. If Dainsleif was a wristblade type weapon, I would buy it even if it means going into debt. But I'm not foolish enough to do that for a greatsword.”

“Um... Okay, I understand.”

Toon looked at Grid holding onto Dainsleif and asked, “But why did you trust me and let me borrow your weapon? I could’ve run away with the weapon? You only met me once and even then I didn’t give a good impression... How could you lend such an expensive item to a guy like me?”

A chill went down Grid’s spine as he listened.

‘I was stupid.’

Yura and the Tzedakah Guild. The rankers that Grid met directly were very rich. They had high recognition because they always appeared on TV, and they swept in money with media interviews, photo shoots and CFs.

Therefore, Grid had the perception that rankers were rich and rich people wouldn’t steal equipment. But Toon wasn’t rich like the other rankers. It wasn’t unusual if he tried to steal expensive items.

‘In the first place, there is no law that the rich won’t steal... I was too relaxed. There are so many things happening these days that I wasn’t alert.’

It was fortunate that Toon was a conscientious person, or Grid would’ve been robbed of 4 million gold. Grid thought it was time to be more cautious. Then he started to like Toon.

‘It is commendable that he returned it instead of taking it.’

Grid said, “If you find a good production method and materials while hunting, bring it to me. I will make an item for you at a reasonable price.”

“What...?”

The Italian Toon was an orphan. Due to that, he lived a hard life and fell into the mafia. He was only in the organization for five months and was lucky that he didn’t commit murder. However, he did many bad things such as blackmail, drugs, and gun trafficking.

But after seeing Satisfy, there was such joyful content that he could enjoy. Why should he damage other people by doing bad things? He wondered. Then he left the organization in return for his left eye.

Since then.

Toon was talented in the game and became a ranker, but he couldn’t completely fix his temper and kept showing violent tendencies. So he clashed with other users and became notorious in Satisfy. He liked to fight, so he didn’t have any friends.

But things changed since entering the Tzedakah Guild. Jishuka perfectly curbed Toon’s violence and he could enjoy Satisfy relatively peacefully. Now at this moment. This was the first time since Toon started playing Satisfy. No, it was the first time since he

was born in this world that people did him a favor with no conditions.

‘Grid...’

Toon looked at Grid. Like everyone else, he thought Grid hated him. But now he was showing Toon this favor?

‘He is a man with a heart like the sea.’

Grid looked like a great figure to Toon.

‘In the first place, he isn’t a regular person. He has the first legendary class...’

Toon bowed to Grid. “The other day, I treated you badly and trivialized your workplace. I sincerely apologize. And thank you.”

“If you know, then act better in the future. First of all, stop spitting. I don’t want to see you look like a gangster.”

“Yes, I will try to fix my habit.” Toon, who frowned every day, smiled widely for the first time in ages. But it was nice to see. “Then I’m going now! I need to work!”

Grid’s eyes sparkled as he watched Toon moving away with light footsteps.

‘He is a simple guy, like Regas said. He’s acting like this over a small gift, and it will be a great help in the long run.’

Toon would bring the production method and materials, so Grid had nothing to lose. He could acquire a new production method for free and increase his production skill experience. Then he would earn money in the name of a small ‘tip.’ Toon could buy an item at a cheap price and Grid could gain many benefits. It also won Toon’s favor, so he killed two birds with one stone.

‘Huhut... Aren’t I really smart these days?’

Now Grid had the thinking power of an ordinary person! He became satisfied with himself, not realizing he was only average.

‘The Neberius raid was broadcasted, so the existence of pavranium is revealed to the world...’

Grid had planned to participate in the pet marathon by pretending that the pavranium was Yura’s pet. However, it became known that the pavranium belonged to Pagma’s Descendant, so this was a setback in his plan. Should he cancel his plans for the pet marathon?

‘No, it isn’t necessary.’

Ssik.

Grid smiled and headed towards the smithy.

“Ohh! Welcome Grid!” Smith welcomed Grid from where he was making weapons for the soldiers under the command of the administrator. “You have saved Bairan Village. I would like to express my gratitude on behalf of the residents! You are a hero! Hero!”

The word ‘hero’ was heard. Grid felt pride at the line and said.

“I’m not just a hero, but an almighty hero.”

Grid raised his hand to Smith’s shoulder and used a skill.

“Blacksmith’s Affection.”

[Blacksmith’s Affection]

If you have the maximum affinity with a NPC blacksmith, you can raise their skill level by 1~5 levels.

The blacksmith who received your teachings will be loyal to you for life and will share with you every time they learn new item production methods.

[Smith’s Advanced Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship has reached level 4.]

“Heok...!”

Smith was shocked. He felt that his skill had risen dramatically with Grid's touch. He embraced Grid. "Thank you! Thank you! I can achieve the best work of my life thanks to you, and now I have received enlightenment again! For you, I will even lick your ass!"

"Nonsense!"

Grid managed to shake off Smith. Lick his ass? It could be an expression stating that Smith would do anything, but Grid knew that Smith was gay. A gay person told him that, so he got goosebumps.

"You still haven't married yet?"

"Married? At this age..."

"Quickly get married and abandon your strange tastes. And let me borrow your facilities."

"H-Huh? Strange tastes...? Yes, yes. Feel free to use them. I can give up the entire smithy to you."

Grid ignored Smith and stood in front of the furnace. He pulled out the Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer and started smelting the pavranium.

'I will change the form.'

Currently, the pavranium was in the form of two small discs. The whole world associated the two golden discs with Pagma's Descendant. But that story would change if he transformed the shape of the golden discs.

Chapter 158

‘Now I’ll start.’

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid had referred to Malacus’ absolute shield when making the pavranium into discs.

It was designed exclusively for defensive purposes. Therefore, it had high defense capabilities, but its attack power was significantly lower. It failed to cause a scratch on the enemy unless there was a critical. In order to exert more power in the pet marathon, it would be better to emphasize attack rather than defense.

‘Anyway, the durability is limitless. No matter how many pets attack, they can’t hurt the pavranium. I need a form suitable for attack.’

However, Grid currently only owned a very small amount of pavranium, around the size of an egg. He didn’t have enough to make two daggers.

‘Something different.’

How could he make it more efficient? Grid worried for a while before coming up with an idea.

‘Needles...!’

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Grid started to delicately shape the pavranium using his overwhelming high dexterity that surpassed all of Satisfy’s users and NPCs. He made 30 needles with a 10cm length and pointed end.

“Ohh...!”

Chwaruruk! The 30 needles started to rotate around Grid at regular intervals. They flashed a golden light and their tips were threatening. Smith witnessed the mysterious appearance and was lost for words.

Grid smiled with satisfaction and said. “It’s too early to be surprised. Throw that thing at me.”

Grid pointed to a heavy hammer and Smith cried out.

“It’s dangerous! Won’t you be hurt if I throw that hammer at you?”

“Don’t worry about it. Just throw it as hard as you can.”

“Kuk...”

Smith was unwilling. But he couldn't refuse Grid's command, so he forced himself to throw the hammer at Grid. At that moment, an amazing thing happened. The 30 needles hovering around Grid flew in the direction of the hammer. They spread out in a line? Then they became a small shield that defended against the flying hammer.

Tung!

Grid pointed towards the hammer that had fallen to the ground.

“Pierce through.”

Chwaruruk!

The needles simultaneously attacked the hammer after receiving the command.

Puuok! Puuok!

The pavranium was the peak of all minerals, so it easily pierced through the hammer made of steel.

“Good.”

Grid looked at the hammer with satisfaction then confirmed the details of the needles.

[30 Golden Needles Made of Pavranium]

Durability: Infinite

Attack Power per Piece: 8

* Penetration Effect

Golden needles made of pavranium, the strongest mineral produced by the collaboration between the legendary blacksmith Pagma and the legendary great magician Braham.

The attack power is weak, but their tip is sharp, so they can penetrate an object made of materials. However, they are relatively weak against targets made of magic.

If they penetrate the enemy's weak point, a variety of abnormal status conditions can occur and there is a high probability of a critical being triggered.

Depending on the situation, they can combine to create a barrier.

* They have obtained healing skills due to Goddess Rebecca's blessing. They will increase their owner's health recovery speed by 300%.

* They have obtained an attack buff skill due to God Dominion's blessing. The owner's attack power will increase by 15%.

* They have obtained a defense buff skill due to God Judar's blessing. The owner's defense will increase by 15%.

Weight: 5

‘It isn't a shape that can be called a pet, but...’

The pavranium had an ego. They absolutely obeyed the commands of their master. So they could participate in the pet marathon, no matter their shape. Then Grid received a whisper from Yura.

-I have arrived at Bairan. Where should I meet you?

-I will meet you at the west gate.

Currently, most of the guild members were restoring the eastern outer gate. In case something happened, Grid set a location that was the opposite direction and left Smith's smithy.

“I guess I need to make another hammer...” Smith muttered.

The new hammer that Smith made after becoming an advanced blacksmith! It was ruined after only half a day, but Grid didn't know that.

“She hasn't come yet?”

After a 10 minute walk, Grid arrived at the western gate and looked around. But he couldn't find Yura anywhere. The normal users didn't care that the village they settled in was destroyed. They just headed towards the hunting grounds without thinking about joining the restoration work.

“Here.”

Grid heard a familiar voice on one side just as he was feeling bored. He turned and saw someone at the entrance of an alley wearing black robes, completely covering their face and body. If it wasn't for the clear and beautiful voice, he would have never dreamed that the person was Yura.

Grid approached and spoke scornfully.

“Stupid. Isn't a mask or hat enough to cover your face and ID? Why bother hiding your whole body?”

Yura sheepishly replied, “People sometimes recognize me when I only cover my face.”

“...They recognize your body.”

Yura's body ratio was indeed perfect. Her three sizes were ideal for both men and women, especially her pelvis and collarbone. The enthusiastic fans of Yura would be able to recognize Yura just by her body.

“Show me the pet that you mentioned.”

“Yes.”

Was she embarrassed by Grid looking her up and down? Yura got straight to the point. Grid nodded at her and pulled out the 30 needles. Yura pulled off her robe as she watched the needles rotating as one. Then she spoke with sharp eyes.

“It’s as you said, but... Are you Pagma’s Descendant?”

“Eh?” The confused Grid replied in the negative. “What nonsense are you saying? Why am I Pagma’s Descendant?”

“Even without this, I saw that Pagma’s Descendant resisted Neberius’s magic and was reminded of you in the past. But I wasn’t sure until now...”

“...”

“Your golden needles and the golden discs of Pagma’s Descendant are similar in material and nature. You don’t have an epic hidden class. You have a legendary class.”

“No?”

Grid denied it until the end, but Yura didn’t listen.

“It is fine if you don’t want to be honest. Whether you have an epic or legendary class, it doesn’t change the fact that you are needed for South Korea. Anyway, considering the usage of the golden discs that I saw on TV, it seems possible to use them to participate in the pet marathon...”

They were too immersed in the conversation. Both of them weren’t aware that someone was approaching.

“The connection between a married couple is truly amazing. I never thought I would encounter you here.”

A woman’s voice was heard from the mouth of the alley. Yura and Grid turned their heads at the same time. It was a typical noble appearance with silver hair, colorful clothes and covered with accessories.

“Irene? Why are you here?”

Grid’s pupils expanded. He was alone in an alley with a woman, so he was afraid his wife would condemn him as a sinner.

‘Will she think that I cheated on her?’

Fortunately, Irene didn’t doubt Grid. The maximum liking didn’t fall so easily and she saw the wedding ring on Grid’s hand. Irene unabashedly linked arms with Grid. Then she smiled casually at Yura.

“Are you my husband’s friend? It’s the first time I’ve seen you. I am Irene Winston von Steim. I am the lady of Winston and Grid’s wife.”

Yura was startled.

‘I heard that Lady Winston married, but to think that her husband is a user... In addition, he turned out to be Grid.’

He was a man who was like an onion. The more she knew him, the more new aspects that were revealed.

“I...” The moment Yura was about to introduce herself,

“My Lady! Danger!”

It was Phoenix. He arrived in Winston with Irene. Irene discovered Grid in an alley while walking down the street. He followed Irene and saw Yura.

“She’s Yatan’s Eighth Servant!”

In the past, Phoenix had faced Yura. The result was a loss. He lost hundreds of troops and was seriously injured. This time he would catch the girl who dared appear alone behind enemy lines! Phoenix pulled out the legendary rated Sword of Self-transcendence.

Irene's body trembled at the words.

“The Eighth Servant...? You are my husband's friend?”

Her confusion reached the limit and she didn't know what to do. Grid couldn't watch silently and hugged her to make her feel at ease. Then in order to conceal his identity, he pulled out Dainsleif, not Failure, and pointed it at Yura.

“This wicked girl! You hid your identity and approached me! I will never allow you near my wife as long as I am here!”

Grid was like a character from a manhwa. Yura was honestly shocked.

‘Wicked girl...’

Had she ever been called this in her life? Yura was shocked, but she was clever and quickly figured it out. She noticed the situation and started acting, as she spoke with a cold smile, “My original plan was to approach you and take the life of Lady Irene, but I missed the opportunity because of that old knight. Unfortunately, I have to leave for today.”

Yura used flying magic and soared into the sky. Grid was able to catch her, but he stood beside Irene under the pretext of protecting her. Phoenix and the knights tried to chase Yura, but they were unable to move quickly through the narrow alleys because they were heavily armed.

Thanks to that, Yura was able to safely escape and disappeared into the other side of the sky.

“Ah...”

Irene had experienced being kidnapped twice by the Yatan Church. She was still unable to escape from that fear and her legs weakened. Grid tried to look as nice as possible as he knelt before her. He stroked her cheeks with an affectionate hand and murmured.

“It’s okay. I’m by your side, so you don’t have to worry.”

“Dear husband...”

The recent appearance of Grid, who had been getting healthier, was quite different than it was in the past. Irene’s heart started pounding at his nice appearance. She felt like a fairy tale princess.

Since that day.

With the aid of the soldiers and technicians led by Irene, Bairan Village was able to recover quickly.

Chapter 159

‘I’m going crazy.’

Three days ago, Grid got a job from Jishuka to find a talented person. Grid really enjoyed it. It was fun to observe people with Talent Search, and he could do his task while raising his insight.

But the problem was that Irene appeared along the way. She led the troops to Bairan under the pretext of helping with its recovery, and she hadn’t left Grid’s side for the past three days. Grid was unable to move freely around the village because of her, thus Grid became trapped.

“Grid... Why don’t you do it moderately?”

“Wow, the quality is real.”

Bairan Village.

Grid was repairing and appraising the items of the guild members, and everyone who passed by made a lot of noise. It was due to Irene stuck to Grid’s side. She pulled out a handkerchief every time Grid sweated, fed him snacks from time to time and hummed when she was bored.

A beautiful woman with white skin, peace lips, big eyes and elegant gestures was treating Grid like this, so the male guild members couldn’t help feeling jealous.

‘Did that bastard save a country in his past life? How did he get such a beautiful and powerful woman as a wife?’

‘I’m really envious... I’m more envious that he is Irene’s husband than his legendary class... Sigh...’

‘Hah... I also want to spend time with Irene... For her, I would obtain the heart of the dragon Trauka...’

‘They’re married, so aren’t they sleeping together...? Uhh... Grid took Irene’s purity...’

They became outright hostile. Grid felt like he was sitting on a thorn cushion.

“I should rest for a while.”

“It’s a good idea.” Irene rose when Grid did. Then she spoke with blue eyes that shone like lanterns. “You have worked from early dawn, so you must be tired. Let’s prepare to go to bed.”

“No... I don’t need to take a nap.”

A user only slept in Satisfy to quickly recover their health or stamina. Right now, Grid’s health and stamina were full. He just wanted to leave his spot for a while to avoid his guild members. But Irene was stubborn.

“No. You must sleep. Don’t you think that having enough rest is the secret to good health? Now, go and take a nap.”

Strangely, she was very determined. Grid questioned it.

‘Why does she keep trying to make me sleep?’

Over the past three days, Irene kept forcing Grid to go to bed. She made a fuss in the morning, afternoon and night. Grid didn’t understand why and asked plainly, “Be honest. What do you want from me?”

“Huh?”

Irene eyes widened like a rabbit at the straightforward question. The tactless Grid cornered her against the wall of a building and asked again, “Do I have to repeat myself? What’s the reason?”

“T-that...” Irene’s white face turned red. She couldn’t bear Grid’s gaze and turned her head away. “...How annoying. Why do I have to say it with my own mouth?”

Irene spoke in a weak voice.

Grid felt guilty for some reason, but he didn’t step back. He wanted to solve this question.

“Yes, you must say it.”

In the end, tears filled Irene’s eyes. It was because of her tremendous embarrassment.

“Sob... Husband, are you somehow who has the tendency to deal with women in such a manner...? Commanding me to say something so shameful... Sob sob...”

“I-Irene? Why are you crying?”

Grid was surprised by Irene’s tears and looked around.

‘I’m going crazy.’

If someone saw him now then they would certainly misunderstand. He was the garbage husband who made his beautiful wife cry in public. While Grid was confused about what to do, Irene bit her lower lip. Then like a kitten craving for food, she carefully looked at Grid.

“...I want to have a baby.”

“You want a baby? I understand. I will get it right away so stop your tears... Huh? B-Baby?”

Grid panicked and jumped back. Irene ran to him and hugged him. Then she hesitantly pleaded, “I want to have a baby boy. Give

me a baby.”

“Wow...”

Grid was confused.

‘Is she serious? Am I reading the meaning of her words correctly?’

Certainly, Irene had wanted a baby from the beginning. After the first night, hadn’t she declared to Earl Steim that she would give birth to several kids? But she couldn’t wait and was acting so aggressively in daylight?

‘This is completely... No, isn’t she too faithful to her instincts?’

Irene was the synonym of gentleness, yet she was acting like this? Grid blinked at Irene, then she drove in the wedge.

“Why aren’t you answering? Am I not able to satisfy your tastes...?”

“...Taste?”

“That... I want. Dear husband... Dear husband’s...”

“Please don’t say anything else.”

Grid was unable to stand hearing those words emerge from Irene's pure face and blocked her mouth. Then he was caught up in a boiling impulse.

'It's inappropriate...'

Was he disappointed? Not at all! Rather, she was even more adorable! A beautiful woman wanted him this much. Wasn't this something to be happy and thankful about? His self-esteem as a man rose.

"Let's go."

Grid enthusiastically picked Irene up. It was the so-called princess embrace.

"Oh my." Irene was surprised and pleased at the same time. She smiled shyly before burying her face in Grid's chest. Grid grinned and started to run. The destination was naturally the bedroom.

"What? Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Is Lady Irene hurt or something?"

The guild members he encountered on the way were worried. But Grid and Irene didn't hear their voices. Right now, there were only the two of them in this world.

“Dear husband... Please come here.”

They arrived at the bedroom. Irene sat on the bed in a sexy position and welcomed Grid with both arms wide open.

Gulp. “Irene...”

Grid was drawn in by her elongated limbs, when he suddenly stopped.

‘...I can’t respond.’

Was it just Irene who wanted to make a baby? Grid had a strong desire for her. But Satisfy’s system restricted sex to only once a month, so how could a user resist? Controlling his brainwaves suppressed desire and reduced his physical responses. He wanted Irene with all his heart, but his body didn’t react. What was this terrible torture?

‘The demon who made this game...’

Jeurereuk.

Tears flowed down.

“Dear husband...?”

Irene was surprised because Grid started crying all of a sudden.

“I am just so happy that I can’t help crying.”

Grid smiled to reassure Irene and walked up to her. Then he started to use techniques 21-35 that he hadn’t used yet from ‘100 techniques to Satisfy Women.’

“I will make sure that you are satisfied.”

Grid’s long and thick fingers started to move. After the Guardian of the Forest raid and the creation of Failure and the Wave Armor, his dexterity stat was higher than his first night, making him surpass the realm of a god.

“Ahh...”

Irene let out a beautiful melody as she was played like an instrument. Hot breathing started to dominate the bedroom...

Omitted.

“Husband, I understand that you’re a great man and that the things you have to do are piled up like a mountain. But please don’t forget that Winston is where you should stay. Please return as soon as possible.”

Thanks to Grid, Irene was able to get rid of her pent up desires and finally regained her composure.

“I will go back now.”

Due to the efforts of the Tzedakah Guild and Irene’s help, Bairan Village was restored to a considerable level. Irene thought her help was sufficient, so she led everyone back to Winston. The guild members watched her leave.

“Lady Irene, doesn’t she seem much more beautiful compared to the first day she came?”

“That... Originally, I thought Jishuka looked prettier, but that isn’t necessarily the case now.”

Regas said with a warm smile, “Isn’t a woman in love like a flower? Thanks to Grid making her happy every night, the flower is blooming.”

“What?”

The guild members became indignant.

“Grid! That beast! That lousy guy, he touched the pure Irene?”

“That woman of all people... I can’t believe it!”

“He’s her husband! Is it okay if her husband is like this?”

Grid frowned at the guild members. “I literally used my hands. Now shut up.”

“...”

There was still a fortnight left on his penalty. Until then, he had to refrain from meeting Irene as much as possible. If he had to, he would use his hand techniques to satisfy her and overcome the crisis.

He left the smithy in order to enjoy the freedom he had after Irene left. Then he started examining the residents again, but he couldn’t find any talents that day, the next day or the day after that.

‘I have observed more than 400 people but I still can’t find a talent... Is there really a talented person here?’

The restoration of the outer walls was finished. Now the residents scattered in every direction to restore the buildings. Grid followed them around searching for talent, so his insight and persistence stats rose. It was satisfying and fun, but he was still getting nervous.

‘I’ve been searching for a few days, but if I don’t find a talent, did I just waste my time? I don’t like that. Ah... Come to think of it.’

Grid examined the village with the Ruler's Sword and turned his attention to a small mountain behind the village. It was the mountain he obtained iron ore from when he had a minus level.

‘The special products of Bairan Village are jaffa and iron, and most of the villagers are miners...’

Weapons were needed to supplement the troops, and iron was needed to make weapons. Jishuka needed the soldiers for the sake of security, so she sent some residents to the mine instead of making them participate in the village reconstruction work. Perhaps a resident with talent was hiding inside the mine?

Grid felt expectant and started to climb the mountain. He suffered when he was a minus level, but now he easily climbed the mountain. He ran up the mountain and arrived at the mine.

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Inside the mine.

There were 20 miners swinging their pickaxe. Grid held the Ruler's Sword and observed them in turn. There was a boy around 15 years old? Among the old miners, there was something like a gold star blinking above the young boy's head.

‘That guy!’

The excited Grid used Talent Search.

Name: Minor

Age: 13 Gender: Male

Occupation: Miner

Level: 23

Strength: 64/450 Stamina: 89/608

Agility: 51/200 Intelligence: 98/420

Skill: Fantastic Pickaxe Technique (S) Minerals Master (S+)
Talent will Reveal Itself (SS).

A boy who has held a pickaxe since the age of five, under the influence of his father who was a miner. Despite his young age, he could collect minerals as well as miners with 20 years of experience.

The villagers believe that this boy will someday transcend the legendary miner, Gis.

* A great talent. If this talent blooms, he will be the representative of a country in this particular field.

‘Amazing...!’

Grid felt a great joy.

Considering the fact that the maximum stats of ordinary people was around 100, Minor’s maximum stats were unreasonable and his current stats were very high, considering his age and level.

‘In addition, all his skills are above the S-grade!’

Furthermore, a miner? Wasn’t he very compatible with a blacksmith? Grid confirmed Minor’s skill information. The Ruler’s Sword was an upgrade from the Commander’s Sword in all ways, so he could determine the details of the skills that the target possessed.

[Fantastic Pickaxe Technique]

Rating: S

A talent that one person per 100,000 people will have.

You can collect minerals at a very fast rate. The minerals collected will be above the minimum grade.

[Minerals Master]

Rating: S+

A talent that one person per 1,000,000 people will have.

The higher your intelligence, the more you will know about the type of minerals in the world, the details of those minerals, and even the places where the minerals will grow.

[Talent will Reveal Itself]

Rating: SS

A talent that one person per 10 million people will have.

No matter how you try to hide, your talent will reveal itself to others. It is your destiny to live a life being scouted by others. You will inevitably receive a lot of temptations.

Your stats will grow very quickly and you will become arrogant.

The final skill was quite annoying, but Grid didn't mind. He approached Minor and commanded, "Starting today, you will follow me."

"..."

Minor stopped his pickaxe and looked at Grid. Then he spoke with a frown.

“Are you the hero who rescued the village and the lady of Winston’s husband? I’m acquainted with your reputation. You’re a great person. But I don’t know if you are suitable to be my master. If you want to recruit a talented person, shouldn’t you be willing to pay for it?”

Minor was aware of his own value. In history, the kings of a nation visited talented people to invite them, so Grid had to show his sincerity. But Grid was fundamentally a simple person. He frowned. Then he rubbed Minor’s head with his knuckles.

“...!”

Minor felt a great pain and couldn’t even scream as he grabbed his head and rolled on the floor.

Grid cheerfully spoke to the boy. “This brat doesn’t know who I am... Hey, what does it matter how talented you are? You still have a long way to go. Just follow me. If you grow enough after studying under me, we can go and back and rewrite the contract.”

“...Yes.”

Grid’s current dignity stat along with the options of the Holy Light Crown and Ruler’s Sword was close to 700 points. No matter how great his talent, Minor was a young boy and he was

overwhelmed by Grid's charisma.

“I will follow you.”

“Yes, you made a good decision.”

It was the moment that a future minerals detector entered Grid's hands. Grid never imagined there would be a day when he needed to go into a dragon's lair to obtain minerals because of this damn minerals detector.

Chapter 160

Bairan Village was completely restored from the war and enjoyed a larger boom than before.

There were many users who became fans after watching the Tzedakah Guild's battle through TV and the Internet.

Some of them tried to spy on Pagma's Descendant, but there was nothing to worry about. It was impossible to obtain a clue about Grid just by looking at the video, and Grid's residence was Winston, not Bairan. It was futile placing spies in Bairan.

"If the current trend continues, the population will exceed 12,000. It's expected to steadily increase in the future."

"12,000? Can the size of this village accommodate that many people?"

"We need to expand the scale of the village by raising our internal affairs. But to do that, money is required, and we don't have any at the moment."

"The tax revenue will naturally increase as the population grows, so won't time solve the insufficient funds? Isn't it better to invest in internal affairs afterwards, instead of getting into debt?"

"There is no need to be in debt. Most of the new migrants have a very good feeling towards us. If we get our fan club to donate

money to us, we will be able to grow our internal affairs faster than expected.”

“Oh...! The women’s cries filled the street whenever I walk through the village, are they my fans? Puhahat~!”

“They can’t be called fans but... Anyway Vantner, you are pretty popular. It seems that people liked the appearance of you trying your best to protect Jishuka.”

“Ohh, really? There will be more requests for broadcasts in the future. I have to quickly earn money and pay Grid for the armor! Puhahat~!”

The atmosphere of the Tzedakah Guild had been desperate when the large-scale army invaded and shattered the village. But now they were relaxed and in a better situation than before. As they were conversing happily, the quiet Faker said.

“This is all thanks to Grid.”

There wasn’t one person who denied the opinion.

“It was big when Pon and Regas were tied up. If Grid hadn’t appeared on time and helped us, we would have all died. We might’ve managed to stop the Yatan Church if we fought hard, but the damage would’ve been too big.”

“I never dreamed that Grid would make such a big difference on

the battlefield when he was brought on as a blacksmith.”

“I thought with Grid’s nature, he would ignore us when we were in a crisis. But he helped us. I was honestly impressed.”

“When I first saw him, Grid was incredibly selfish, but not anymore. His personality has become softer and there is some sense of fellowship. He is growing as a colleague we can depend on in the future.”

“We should try to be colleagues that Grid can rely on.”

“Of course.”

Grid’s reliability and affinity with the guild members reached its peak.

‘I am proud to see that Grid is being recognized.’

Ibellin had admired Grid since he smashed the Giant Guild in Winston.

“Did you see the broadcast? I watched it a few days ago and Grid really looked like the protagonist of a movie. I got goosebumps.”

Laella currently wasn’t a singer, but she used to be a global idol.

“I also saw the video. I didn’t know it at the time of the battle, but Grid was really nice on the video. In particular, the scene of him showing up to save Jishuka was fantastic.”

Bairan Village Castle’s meeting room.

The guild members sitting around the big round table turned their gaze towards Jishuka. Then they spoke with playful expressions.

“At that time, Jishuka looked different from usual.”

“Right? She seemed to be looking at Grid like a woman. She was blushing.”

“Master, are you attracted to Grid~?”

“...”

Jishuka didn’t deny the giggling guild member’s words. It was true that her heart started beating quickly the moment Grid saved her from death.

“...He was definitely cool. But he’s already married.”

Jishuka muttered in a small voice with a sad expression. Nobody heard her and kept on talking, with the exception of Faker, who had excellent hearing due to the nature of the assassin class.

‘Master is finally interested in the opposite sex.’

Faker gave a rare smile and changed the atmosphere. “I heard that the blacksmith in Bairan Village has become an advanced blacksmith.”

The topic changed in an instant.

“Ah, I heard that as well. Isn’t it strange? An old man who was a beginner blacksmith for decades suddenly became an advanced blacksmith in a few days?”

“I don’t know why, but it’s still good. Thanks to that, the production speed and quality of the weapons have greatly improved, so it is easier to replenish the soldiers.”

“An advanced blacksmith... I’m looking forward to the synergy with the genius miner kid recruited by Grid a week ago.”

“If the power of those two are added to Grid’s power... Kouh, it is big. The day when the guild will have the power of an army will someday arrive.”

The Tzedakah Guild was a collection of talented people dreaming about the future. They became the strongest guild since the recruitment of Grid, so their potential for growth was endless.

Bairan Village's library.

"...What am I doing?"

The boy genius, Minor, was exhausted.

For the past week, he had been reading 16 hours a day and was mentally at his limit. He had never picked up a book and now he had to read two books a day? In the beginning, he only read books about minerals, so he was interested. But now he had to read books related to geography.

In the end, Minor got up from his seat.

"I am a miner! Why does a future king's miner have to read?"

A knight noticed his shouting. "Have you forgotten that this is a solemn place? Be quiet and study hard."

No matter how much of a genius he was, Minor was still just a boy. He couldn't take it and eventually wept.

"This is torture. Why do I have to stay here all day reading books? Huh? Sob sob."

"This is Viscount Grid's command. Follow it without complaining."

Jishuka's knight had no mercy. He thoroughly performed his supervisor role. Minor became filled with more spite with every day that passed.

“Grid, that bad man... I will get revenge later on.”

At the same time, Smith's smithy.

“Why are my ears ticklish?”

Grid was disassembling, reassembling and enhancing his equipment, like the Holy Light Armor and Dainsleif, in order to increase his understanding. Smith approached him with a frown and suggested.

“Do you need an earbud?”

“...Please act moderately.”

He still felt insecure about Smith's gay tendencies. Grid wanted to leave here as soon as possible.

Kaaang! Kaaang!

He kept hammering. Grid was better at disassembling and reassembling items than before, then he turned his attention towards the entrance of the smithy.

“I have completed my mission and returned.”

A Mongolian man appeared with perfect timing. It was Huroi. In the last 12 days, he had led Jude and 100 soldiers to hunt the frostlight orcs, and now he had returned. It was finally time for Grid to go back to Winston.

Grid smiled at this thought and welcomed Huroi. Then he observed Jude using the Ruler’s Sword, which he still hadn’t returned to Jishuka in the name of finding another talent.

Name: Jude

Age: 25 Gender: Male

Occupation: Captain of Winston’s 13th Hundred Man Unit

Level: 120

Strength: 1,016/2,080 Stamina: 490/908

Agility: 54/330 Intelligence: 11/20

Skills: Snatch the Enemy’s Weapon and Use it as a Weapon (S). Silence (A). I have no Idea (SS-).

A rare fool born in Winston. When it comes to strength, he doesn't fall behind anyone. He is a natural warrior who doesn't know fear.

Unfortunately, his brain is less evolved. No matter how hard he tries, he can never climb to a higher position. It is close to a miracle that he became the captain of a hundred man unit.

‘He gained 17 levels and his stats increased by 280.’

A user gained 10 fixed stat points with every level up, while a NPC randomly gained between 6~20 stat points. Jude was a superb NPC who got at least 16 stat points every time his level went up, so it was a truly dazzling growth. But there was one annoying part.

‘Isn't his intelligence the same?’

Grid frowned for a moment.

‘In the first place, his maximum intelligence is 20... He's so stupid that I won't expect anything from him. Let's check the details of his skills.’

[Snatch the Enemy's Weapon and Use it as a Weapon]

Rating: S

A talent that one person per 100,000 people will have.

If you take advantage of a chance, you can take the enemy's weapon and use it.

[Silence]

Rating: A

* The default rating of the 'Silence' skill is S-grade. However, the intelligence of the owner is so low that it is demoted.

A talent that one person per 100,000 people will have.

Those with this talent are very reticent and don't boast about what they see and hear.

In general, your loyalty to your superiors is high, so it's rare for you to betray your masters. Most stewards have this skill.

[I have no Idea]

Rating: SS-

A Jude only skill.

You are ignorant and brave. In order to fulfill your mission, you will even run into a fire pit.

You will never feel the fear state. However, the chances of receiving other status conditions will increase by 50%.

If you face a crisis, there is a high chance to activate the 'Fight Desperately' skill.

[Fight Desperately]

For three minutes, damage will be reduced by 50% and attack power will increase by 80%.

'The level of the soldiers rose by an average of 8~10 and there are no victims.'

Overall, it was a great performance. His plan to make Jude's Hundred Man Unit an elite unit of Winston had taken one step forward. Grid smiled and reached out to Huroi. Huroi thought that Grid was going to pat him on the shoulders. But that wasn't it.

"What about the sylphid scales?"

"..."

Huroi couldn't hide his sadness and searched his inventory. Then he pulled out the 28 sylphid scales that he worked hard to earn over the past 28 days.

‘I am finally able to create the invisibility cloak.’

Grid happily collected it and said. “As you may have noticed, the sylphid scales are items not easily traded between users. So it is difficult to determine how much to pay you.”

His words were the truth.

The frostlight orcs weren’t well known and their habitat was so cold that most users didn’t hunt there. It was much more beneficial to hunt other monsters of the same level. The drop rate of the sylphid scales was also very low, so its value wasn’t known.

Therefore, Grid meant to pay for it in a different way.

“Huroi, I heard that you obtained the Sword Mastery skill after acquiring your second class?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, I will make a sword for you. Let’s return to Winston first.”

Grid returned the Ruler’s Sword to Jishuka, said goodbye to the guild members and left Bairan. Of course, he took Minor with him. The guild questioned Grid’s strange way of educating Minor, but Grid had asked Minor to be assigned to him and they trusted him.

『 Satisfy's national competition is to be held in three days, and the number of tourists visiting South Korea is estimated to reach 800,000. 』

『 Considering that tourists for the Olympics averages between 200,000 and 500,000, the popularity of Satisfy's national competition is well above the Olympics and the ratings will be very high... 』

Time passed quickly when one was busy.

Four months passed in Satisfy time, while it was time for the national competition in reality.

“Is this the last one?”

The north of the Eternal Kingdom.

A black-haired man was standing in front of a small cave in an unexplored forest. Then a boy with a sharp impression, who seemed like he would become handsome when older, replied gruffly.

“Yes.”

“Okay, you wait here.”

The black-haired man, Grid, pulled out something from his inventory. It was a white hooded zip up worn by young people in modern society. An amazing thing happened once he wore it. The man suddenly disappeared. It was a sight that seemed like a lie.

But the boy, Minor, didn't seem surprised at all. He looked like he was tired and leaned back against the entrance of the cave.

Then after a while.

A huge explosion sounded from the deepest part of the cave. It was like an earthquake, causing the forest outside the cave to shake and for birds to fly into the air. But Minor didn't wake up. How much sleep was he lacking to be so deeply asleep?

“Eek?”

The orc group that ran away with fright because of the earthquake stopped as they found Minor.

“Uwekukukrerek (Grab that puny human kid).”

“Ekkukikuk? Eekuik (An emergency food supply? It's a good idea).”

Ssik.

The orcs exchanged sly smiles and quietly pulled out their axes.

Then they were surprised as they cautiously approached Minor.

“I can avoid the golems’ gazes, but it’s impossible to stop Braham’s trap. It seems that Stealth is useless against it. I feel bad every time my passive disappears.”

“Eek?”

In front of the sleeping boy. Someone’s voice was heard, but there was no one there. The orcs doubted their ears and rubbed their eyes. Suddenly, a shark-shaped sword popped out of thin air.

“Kiek!”

Blood spurted at the same time from the five astonished orcs. A man slowly appeared in front of the orcs. It was Grid wearing the Hooded Zip Up. He whistled as he held an egg shaped lump in his hand.

“With this, I have recovered all the pavranium in the Eternal Kingdom. Okay, I should go back now.” (TL: This doesn’t mean he recovered all the pavranium on the continent, only the ones in the Eternal Kingdom)

If he wanted to acquire all the pavranium that Braham hid around the continent, he needed to revive Braham after receiving the blessing from God Yatan. But it was currently impossible.

So Grid tried to figure out a different approach. It was to raise

Minor's intelligence, maximize his minerals detection ability, and then use him to search directly for the pavranium. These actions were enough to stimulate Braham.

[Pagma's Descendant has started questioning my identity? Then I have to take the next step.]

Satisfy's team manager, Yoon Nahee reported it to Chairman Lim Cheolho.

"The emergence conditions for a new legendary class, Braham's Descendant, has been achieved."

Lim Cheolho enjoyed it.

"The truth that Braham is a wicked liar has finally been grasped by Grid?"

"...It seems unlikely."

Yoon Nahee replied to Lim Cheolho with an embarrassed expression.

"Hahaha! That friend is still the same. His name is on the national competition's list, so it will be a lot of fun to watch."

"The person who registered his name on the list isn't him, but Yura, who is backed by the Korean government. It is unlikely that

he will participate in the national competition.”

Lim Cheolho gave a meaningful smile. “Is it really like that?”

Chapter 161

Seoul Olympic Stadium was opened in 1984 and expanded in 20XX, becoming the world's fifth largest stadium that could accommodate a total of 198,000 spectators.

Currently, this huge arena was filled with many people from all over the world.

『 The opening of the First Satisfy National Competition, which the world has known about for two months, is starting in South Korea. 』

『 The criteria for selecting the participating countries is a 'country with more than 10 top players in the National Competition related quests.' So, it has been decided that 17 countries will participate in the First National Competition. 』

『 A total of 13 users are participating for each country. The team consists of 10 main players and 3 candidates. 』

『 There is a total of 221 athletes participating in the National Competition with an average level of 213, and most of the participants are within the top 500 rankings. However, it is known that some players who showed an outstanding performance in certain events are general level 100 users, not rankers. Reporter Braum is focused on the players, so let's go there together. 』

『 The 221 players from 17 countries will compete intensively in nine categories over the next five days. These categories are PvP,

boss raid, labyrinth breakthrough, production competition, pet marathon, siege, target processing, sword drawing and treasure hunting... 』

『 21 of the top 50 users are participating in this competition. This is an unprecedented number of ranker participation, so it's good news for many fans. 』

『 People are disappointed that Kraugel, the no. 1 user, isn't participating, but all of the top five users except for Kraugel are participating. Many people are looking forward to seeing four of the top five in one place. 』

『 Experts predict that the United States will be the champion of the First National Competition. Among the 17 participating countries, the average level of the United States users is overwhelmingly high. With six players in the top 20 of the unified rankings, it is anticipated that they will acquire medals in all fields without much difficulty. After that, it is expected that it will be Britain and China. However, the country that Pagma's Descendant belongs to will be a variable... 』

『 Our Japan is aiming to enter the top five in this competition. On the other hand, the host country, South Korea, is expected to be at the bottom, since their team is very thin except for Yura. 』

『 It is a miracle that South Korea is included, since the criteria is having 10 top players in the quests related to the National Competition. It seems they are participating as the host country. 』

The major broadcasting companies from each country had been talking about the First Satisfy National Competition for the last few days. The hundreds of broadcasting stations were smiling widely.

The ratings were higher than expected. It was a level where the audience ratings were well beyond the Olympics and World Cup, since people these days were mainly interested in Satisfy. Then the players of the 17 participating countries entered Seoul Olympic Stadium.

‘A country of Taekwondo...!’

The blond man on the British team was Regas. In his teens to early 20s, he became a British national Taekwondo player and always longed to go to Korea. He wanted to see the East, who had created the spirit of Taekwondo. He never had a chance and now he was 26 years old, so he was happy about finally visiting South Korea.

Meanwhile, Jishuka belonged to the Brazilian team and she was constantly staring at the South Korea team.

She was looking for Grid.

She was too busy with managing the guild and leveling up to participate in the competition. She wasn't standing here because of the Brazilian government's urgent request, but because she wanted to meet Grid. She wanted to meet the man who made her heart pound for the first time. But no matter how she looked, she

couldn't see him in the Korean national team.

‘Isn't his name on the participant's list? Surely I didn't come all the way to South Korea only to not meet him?’

And a Spanish player. Pon raised his fingers and received an oath as a representative of the users.

‘I'm sorry to hear that Kraugel isn't participating... Then I will test my current skills against Zibal.’

For the past four months, the Tzedakah Guild had been raising their level at a tremendous pace with the items that Grid produced for them. Jishuka, Regas and Pon entered the top 15 of the unified rankings, so they were confident.

Korea was the country that Grid belonged to, so Korea could surely enter the top rankings. That was what they thought. However, except for them, nobody was looking at the Korean team. They didn't need to be conscious of South Korea, who only had sub-rankers except for Yura.

“...Thank you.”

An American man in his early 30s, with long tied up blonde hair, finished reciting the oath.

“Waaaaahhhh!”

The 200,000 spectators cheered and stomped their feet. The atmosphere was more heated than the Olympics. The competition that would gain the participants honor and money at the same time started.

Fire stone.

It was the name of an ore containing a strong fire.

It had high affinity with the fire attribute, magic swords of the fire attribute could be used as a materials or armor against fire. There was a rare chance of the fire stones dropping when hunting certain bosses.

However, it was a material required to make the Fire Shield that Toban desired.

“Hey Toban.” Grid stared at the production method and materials of the Fire Shield and eventually frowned. “What is your motive for dumping the task of finding the important fire stones on me?”

Toban carefully said, “It is impossible for me to obtain the fire stones with my abilities. That... Minor is a minerals master, so I thought he might be able to find a place to obtain the fire stones.”

“What if he finds them? Do you want me to obtain them?”

“...Please. In order to succeed in the Phoenix raid scheduled in 10 days, the main tanker must have high fire resistance.”

Grid snorted.

“You should’ve realized over the past four months that the Minerals Master skill isn’t universal. Minor is worthless if you don’t provide accurate clues. There are one or two minerals that he hasn’t found. Then what? Fire stones? Do you think that Minor could find a place to collect such rare minerals?”

“Please try it once.”

Grid laughed at the anxious Toban. “Uhh, yes, yes. I will have him try it once. And if Minor finds the location of the mineral, I will go and collect it directly.”

It was because he didn’t think it was possible. Grid spoke with the certainty that Minor wouldn’t be able to find the fire stones location.

Then after a while...

Minor had only been studying for the past four months, despite having a mining talent. He now had an intelligence of 350 and could exert his talent as a Minerals Master. He rummaged through books for half a day before returning with shocking news.

“I have found out how to collect the fire stones from old documents. Fire stones pop up when Hell Gao, the owner of hellfire, emerges from hell.”

“...”

Minor reported it with a spiteful expression. Grid frowned while Toban had a bright expression.

“Fire stones exist in Hell Gao’s habitat? So where does Hell Gao appear?”

Minor informed the excited Toban. “It is a dungeon on Cork Island.”

“Cork Island?”

It was a place located in the South Sea of the Eternal Kingdom. It would take a week to get to the nearest port and ride a boat there, but Grid was different. Thanks to Braham’s Boots, he could use Fly magic and ignore all types of obstacles, allowing him to arrive at Cork Island three times faster than usual.

Toban’s eyes started sparkling.

“Grid! Please!”

“...”

It was troublesome. He made a promise, but he didn't feel like it.

Toban tried to persuade Grid. "Think about it. Aren't fire stones a rare mineral that can be sold for money? Won't you receive enormous profits? And remember what you told me before. You gain a lot of skill experience when smelting new minerals. Yes? Grid, this is a request."

Toban made a big mistake with Grid in the past. Due to that, he always felt sorry for Grid and tried his best not to ask for unreasonable things. Thanks to that, Grid eventually forgave Toban and now he nodded.

"I understand. Be prepared to pay me a tip."

"Thank you!"

Toban bowed deeply.

Grid had grown steadily and matured over the past few months, so Toban felt a great deal of gratitude. He respected Grid for giving to others despite having a legendary class, instead of becoming more arrogant.

It wasn't just Toban, but all of the Tzedakah Guild members. There was a saying that a place made a person, and Grid interacted with them very positively. He deserved respect.

“Find out the emergence cycle of Hell Gao.”

“Yes!”

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Khan’s smithy.

Grid starting making the items again after Toban left. Toban was the chief of staff of the Tzedakah Guild and had access to a vast intelligence network, so it was easy to confirm Hell Gao’s emergence cycle.

After a while, Toban returned with a dark expression.

“What is it? Will it be a long time until he appears?”

Toban shook his head at Grid’s question. “Hell Gao will appear in two days. If you leave right now, you will be able to arrive at Cork Island in time for Hell Gao’s emergence.”

“Isn’t that great? What’s with your expression?”

“Well... Cork Island’s dungeon is fully controlled by the Silver Knights Guild. Hell Gao is dominated by the Silver Knights Guild.”

Grid shrugged.

“What does it matter? I don’t intend to raid Hell Gao, just collect some of the minerals.”

“Of course it matters. There are no guilds that will allow an outsider into the zone they control. Since you are acting as a member of the guild, you have to ask for official cooperation or else a guild war might break out.”

“Don’t you have to give a lot of money when asking for cooperation?”

“It can’t be helped.”

The Silver Knights Guild was a fairly famous guild. They had over 200 members and the guild master was a Korean user with the ID of Peak Sword, who was ranked 16th. He was one of only two Koreans in the top 100 of the unified rankings.

Their overall power might be lower than the Tzedakah Guild, but they weren’t on a level to be trifled with. Grid looked at Toban silently before pulling out a hooded clothing. Then he pulled up the zipper and completely hid himself.

“Can’t I sneak in like this?”

[Hooded Zip Up]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 61/61 Defense: 12

* Movement speed will increase by 30%.

* Wind resistance will increase by 20%.

A cloak designed by the legendary blacksmith G. However, the appearance is different from the normal look of a cloak.

Thanks to the sylphid scales being used as the material, affinity with wind and movement speed will increase. You can hide while wearing it, but the stealth will be turned off when an enemy is attacked.

Conditions of Use: None.

Weight: 5

More than 200 years ago, the legendary tailor Kruger made five invisibility cloaks. But now there were only two invisibility cloaks remaining, and the owners were presumed to be royalty or a noble.

The fact that a invisibility cloak was made by a user was unknown to all of Satisfy's users except for the Tzedakah Guild.

“That’s right! You have the invisibility cloak!”

Toban’s face brightened.

The invisible Grid spoke in a confident voice, “Believe in me. I will sneak in while the Silver Knights are busy with the raid and collect the fire stones.”

“Don’t relax and be careful.”

The worried Toban advised, but Grid had already left the smithy.

“I’m in the mood to travel.”

The big city Winston in the north. None of the thousands of users staying there were able to identity Grid who flew in the sky.

Chapter 162

The whole process of the National Competition was possible to do inside Satisfy.

But the Korean government invited the players to South Korea for the purpose of attracting tourists and decided to take some events offline, including the opening ceremony. The result was a great success. Since the number of foreign tourists visiting Korea was close to 800,000, the economic effect created was expected to exceed the estimates of the Korean government.

“Thanks to this, the authority of the S.A. Group has risen.”

There were already many countries asking to be selected as the next host for the National Competition. The S.A. Group executives confirmed that the share prices had skyrocketed and made a toast.

“It is a win-win.”

The South Korean government was able to host the National Competition with the support of the S.A. Group, and they achieved high economic growth and gained overwhelming support from the public.

The S.A. Group's stock prices rose and they could show an overwhelming influence. According to their policy of 'returning 3.6% of the profits to society,' the size of their charity businesses could be expanded and the number of poor people who benefited increased.

Rankers received an astronomical amount of money in exchange for visiting Korea, and billions of people around the world were provided with great entertainment. It was ideal for everyone, so it was understandable why they were laughing.

Satisfy was satisfying the world, like Lim Cheolho intended when he named it.

“I feel rewarded.”

Just like the gods created a world where everyone could be happy, the scientist was creating a world where everyone could be happy. Lim Cheolho created a virtual reality world with no limits.

He reached the point where he would leave his name in history as a transcendent scientist.

Cheongdamdong.

“There really are a lot of beautiful ladies. Their slim bodies are to my taste.”

Pon was feeling very good.

Thanks to this National Competition, he got a chance to play PvP with top ranking players, got a lot of money, and was also exposed

to Oriental beauties. It was the feeling of walking on clouds.

“Girl, would you like to have a drink with me? I’ll buy you expensive liquor, so spend some time with me.”

Pon was just as handsome as he was in Satisfy, so he was confident as he weaved through the streets. Despite his cheesy words in awkward English, he easily caught women.

Jishuka was sitting at a cafe terrace and was startled at the sight of him.

‘Is that Pon?’ In L.T.S and Satisfy, Pon had never shown any interest in the opposite sex. Except when he was childishly fighting with Vantner, he was an exemplary person who only focused on fighting and levelling up.

Jishuka was embarrassed by his completely different personality in reality.

“I’ve known him for over three years already, but I didn’t realize he was a guy like this.”

Regas smiled at her from where he was sitting beside her and enjoying a parfait, “He’s so busy in Satisfy that he doesn’t have time for anything else, but he can relax as much as he wants in reality. There are quite a few rankers who are experiencing such a phenomenon.”

“A plausible logic... Huh?”

Jishuka nodded and belatedly saw what Regas was wearing.

“What are you? Since when have you been wearing Taekwondo clothing?”

“I was wearing it since coming to South Korea? Jishuka, what? Why aren’t you aware of the attire of a person who has been with you for hours? What are you thinking about that made you so preoccupied?”

Jishuka hissed at him without answering.

“Change your clothes. It’s fine when the three of us are together, but your clothes are very eye catching.”

Buzz buzz.

In fact, there were countless people crowded around Jishuka and Regas. The crowd wanted to get autographs and photos from both of them. But would Satisfy’s top rankers, who made enough money to represent a single company, go without guards? The two people were able to enjoy themselves without worrying about the crowd due to being attended by 10 security guards.

“If I don’t wear Taekwondo clothing in a Taekwondo country, what should I wear?”

“ ... ”

Jishuka was shocked by Regas words and don't bother trying to persuade him anymore.

“Yes, yes, do your own thing and eat the parfait.”

The way Jishuka saw it, there were two types of men.

Childish or wicked.

‘Grid is childish and wicked...’

Her first impression of Grid was the worst. He was stupid, stubborn, and only cared about big breasts.

However, he started to mentally mature at some point and that wickedness even left after marrying Irene. He was single-mindedly devoted to Irene and wasn't swayed when he saw Jishuka's big breasts anymore.

Was it because she witnessed the process of extreme change in real time? One day, Jishuka's eyes were chasing after Grid. After she was saved at a crucial moment in the Bairan battle, she became fully aware of Grid. But the Grid she saw was just a picture in Satisfy. She didn't know how he would look like in reality.

‘If I actually meet Grid... I’m afraid he will be like Pon.’

Would she be disappointed? Still, it was okay.

‘I’m in South Korea and have a chance to meet him. Yes, I’ve decided.’

Jishuka stood up. The men shouted as her voluptuous body, hidden by the chair, was revealed.

“I’m going back to the hotel.”

“Why all of a sudden? This is the first time you are in South Korea, so shouldn’t you go sightseeing?”

“I can come back to South Korea at any time, right now I want to connect to Satisfy.”

“That’s a good attitude.” Regas suddenly looked very motivated as he got up from his seat after Jishuka. “Every moment is essential. Okay! Let’s hunt and level up during our free time! In any case, both of us don’t have anything on the tournament schedule today.”

“You can level up alone. I am going to connect to ask for Grid’s home address.”

Regas questioned her, “Home address? Are you going to go there?

Isn't it possible to naturally meet Grid if our schedules overlap? Isn't his ID on the list of participants? Why do you need to go visit his home? It's bad manners."

"Grid didn't even participate in the opening ceremony. Maybe he won't show up at all in this competition."

Jishuka hurried away after saying this.

'She is quite different from usual.'

He didn't know why. Regas shrugged and followed behind her with the bodyguards.

"Wait."

Pon was about to enter a store with five beauties when he noticed Jishuka and Regas.

'Are they going to level up?'

Rankings could fall quickly if a person was careless. Wouldn't his playing time shrink significantly in Korea? Pon's vigilance awakened as he left the beauties and followed the two people.

"Pant... Pant... I've finally arrived."

He flew, drank potions, flew again, descended when his potion cooldown time wasn't over, flew again and repeated until Grid reached Cork Island.

‘The good thing is that my persistence stat rose.’

He had flown for 46 hours without stopping, so his stamina had been exhausted several times. He had been tempted to rest a few times, but he didn't want to miss Hell Gao's spawning time. It was a hard journey that exceeded a triathlon, but he endured and was able to arrive at this place on time.

‘I feel good.’ He felt a tremendous sense of accomplishment. It wasn't a material gain, but the sense of accomplishment was comparable to making a high rated item. ‘The sense of fullness I feel when I exceed my limits... Is this the reason why people climb mountains or do a marathon? I should climb the mountain in front of my house tomorrow.’

Grid flew in the sky with a refreshed expression. He looked over the island.

“Good city.”

Cork Island was one quarter the size of Jeju Island. It wasn't a small island and the climate was mild, so the city built in the center of the island was very developed.

‘This is a level similar to Bairan... The population of the island should be in the tens of thousands? Aren’t there a lot of useful hunting grounds and specialties?’

Grid descended to the ground and entered the city. Thanks to the Hooded Zip Up, he didn’t need to check in and could naturally emerge in the crowd. Then he stopped at a restaurant just before Hell Gao’s dungeon in order to fill up his hunger.

“Turtle and whale meat? I’ve never tried it. Is it delicious?”

The restaurant owner confidently gave Grid a recommendation.

“Of course it’s delicious. It is a delicacy to eat turtle and whale at the same time. You should try it.”

He asked NPCs questions and responded the way they wanted in order to build up affinity. The most efficient way to built up affinity with a merchant NPC was to buy a lot of their merchandise.

The warrior Grid didn’t know even these basics. He built up affinity by interacting with them for a long time. But Grid now had a strong colleague called Huroi. For the several months after the sylphid scales incident, he spent a lot of time with Huroi and learned how to build up affinity with NPCs.

“I believe in you and will try the turtle and whale meat. Please give me a plate of turtle and whale meat... Yes! Just give me the

food that represents this island! Let's eat double portions today!"

"Ohh, a broad-hearted young man! Okay, I understand! I will bring you well-cooked duck!"

Grid liked grilled dishes, stir-fried dishes, fried foods and hot pot. But most of the food in the north of the Eternal Kingdom was steamed food, which didn't fit Grid's taste.

'Since I've moved to the north, I haven't felt the fun of eating food for a while...'

The menu of the restaurant on Cork Island was mainly fried and grilled dishes.

'I will eat until I'm satisfied!'

Grid drooled as he waited for food. Then the owner brought out the food. Due to Grid's high stamina and persistence stats, his stomach was huge and he could eat a lot. The restaurant owner's eyes widened as he saw Grid emptying the food.

"Eating enough food for three people at once... Great."

'In this case...'

What would Huroi do now? Grid thought before saying with a smile.

“I’m not usually like this, but your excellent cooking made me overeat.”

“Haha...”

Grid’s high dignity gave a sense of oppression to the target, but it could also inspire liking in them. Wasn’t it natural for him to give off a charming and polite atmosphere? The owner of the restaurant was instantly fascinated by Grid.

“You look like a traveller, so why did you come to Cork Island?”

‘I have succeeded.’

Grid responded to the owner’s curious and favorable eyes, “I came to see the monster who is the owner of hellfire. Can you tell me where the dungeon is located?”

“No, are you talking about Hell Gao?” The restaurant owner was aghast. “The dungeon he appears in is located in the north of the city... No, I can’t understand it. Why do you want to see him? Isn’t it an act of suicide?”

“Is he that strong?”

The restaurant owner trembled and explained.

“He is the demon who ruled this island perfectly and fed on my ancestors. Legend has it that the number of people sacrificed to him was in the thousands... One day, Muller appeared and turned his body to ashes, but Hell Gao still occasionally pops up because his soul can’t be sealed. The residents are nervous every day that he will be completely resurrected and will turn this island into a living hell.”

There were too many ambiguous words.

‘Is this the precursor to a quest? Surely he isn’t going to ask me to seal Hell Gao’s soul that even Muller couldn’t seal?’

It was ridiculous. The restaurant owner gave some advice to Grid, who was belatedly regretting it.

“The demon’s black flame is hotter than the jade flames of most demons, so you must be careful. If you go to ‘Ellen’ who lives on the south side of the city and say that I sent you, she will paint your armor with fire stone dyes... Before going to Hell Gao, I recommend that you meet Ellen Halmand to increase your fire resistance.”

“Dyes made from fire stones?”

Grid was interested and immediately rose from his spot. He asked the restaurant owner in detail for the position of Ellen’s house and headed straight there.

“Come in.”

Ellen was a kind person. She heard his situation and gladly welcomed Grid. Then she pointed to the large basin in her backyard.

“It isn’t that great, since it is a dye made from the fire stones. I just dip the fire stone in water mixed with my own recipe.”

“Ohu...”

The big basin contained one fire stone the size of a baby’s fist. But that one small fossil turned all the water in the basin red. Ellen explained to Grid, “It isn’t just a color change. Armors or clothes dyed with this will obtain increased fire resistance because they are tinted with fire.”

Grid pulled out the Holy Light armor and gloves.

“The material of the gloves are cloth, so they can be easily stained. But this armor is made of mithril, can it be dyed?”

Ellen easily nodded.

“Fire stones are the symbol of fusion... They can mix with anything.”

As expected of a rare mineral used in magic items.

‘My status immunity means I can’t be burned, but this can prevent additional damage caused by the fire itself. Braham’s Boots are black so the red color will match well with it... Good.’

Grid politely asked. “Can you please dye this armor and gloves?”

Ellen easily nodded. “I understand. I will dye it well if you pay me 500 gold.”

“...Huh?”

Grid thought that Ellen was a hidden NPC. He believed it was an opportunity to get free benefits because of his affinity with the restaurant owner. Yet she was asking for money? As Grid was feeling confused, other users started to arrive at Ellen’s house.

“Are you Grandmother Ellen? I heard about you from the grandmother at the grocery store.”

“I heard about you from the blacksmith. You can increase my fire resistance?”

Grid looked at this and quickly realized.

‘The tip that the restaurant owner gave me wasn’t special.’

Ellen wasn’t a hidden NPC. She was a mere trader, and the Cork

Island residents were skilled at soliciting customers for her.

‘The world is truly tough.’

Grid pulled out 500 gold with trembling hands. It wasn’t bad to think of it as 500 gold to give extra options to two items. He couldn’t know the numerical value of the additional options.

Chapter 163

“Here it is.”

Grid paid 500 gold and took out the Holy Light Armor and Holy Light Gloves from the inventory. He handed them over to Ellen and respectfully said, “Please add fire resistance to these.”

The two parts combined would have a 20% fire resistance, so this was an investment with huge benefits. Ellen smiled warmly at the expectant Grid.

“Hoho, I’ll dye it beautifully. Huh?”

Ellen was amazed as she received the armor and gloves. Her sagging eyes, that couldn’t bear the weight of the years, widened.

“How is this possible...?”

Ellen had been dying things since she was 15 years old, and she was 71 this year. Over her 56 years as a dyer, she had dyed many different types of clothes and armor of various colors. However, this was the first time she saw such a great white armor.

“A perfect harmony... I wondered if a better armor than this exists? So beautiful... The blacksmith who made this armor probably isn’t a regular person. Is this the skill of a master who surpasses dwarf craftsmen?”

Grid felt interested as he saw Ellen's admiration.

‘This grandma's eyes are more discerning than normal.’

Trust started to fill him. A person with this level of insight would surely dye his items well.

Ellen showed high motivation, “I will do my best not to ruin these wonderful armor and gloves.”

The Holy Light Armor covered the neck, shoulders, chest, waist and right arm. The Holy Light Gloves were several layers thick and had gold thread embroidered near the wrist. It was a glamorous embroidered pattern that looked elegant. If the embroidery was dyed red as well, the armor and gloves would become too monotonous. Therefore, she had to do this work as delicately as possible.

Chwaack. Chwaack.

Every time the white gloves were immersed in the fire stone dye, they became a pale pink. As this process repeated, the pale pink became a dark pink and then gradually became a strong red. But surprisingly, the gold embroidery was preserved because not a single drop of dye touched it.

‘Great skills.’

Grid observed the work without missing a single thing. Following

the gloves, the armor was dyed.

1 hour, 2 hours, 3 hours.

It took a considerable amount of time, but Grid didn't lose focus until the end. He didn't want to miss an opportunity to observe the craftsmanship of other fields.

[Insight has increased by 10.]

[Your dexterity has risen.]

[You have learned a little bit about how to dye cloth and paint metal.]

The Holy Light Armor and Gloves were reborn with a dark red color. Grid read the pleasant notification windows and Ellen smiled brightly.

“Please check it.”

Grid received the armor and gloves from Ellen and examined the details. Then he was delighted.

‘It's better than I expected!’

The armor had 19% fire resistance and the gloves had 7% fire

resistance. It was great that Ellen gave new options to legendary items for just 500 gold.

“I will use it well.”

Ellen was grateful to the truly delighted Grid. “Thank you for giving me the opportunity to dye such an excellent armor and gloves before I die. Thanks to you, I have achieved a higher level. Now, please wear it.”

Ellen led Grid to the large full body mirror on one side. Grid didn't delay in front of the mirror as he wore the armor and gloves. Then he marvelled at his own appearance.

‘I look much cooler.’

The Holy Light Armor was a legendary item made by Pagma. Despite the metal material, it was custom made and perfectly suited the lines of the wearer. The problem was that the color was pure white. Like many Asians, Grid had yellow skin and dark hair, so the pure white clothes didn't suit him. The Holy Light Armor looked more awkward than cool. But now the red armor became a good match for Grid's skin and hair.

Ellen's eyes shone as she praised, “Very cool! I want to transfer your image to a picture frame!”

She wasn't exaggerating. The harmonization of the black boots with the dark red armor and gloves with gold thread was a level

that anyone would admire.

‘Is this really me?’

Everyone dreamed of looking nice. It was the same for Grid. However, he was despised because of his unimpressive appearance, and the shameful experiences significantly contributed to his personality.

Grid was no longer ugly.

‘...I’m not ugly.’

Grid closely observed his appearance in the mirror for a long time. Unlike the past where he always shrank back, his eyes were full of confidence and his shoulders were broad. His face had fattened, suiting the skeletal frame. From an objective point of view, he looked much better than before.

The armor looked so good that he wanted to take a photo.

‘But there is a little something missing...’

It was like a flaw in the jade. There was no gold embroidery on the lower part of his body, so it looked very monotonous. Grid thought it would look twice as nice if this part was supplemented, so he looked at Ellen. She was moving to greet the next guest.

“Pavranium.”

Grid spoke in a small voice. Then a fantastic sight was seen. Seven blades around 15cm long, 8cm wide and 3cm thick silently appeared and floated around him.

“Join together.”

Grid imagined the shape that the pavranium should form and ordered. Then the seven blades gathered together. The finished appearance was a thin sword around 1m in length. Grid made it like a wave or snake that could move to the left and right, then he fitted it onto the ring-belt that protruded near the tail of the armor.

“Kill.” The blade-like tail extending under the red armor was threatening, giving him a frightful feeling like a devil. “It is completely to my taste.”

Grid was making a happy face when he heard Toban’s voice.

–Grid, have you arrived at Cork Island? Hell Gao will appear in exactly one hour. Please take care, and I hope you find the fire stones.

Grid left Ellen’s house. He was conscious of people’s eyes as he released the armor and answered.

–Believe in me.

Cork Island was the largest of hundreds of islands in the Eternal Kingdom and was abundant in resources. The scenery was beautiful and countless guilds coveted the island.

The Sakura Guild was particularly ambitious. The guild considered only of Japanese right-wing extremists. They wanted to put a flag on Cork Island because it looked similar to Takeshima Island which 'Korea was illegally occupying.'

When the war between the Alliance and the Yatan Church broke out, the Sakura Guild took this opportunity.

"We will join the Eternal Kingdom's army and gain enough achievements in order to receive Cork Island as a reward!"

The Sakura Guild's plan was successful. The Sakura Guild participated in the war, gained high contributions and got a chance to receive something from the king. They hoped to become the owner of Cork Island.

But forces barred their way.

It was the Silver Knights Guild, led by the 16th ranked Peak Sword. Most of the guild members, including Peak Sword, were Koreans, and they confronted the Sakura Guild because they wanted to 'stop the insane Japanese people who can't tell virtual reality apart from reality.'

The two guilds had similar contributions in the war, so the king couldn't easily determine the owner of the island. Both guilds had to fight for a long time. In the end, the Silver Knights Guild won. The average power of the Sakura Guild was higher, but thanks to the success of Peak Sword, the Silver Knights Guild could win the war and became the owner of Cork Island.

The sword and shield, which was the original symbol of the guild, changed to the three-legged raven four months ago. The Silver Knights Guild became one of the large guilds that represented Satisfy.

Their next goal was the Hell Gao raid.

'We can grow much faster if we clear the Hell Gao raid. We can nurture Korean rankers based on items dropped by Hell Gao.'

Despite the request of the South Korean government and Yura, he didn't participate in the National Competition this year. Peak Sword was more familiar than anyone else that South Korea couldn't obtain a good ranking in the competition, even if he participated.

'But it will be different starting from next year.'

He would foster Korean rankers and regain Korea's reputation as powerhouses in games! After the extreme patriotism war with the Sakura Guild, Peak Sword resumed the Hell Gao raid that he had already failed five times.

“Over the past month, we have become stronger and invested our money wisely. Now we will surely be able to take Hell Gao. Have courage and let’s defeat Hell Gao!”

“Ohhhh!”

The 4th floor of Cork Island’s dungeon.

It was 10 minutes until Hell Gao emerged. He encouraged the morale of the 200 elite guild members, but this morale wasn’t maintained for long.

Five minutes later.

Hell Gao’s emergence was near, so tension and anxiety started to appear on everyone’s faces.

“Four minutes left!”

They clearly remembered Hell Gao’s strength. Could they really beat that monster? They couldn’t help questioning.

“Three minutes left!”

After three minutes, Hell Gao would appear and this place would turn into a sea of fire. Some of them would die just due to the flames.

“Two minutes left!”

A hot heat started to slowly fill the room.

‘Shit.’

Peak Sword wanted to encourage everyone, but he was afraid. He was clearly reminded of the overwhelming appearance of Hell Gao, who was shrouded in flames and wielded a staff.

‘Are we still lacking the power to defeat him?’

It might be different if the power of the top 10 rankers were added, but he couldn’t help thinking that this expedition would fail with their current strength. However, the guild’s best ranker couldn’t show his weakness, so Peak Sword endured it.

‘Do it. We can do it. We are strong!’

Peak Sword steadied his heart and took various buffing potions, with the others following him. It was at that moment.

“One minute left... Eh? Intruder! There is an intruder!!”

“What?”

All of the guild members' eyes headed towards the entrance. A young man had entered. It was unusual because he was covered by a cloak, with no armor or weapons visible.

‘Did he break through the defensive troops downstairs?’

Was it a highly trained assassin? No. An assassin wouldn't openly reveal themselves in a place like this.

‘Grid?’

Peak Sword pondered on the name above the head of the black haired youth. However, no matter how much he looked through his memory, it was an unfamiliar name.

‘He isn't a ranker?’

Peak Sword glanced at his companions, but they all shook their heads.

‘A non-ranker coming all the way here. Pathetic.’

Peak Sword came to this conclusion and warned the youth with a frown.

“This is an area controlled by the Silver Knights Guild. I don't know how you managed to reach this point but if you don't want to die, go back.”

“My stealth suddenly disappeared. Was it because I was detected by Hell Gao?”

The young man ignored Peak Sword’s warning and threw off his cloak while talking to himself.

“Ohh!”

There were exclamations from every direction. The appearance of the armor rapidly being equipped on the body of the youth was quite cool. It was an elegant blend of red, black and gold. The particularly unique point was the one meter long tail that stretched from the vicinity of the tailbone. It was sharp like a blade, and amazingly moving on its own.

“W-What, that armor?”

“It’s terrific... Unique grade?”

It was the first time they had seen such armor, so the guild members struggled to hide their interest. Peak Sword raised his voice, “That isn’t important right now! Why aren’t you throwing him out right now?”

Hell Gao would soon appear. Then no one would be able to escape from the dungeon. They had to deal with the outsider before that. The moment that the guild members interested in the armor tried to carry out Peak Sword’s order,

Kuwoooooh!

[Hell Gao, the owner of Hellfire has appeared.]

[Hell Gao's roar has applied fear, chaos and debilitating effects.]

[Hell Gao's fire reduces heat resistance by 50%.]

[Fire pillars have risen to cover you.]

“Kuack!”

“Hiiik!”

Due to the silent flames that surrounded the whole area, half of the guild members fell into a dying state, or were burned to the point where they couldn't even be recognized. Barely half of the people standing were able to hang on. Peak Sword was surprised at the notification window that popped up.

‘I raised my fire resistance to 86%, but to still receive this degree of damage...!’

They would fail again. As Peak Sword was feeling despair, he suddenly doubted his eyes. The unknown young man with the ID of Grid. While the others were surrounded by flames, he alone was moving forward. He moved freely like he wasn't affected.

“H-how...? Heok?”

Peak Sword fell silent as he witnessed a ridiculous scene. As Hell Gao ran amok and slaughtered the guild members, the young man pulled out a pickaxe. Then he headed to the wall and started swinging the pickaxe?

Kaaang! Kaaang!

The young man swung it with good form and complained as he wiped off the sweat.

“Ugh, hot! Isn’t the labor getting worse? Why does this mineral only appear when the boss mob is present? Based on this, I might have to visit a dragon’s lair with my pickaxe!”

At that moment, a hot wind emerged from the staff that Hell Gao waved and hit the young man. Peak Sword expected the young man to receive huge damage and collapse. But unbelievably, the young man only suffered minor injuries.

‘A huge defense power...! A guardian knight?’

“Excuse me, Mister.” The youth stopped his pickaxe for the first time and turned his attention to Peak Sword. Then he said with an irate expression. “Why are you just standing there blankly? It’s hot, but it will just get hotter.”

What was he seeing now?

Peak Sword belatedly regained his spirit and asked, “How can you be fine?”

The young man replied like it was obvious.

“It’s the item effect.”

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

The tail on the young man’s armor moved by itself and fought against Hell Gao’s staff. Peak Sword couldn’t close his mouth as he gaped at the sight.

‘W-what is this...?’

He belatedly recalled that there were a few high level users who didn’t register their names in the rankings. They liked to play the game like hermits in a martial arts movie.

‘Is he one of those people?’

While Peak Sword was feeling suspicious, Grid couldn’t focus on his pickaxe anymore because of Hell Gao and opened his inventory. Then he pulled out the +8 Dainsleif.

“Hey, you monster. I don’t want to fight you, so don’t bother me and go away.”

Over the past four months, Grid had repeatedly disassembled, reassembled and repaired Dainsleif dozens of times, raising his understanding to 90%. He held the pickaxe in his left hand and wielded Dainsleif with his right hand.

Kwang!

Hell Gao defended against the attack, but he was pushed back a few steps. The flames grew bigger and he seemed to be at a loss. The members of the Silver Knights Guild, including Peak Sword, were speechless.

Chapter 164

‘Hell Gao, who didn’t move when the top three damage dealers of the guild attacked simultaneously...’

‘Pushing him back with one shot?’

‘What is that attack power?’

‘What is that tail that defended against Hell Gao’s attack?’

‘Why is he still holding the pickaxe...?’

It was an unbelievable and monstrous sight. The Silver Knights Guild, including Peak Sword, were confused at the sight of Grid.

‘I thought he was a tanker because of his high defense, but his attack power is actually higher?’

There were several classes with excellent balance. But balance-type classes had a chronic problem. It was that they didn’t excel in anything. However, both Grid’s attack power and defense were unreasonable.

‘He must have a hidden class. In addition...’

Grid’s words revolved around Peak Sword’s head. Item effect. Item effect. Item effect... Item...

‘...It really is the power of his items.’

In Satisfy, items could be enhanced up to +10.

However, the price of the enhancement stones was expensive, and the higher the enhancement value, the lower the probability of the enhancement succeeding.

In addition, if the enhancement was successful, the enhancement value would be +1. But if it failed, it would be -3, so the chances of ordinary users owning high enhanced equipment was like picking stars from the sky. Most rankers were using +7 items, while the +8 or higher items were for the rich or fortunate.

However, Peak Sword belatedly realized that Grid’s sword was surrounded by a deep orange light that was like the sunset. It was a +8 enhanced item.

‘So he is a high level hidden class, rich, and lucky?’

Grid frowned at Peak Sword’s expression.

“...What is your expression?”

It wasn’t a coincidence that a big shot came here. Peak Sword was alarmed and started to feel doubts.

“You look like a Chinese or Japanese person. Did the Sakura Guild send you?”

Grid had the typical appearance of a Northeast Asian. Korea and Mongolia were countries weak in Satisfy, he judged that a bigshot couldn't be hiding among the Koreans or Mongols. Therefore, this person must be Chinese or Japanese. But the answer that came back was amazing.

“Sakura Guild? I didn't even know there was such a guild. Above all, I am South Korean.”

“South Korean?”

The guild members started murmuring.

“There is such an amazing person among the Koreans...”

“Apart from Yura and Peak Sword hyung-nim... South Korea has another prominent figure.”

“Kya~~! As expected from South Korea!”

Most of the members of the Silver Knights Guild were patriotic. They were the type of people who always asked ‘Do you know Kimchi?’ when they met foreigners. So they were glad to hear that Grid was Korean.

“We are Koreans like you!”

“I realized it while watching you! The Korean’s game DNA is still great!”

“I am proud that a great person like you is a Korean citizen like us!”

“Quiet!” Peak Sword calmed down his excited guild members and glared at Grid. “If you aren’t commissioned by the Sakura Guild, why did you come to disturb us?”

“Disturb?”

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Grid was shaken as he drew Hell Gao’s aggro.

“Disturb? Is what I did a disturbance? Rather, I helped you.”

“What help? You barged in on another person’s raid!”

“What?”

Grid felt angry at Peak Sword’s words. Then he threw down his pickaxe and grabbed Dainsleif with both hands.

“Ridiculous humans! I will burn you to the soul!”

Hell Gao waved his staff while shouting and a heat storm struck. Grid started dancing.

‘Pagma’s Swordsmanship...’

“Become ashes!”

Kuwaaaaaang!

The materials in the area were melted and a hot wind blew over Grid. Then Grid’s dance finished.

“Kill.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

It was truly an overwhelming sight. The big sword was surrounded by red and black and pierced Hell Gao’s heart with a huge momentum.

“Kuheok...!”

There wasn’t one person who failed to notice that Hell Gao’s face shrouded in flames was disturbed for a moment.

Hell Gao fell down and scattered blood like lava, while Grid spoke to the astonished Peak Sword. “I’m sorry that I barged in on your raid but honestly, if it wasn’t for me, wouldn’t you guys be dead to that monster by now? The only reason I got involved was because that annoying bastard attacked me first. I didn’t actually do anything?”

His words weren’t wrong. But that didn’t mean Grid’s behavior could be rationalized.

“I acknowledge that part. But the fact that you intruded doesn’t change. How can we proceed with the raid while you are watching? Would you be able to if you were us? What if you hit our backs while we are in the middle of the fight?”

Grid snorted. “If I wanted to hit your backs, I would’ve done it earlier. Isn’t that right?”

That’s right. The guild was in trouble when Hell Gao appeared. But Grid was fine. At that time, the guild would’ve met a disaster if Grid had attacked.

“U-Um...”

It was evidence that Grid wasn’t an enemy. However, he was still disturbing. Grid had completely stabbed a wedge of doubt in Peak Sword.

“In the first place, I didn’t come here for that monster. Fire

stones.” Then Grid placed Dainsleif back in his inventory. Then he picked up the pickaxe and headed towards a firestone again. “I have no intention of interfering, so please ignore me and go on with the raid.”

“...”

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Peak Sword no longer felt motivation as he looked at Grid.

‘...He isn’t an opponent that can be overpowered, so let’s ignore him.’

They could deal with this when it was over. Peak Sword ignored Grid and started concentrating on the raid. Then the guild members quickly surrounded Hell Gao, who was on the ground. Grid glanced at them and clicked his tongue.

‘Do you really think you can raid that monster? It’s useless.’

The current Grid couldn’t measure Hell Gao’s combat strength.

‘That monstrous bastard, he was hit by Kill and didn’t even lose one-tenth of his life.’

Hell Gao was a monster that Muller couldn’t seal perfectly, and he was very strong. Grid speculated that he was a boss monster

several degrees stronger than the Awakened Guardian of the Forest.

‘He is a monster that I can’t win against, even if I take advantage of my invincible passive. It’s better to avoid him.’

Grid’s judgment was correct.

Most users didn’t know the details of the demon-related episodes yet, but Hellfire’s Master Hell Gao was the 9th strongest among the 33 great demons of Hell and had members of the demonkin like Balak as subordinates. It wasn’t good to associate with him.

‘Hurry.’

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Grid’s pickaxe speed accelerated. He planned to use the time while the Silver Knights Guild was striking Hell Gao to mine the fire stones. That behavior was the problem. What was the reason why the fire stones always appeared with Hell Gao?

It wasn’t a coincidence. The fire stones were the source of Hell Gao’s power. Hell Gao needed the help of the fire stones to appear in the human world. A human kept trying to mine it, so Hell Gao couldn’t leave it alone.

“This damn human!”

Peeeeeeong!

Hell Gao released a black fire that burned the Silver Knights Guild and headed towards Grid.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

The pavranium moved to protect Grid. However, it was impossible to completely block Hell Gao's attack with the present pavranium, which was attached to the armor and restricted in action.

Grid experienced a flash of heat every time the staff was wielded.

[You have suffered 2,930 damage.]

[You have suffered 3,190 damage.]

'How rotten... I've raised my fire resistance, but I've still received this much damage.'

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Grid took a potion to restore his health and quickened the pace of his pickaxe. He tried to ignore the attacking Hell Gao behind him.

‘Just a bit more...!’

Five more swings would be enough to obtain one fire stone. Grid patiently relied on only pavranium to defend and Hell Gao’s anger reached the peak.

“Stop right now!”

Kwaang!

Hell Gao’s body was covered with blame flames, increasing the heat.

Kaang!

Hell Gao’s attack power became stronger. The pavranium was hit by it and temporarily stiffened.

‘This is bad...!’

Hell Gao’s staff aimed at Grid’s side just as there were three swings left to obtain the fire stone. Grid tried to defend with a shield but it was already too late. At that moment, Peak Sword came forward.

“Draw Sword, string.”

Peak Sword stood 2m behind Hell Gao. He pulled out the sword at his waist so quickly that it was difficult to follow with the eyes. Then there was a sharp flash and blood spurted from Hell Gao's neck.

“Kuooh!”

Hell Gao's gaze angrily returned to Peak Sword.

“Insolent!”

Hell Gao approached Peak Sword and waved his staff. Then Peak Sword placed his sword back in its sheath.

“Sheath Sword, breadth.”

Kwaang!

Just before Hell Gao's staff fell towards Peak Sword. A powerful wave of sword energy exploded around Peak Sword, causing Hell Gao to retreat. Peak Sword spoke to Grid with a grim expression.

“You are Korean and helped us once. With this, the debt is paid.”

Subsequently, the Silver Knights Guild started their onslaught.

“Die, you monster!”

“This time we’ll kill you!”

The Silver Knights were a highly trained guild. The qigong masters suppressed Hell Gao’s heat, while the damage dealers attacked Hell Gao without getting injured. It was a pincer attack they could unfold due to the experience challenging Hell Gao, but the problem was that Hell Gao was too strong.

“This doesn’t even itch!”

Hell Gao ridiculed before launching flames in every direction. It was the inevitable fire AOE magic. In order to suppress the force of this, the qigong masters controlled the mana in the air while the magicians built water barriers. The momentum of the flames wasn’t suppressed at all and directly evaporated all the water at the water barriers.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

This caused hot steam to occur. Peak Sword and the knights defended with their weapons or shields, while the qigong masters and magicians used magic. However, everyone except for Peak Sword turned into grey light.

“What!?”

Sword Peak realized it the moment he received more than 100 messages about his guild members’ deaths.

‘This is impossible.’

The Hell Gao raid? It was a pipe dream. He had been confident about the guild’s power over the last month, but they were just pests in front of Hell Gao.

‘It was my mistake for not accurately measuring Hell Gao’s strength...’

He felt sorry for the guild members wiped out because of their foolish master. It was the moment that Peak Sword lost hope in his dream of fostering enough Korean rankers to play a role in next years National Competition.

He flopped down.

“Kukukuk.”

Hell Gao emitted a hot breath as he laughed and approached. He aimed his staff at Peak Sword who lost all his men and all hope. At that moment.

Kaaang!

[A fire stone has been acquired.]

Grid finally obtained a fire stone. At the same time, the black

flames around Hell Gao's body noticeably weakened.

And.

Ttaak!

[You have suffered 4,200 damage.]

“...Eh?”

Peak Sword survived despite being hit by the staff. Both Peak Sword and Hell Gao were shocked.

‘Weaker?’

It wasn't an illusion. Hell Gao had rapidly weakened. An awkward atmosphere flowed.

“Transcended Link.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

20 blue and white energy blades flew and hit Hell Gao.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Blood spurted in every direction like boiling lava. Hell Gao let out a terrible scream of pain. Then he belatedly discovered the fire stone held in Grid's hand.

“You dare...! I will kill you!”

Pisik.

“Can you do it?”

Grid laughed before squeezing the blue sword that was reminiscent of a predator of the sea.

Peak Sword was surprised twice.

The first reason was that he figured out Grid was Pagma's Descendant who appeared in the battle of Bairan several months ago. The second reason for his surprise was the white light around the blue greatsword.

“A +9 item?”

“Take this pickaxe.” Grid threw his pickaxe towards Peak Sword, whose mouth was gaping open. Then he explained to the puzzled Peak Sword. “Hell Gao's weakness is the fire stone. The more fire stones that are collected, the weaker he will be. So collect the fire stones while I block him.”

This was it. Peak Sword's expression darkened, "I understand what you're saying. But I didn't acquire the mining skill. It will be hard for me..."

"Don't worry. Anyone can mine with that pickaxe."

"...?"

Grid spoke confidently. Peak Sword was curious and checked the details of the pickaxe.

[Fantastic Pickaxe]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 155/219 Attack Power: 107

* The chances of acquiring advanced minerals will increase by 10%.

* The chances of acquiring the highest grade minerals will increase by 5%.

* The skill 'Intermediate Mining Technique' Lv. 3 will be generated.

A pickaxe made by the legendary blacksmith G.

With this pickaxe, even a five year old child can collect high quality iron ore.

User Restriction: Level 200 or higher.

Weight: 45

“...”

“Why are you just watching?”

Hell Gao wasn't a fool. He couldn't let the humans touch the fire stones anymore, so he tried to get rid of the injured Peak Sword first. However, Grid wouldn't quietly let him do that. He detached the pavranium from his armor and aimed at Hell Gao's head with his fingers.

“Go.”

Chwachwachwachwachwa!

The combined pavranium separated into seven blade-like shapes. Then they spread out and attacked Hell Gao from different angles.

“Kuooh!”

Hell Gao missed Peak Sword. He lifted his staff and resisted the seven blades, but they couldn't be destroyed no matter what.

‘No, what is this...’

Peak Sword thought it was absurd. It felt like a feast of items kept appearing.

Item effect.

The words Grid said when he first appeared popped into Peak Sword's head. Then Grid prompted him, “What are you doing? Go and mine the fire stones.”

“Ah, y-yes... That... Yes...”

The 16th ranked Peak Sword, it was the first time he challenged mining since starting Satisfy. And it was the day that Hell Gao, the master of hellfire, met the strongest enemy after the great sword saint Muller.

Chapter 165

Syuok! Syu syu syu syu syuk!

The seven golden blades simultaneously aimed at his eyes, cheeks, head and chin. The speed was equivalent to Memphis, who was the fastest in hell, so the demonkin would be unable to react.

But Hell Gao was one of the 33 great demons, so he didn't think of it as a threat.

'The human might be skilled at throwing, but this is just at the level of a pest.'

He drew a small circle with his staff.

Chaeeeeeng!

The seven blades didn't reach the target and scattered all over the place. However, they didn't fall towards the ground. Instead, they flew up again and attacked Hell Gao.

'Huh?'

Hell Gao was amazed. He thought the seven golden blades had been thrown by the human in red armor, but they were moving by themselves?

Kaang! Kakakang!

The golden blades that continued flying at Hell Gao were annoying. He decided to destroy them and firmly hit one with his staff. However, the blade was fine and didn't even get one scratch. It stiffened for a while before moving again.

‘Outstanding durability. Is it adamantium? But why are they moving on their own?’

Fast and solid gold blades! They weren't controlled by magic, so how did they move by themselves? They didn't tire, and gave Hell Gao a feeling of pressure.

In the end.

“Get lost!”

Hell Gao released hot wind all over the place. The golden blades were pushed by the wind pressure and could no longer approach him.

“Come back.”

The human in red armor watched from a distance and gave them orders. Then the golden blades flew to him and started to rotate around him.

‘What a bizarre artifact.’

Hell Gao opened his mouth.

“I never dreamed in my thousands of years of existence that I would have a question for a human. Those blades, what are they? They have a durability comparable to the god mineral adamantium and they move by themselves? Why is an ordinary human carrying something like this?”

“Ordinary human?” The human in red armor, Grid, grinned at him. “You still think I’m ordinary?”

“What?” Hell Gao spoke cynically. “Kukuk! You only barely managed to wound this trash body! So what, you think that you are special?”

Hell Gao was the 9th strongest of the 33 great demons, but this was only applicable to hell. After being sealed by Sword Saint Muller 150 years ago, he had to borrow the body of a demonkin every time he appeared in the human world.

In other words, Hell Gao’s current body wasn’t originally his and he couldn’t exert his true strength. Grid was arrogant just because he managed to damage Hell Gao a little bit, so Hell Gao couldn’t help snorting.

“I know that you are a fairly strong human. But you aren’t particularly special.” The black flames around Hell Gao’s body

flashed. “I only recognize the man called Muller. You’re just a trivial existence who can’t even reach Muller’s toes.”

Grid remarked, “Ah, Sword Saint Muller? Wasn’t he the one who turned your body into a rag in the past?”

Hell Gao’s eyes narrowed.

“What’s so funny?”

The smiling Grid kindly explained to him. “I am in the same class as Muller. It’s laughable that you can’t see that. Well, today you will die again.”

Hell Gao thought it was so absurd that it was funny.

“Kuhahahaha! This crazy person is talking nonsense!”

Sword Saint Muller was such a great figure that he broke Hell Gao’s common sense, who had lived for thousands of years. He was a mortal who transcended a great demon. His swordsmanship was enough to cut through the flames of hell, making them look like sheep.

In comparison, Grid was just plain. Grid was stronger than a normal human, but he was no match for Muller.

“A person who puts himself in the same class as Muller, he really

doesn't understand... Huh?"

Hell Gao stopped laughing as his gaze turned to a corner of the dungeon. Thanks to the golden blades, he had missed the other human. That human was aiming the pickaxe at a fire stone. It was Peak Sword. The 16th ranked Peak Sword, who was a fearful person to some and a target of respect for others, was challenging the act of mining for the first time.

Hell Gao was furious.

"I don't like this pair!"

He was able to bring four fire stones to the human world from hell. He lost a quarter of his magic power when one of them was taken. He couldn't allow another fire stone to be mined.

Kuoooooh!

Hell Gao ran while the dark flames wrapped around his body like a cloak. His target was naturally Peak Sword. He wanted to smash Peak Sword's head and destroy that pickaxe. But his path was blocked by Grid.

"Where are you going during our conversation?"

Grid attacked while talking.

Chaaeng!

Hell Gao's arms shook after he defended against the blue greatsword with his staff.

'It isn't just that I'm weaker. He has grown stronger.'

Grid spoke to the somewhat shaken Hell Gao. "Of course, my current skills aren't even one-hundredth of Sword Saint Muller's skills. But it isn't a lie that I am in the same class as him. I am also a legend."

"Legend?"

Hell Gao spoke in a confused voice. Grid wielded a master weapon that had been enhanced to +9, and his utilization of it was already at 100% after several months of experience.

Jjang! Jjejejeok! Jjejeong!

Pagma's Swordsmanship (Lv.2) increased physical attacks by 30%, critical hit rate by 20% and critical damage by 10%. The power of the +9 Failure combined with Pagma's Swordsmanship was truly beyond imagination! Grid's power brought confusion to Hell Gao.

'This guy, the attack power in one blow...!'

Kwang!

“Kkuk!”

Hell Gao defended against the attack with his staff, and eventually threw up. A red light shone in the black flames and Grid grinned, revealing his white teeth.

“Can you feel it? This is strong enough to fill up the difference in abilities.”

“You...!”

Hell Gao finally felt alarmed. The man in front of him, he wasn't a master of swordsmanship like Muller was. His comprehensive physical abilities were far below Muller's.

But.

‘Strong.’

Why was he so strong? Hell Gao's suspicious gaze was fixed on Grid.

‘It's that greatsword.’

He had lived for thousands of years, but he had never seen a weapon like this blue greatsword. Hell Gao trembled. The golden blades that moved by themselves and this powerful greatsword,

how did the man in front of him gobble up such powerful items?

‘Does this person have the treasures of the gods?’

Hell Gao could no longer take it easy and needed to fight with all his strength. Hell Gao made a decision and shot out hellfire.

Peeng!

The flames that wouldn’t fade away once they started burning hit Grid. Hell Gao confirmed that Grid’s chest was burning and burst out laughing.

“Kuhahaha! It’s useless even if you jump into the sea right now. Once the hellfire has started burning, it won’t fade away until the target has been turned to ashes!”

Hell Gao didn’t doubt that Grid would become ashes within seconds. However...

“It turned off?”

Grid waved a few times and the hellfire was extinguished.

“What!?”

How did you turn off hellfire like it was a match fire? It was the

moment when Hell Gao's common sense that 'hellfire will never go out' was broken in his thousands of years of living. Yes, the last time his common sense was broken was when he met Muller 150 years ago.

‘It isn’t a lie that he is in the same class as Muller...!’

Hell Gao felt a chill and reflexively took a step back.

[You have suffered 4,800 damage.]

[The black fires of hell have attached to your body. The flames won't turn off until your body is turned to ashes.]

[You will receive 2,000 burn damage per second until death.]

[You have resisted.]

Grid felt pleasure as he confirmed the warning windows and started a dance. White light moved around the blue greatsword, like a shark swimming in the sea.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link.”

The muscles that squeezed during the dance were released at once. At the same time, the greatsword moved explosively. 17 blue and white energy blades sped through the air at a terrible speed before compressing the air.

“ ... ”

It was quiet.

Kaaang!

Only the sound of Peak Sword swinging the pickaxe was heard. Hell Gao had doubts.

‘What?’

Perhaps it was a vain attack? And.

Susuk.

The 17 strands of energy were drawn around Hell Gao’s body. This was followed by 17 sharp waves.

Pipit! Pipipipit!

The air that was compressed simultaneously exploded. At the same time, 17 wounds appeared on Hell Gao’s body.

“Kuaaaak!”

Hell Gao belatedly screamed. It wasn't a missed attack. This was the true dignity of the sword of light, Link. It was the moment that Grid, who raised his stats and level to 246 during the past four months, perfectly reproduced one of Pagma's sword techniques.

“Didn't I tell you? I am also a legend.”

Grid was even more impressed.

“T-This guy...!”

Hell Gao's body started wobbling. Before the fire stone was collected and Hell Gao was in perfect condition, a fatal strike barely decreased his health. Now he lost more than a tenth of his health the moment he was hit by Link.

Grid was convinced.

‘It is enough to fight.’

Kaaang! Kaaang!

The sound of Peak Sword's pickaxe was heard non-stop from the rear and Grid felt more courageous. Then from a corner of his field of view, Hell Gao's staff came flying.

Peeok!

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 7,930 damage.]

“...Kuk!”

Grid was perfectly hit by the staff that moved between the rotating golden blades. Hell Gao shouted while chanting a spell.

“You aren’t Muller!”

That’s right. He wasn’t Sword Saint Muller. One strike from his sword had caused Hell Gao’s limbs to fall off. It was true that Grid’s weapons covered his deficiency, but it couldn’t be denied that he was very lacking compared to Muller.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

The seven golden blades moved briskly to contain Hell Gao, while protecting Grid at the same time. But Hell Gao was in complete combat mode and was very fast and powerful.

Jjejeong!

The golden blades that Hell Gao struck were stuck in place for two seconds and then,

Peeok!

Hell Gao's staff moved flexibly, avoiding the other golden blades and striking Grid's abdomen.

[You have suffered 3,550 damage.]

‘Damn! It hurts!’

All of Grid's armor had been enhanced to +6. He had to spend a tremendous amount to enhance Failure up to +9, so he had to be satisfied with this much for his armor. But after many tests, he thought that his current defense was enough.

A month ago, he had faced the Awakened Guardian of the Forest and found his defense quite bearable. However, Hell Gao's attack power was too strong.

‘This is after he was weakened by having the fire stone mined...!’

Peeok! Peeeeeok!

[You have suffered 3,590 damage.]

[You have suffered 3,480 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,900 damage.]

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 7,700 damage.]

The chances of a critical hit were tremendous high. There was one critical hit in every three blows. Hell Gao's basic damage was also tremendous. His crazed behavior restrained Grid's actions. Grid barely survived with one-third of his health and fought back with Failure.

Kwang!

Grid used the repulsive force generated by the collision with the staff to open a distance, then he used a skill.

“Wave!”

A blue and white wave spread out around him.

[You have dealt 18,500 damage to the target.]

[The target's attack speed has reduced.]

Hesitation.

Hell Gao's overwhelming momentum that Grid couldn't

overcome was noticeably reduced. Grid counterattacked a few times during this gap while shouting to Peak Sword.

“No, this damn guy! You still haven’t mined one fire stone?”

Peak Sword was frustrated, “I told you that it is my first time mining! I don’t know the tricks!”

“Ah, it’s frustrating!”

“...”

Hell Gao was the master of hellfire, while Grid was the first legendary class. There was such a large difference between Peak Sword and them, and he was frustrated at not proving his reputation as 16th on the unified rankings.

Grid explained to Peak Sword. “Take a good look around the fire stones! There is a part around the root where the ground will be weak, attack that place...!”

“Shut up.”

Pepepepeng!

Hundreds of spheres of hellfire flew. Grid took out the Divine Shield and defended with it and the golden blades.

Teook!

Hell Gao struck the ground with his staff. He leapt using the rebound and landed over Grid's shoulder.

Puuok!

The golden knives mercilessly stabbed Hell Gao. But he couldn't stop Hell Gao's actions. Hell Gao grabbed Grid's head with both hands and shouted.

“If you can't burn then I will crush you!”

“...!”

Peeng!

Black flames emanated from both of Hell Gao's hands and swirled crazily.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

“Kuhahahahaha!”

Even a rock would quickly be turned to sand from this heat, let alone Grid! Hell Gao laughed as he anticipated flesh and brains to splatter everywhere. He didn't see it. Grid pulled out a blue ring

and put it on his finger.

“Okay?”

“Hahaha...! Huh?”

The voice of the man who should've died was heard perfectly. As Hell Gao was surprised, Grid used Blacksmith's Rage and cut off both of Hell Gao's hands with the +9 failure.

[Critical!]

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill 'Bisect' to be generated.]

Seokeok!

[You have dealt 46,940 damage to the target.]

[You have cut both wrists of Hell Gao, the master of hellfire. Hell Gao's actions will be limited and his attack power and attack speed will be greatly reduced.]

“Kuaaaack!”

Hell Gao's terrible screams echoed in the wide dungeon.

Grid smiled wickedly.

“This is the second round.”

Grid had accumulated a lot of combat experience and he learned how to take advantage of Doran’s Ring. For example, he would wear the ring when the enemy used a powerful skill.

This maximized the effect of Doran’s Ring and the Holy Light Armor. On the other hand, Hell Gao’s health was reduced by three-tenths after Grid consecutively used Kill, Transcended Link, Link and Wave.

Then just in time.

Kaaang!

“Yes! Success! I gathered a fire stone!”

Peak Sword, who had been playing Satisfy for a year and a half, felt the pleasure of mining for the first time.

“Kuk...! You guys...!”

The black flames around Hell Gao’s body lost more momentum. Grid didn’t doubt it. The second round would be a KO win.

Chapter 166

Kaaang!

[A fire stone has been acquired.]

While Grid was struggling with Hao Gao, Peak Sword successfully managed to mine the fire stone.

‘I did it!’

The red stone that clung deeply to the ground emerged, causing Peak Sword to feel a tremendous joy. It was like managing to pull out a fat lump accumulated in his nose for many years! Was it like pulling out the roots?

“Yes! Success! I gathered a fire stone!”

He played Satisfy for a year and a half, endured all types of trials, gained experience and earned the 16th rank on the unified rankings. He was able to raise his level through hunting, raiding a powerful boss or fighting against hostile forces. Now his eyes were opened to a new way of enjoying the game.

‘I felt so much pleasure the moment I extracted a mineral. Should I learn the mining skill?’

Peak Sword felt a serious sense of accomplishment and waved the

fire stone at Grid.

“How about it? Didn’t I do well?”

Grid raised his thumb from where he was confronting Hell Gao.
“Well done.”

“Ohh!”

It was amazing. He felt good about receiving praise from that guy. Peak Sword was laughing when he suddenly frowned.

‘No? What am I doing right now?’

He was 16th in the unified rankings and the master of the Silver Knights Guild, yet he was wagging his tail like a dog for someone at least 10 years younger than him?

‘Wake up.’

He became more excited than necessary after realizing that the first legendary class, Pagma’s Descendant, was a Korean. Peak Sword calmed his heart and watched Grid and Hell Gao. Grid looked relatively fine, while Hell Gao was wounded. He even had both hands cut off.

‘Amazing.’

The monster who slaughtered 200 Silver Knights members with an average level of 140 was being pushed back?

‘The dignity of a legendary class...’

He recalled the battle of Bairan, which caused an uproar in the world four months ago. One of the most powerful groups in Satisfy, the Tzedakah Guild, had been pushed on the defensive by the Yatan Church.

At the time, Peak Sword and his guild members gathered in a pub and predicted that the Tzedakah Guild would be wiped out. The Yatan servants Neberius and Balak were overwhelmingly strong, and were also superior in numbers, so the Tzedakah Guild seemed to have no hope.

Then a man suddenly appeared. He overturned the balance by throwing armor to Vantner, a weapon to Toon, and using the skill ‘Pagma’s Swordsmanship’ against Neberius. Peak Sword felt his blood boil and the people filling the pub cheered in unison. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that the whole world was buzzing at that moment.

After the battle was over.

Pagma’s Descendant might be armed with powerful items, but the public mocked him for having weak control. However, Peak Sword thought differently. Pagma might be an excellent swordsman, but he was fundamentally a blacksmith. It was right that Pagma’s Descendant took advantage of his class traits to arm

himself with excellent items. He expressed his strength in a manner appropriate for him.

And now.

The Pagma's Descendant that he met was making good use of his class characteristics. His armor and weapon were estimated to have a legendary rating, there were the fraudulent seven blades that moved on their own, and the ring that seemed to have a recovery skill. His control skills were still bad, but thanks to the power of his items, he was strong enough to be compared to a ranker.

But Hell Gao's strength was endless. He lost both hands, but he continued his onslaught against Grid. Peak Sword hurriedly swung his pickaxe again.

‘Hurry. I still need to collect two fire stones.’

Grid was the new hope for South Korea, a country weak in Satisfy. Peak Sword wanted to help Grid in this raid. Grid grew so fast, that one day he would enthrall the Korean people. However, he still a lot of mountains to cross to reach that point.

“Begin the mining!”

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Peak Sword found a new fire stone and swung his pickaxe. At

that moment, he was Peak Pickaxe, not Peak Sword.

“I’m worried... Worried.”

Bairan Village Castle’s resting room.

The Tzedakah Guild’s chief of staff, Toban, was anxious. The guild members who returned after hunting or work frowned at him.

“What happened? You have no spirit.”

Toban, who was grabbing his head, carefully opened his mouth.
“Grid went to mine fire stones...”

“What about Grid?”

“...He told me to believe him twice.”

The first time was before leaving for Cork Island. Then there was one time after arriving at Cork Island. He clearly said it two times.

Kwaduduk!

Toban broke his nail from worry. And the guild members were in great shock.

“Grid...”

“He said to believe in him, twice?”

“Huh, that’s the worst.”

It was after the Yatan’s massive raid was prevented. Grid spend most of the four months afterwards making items, and produced a total of 142 items. Out of those 142 items, 25 were normal rated, 84 were rare, 30 were epic and 3 were unique.

Was it simply bad luck, or the operator’s agenda as Grid claimed?

In the early days of joining the guild, Grid had a relatively high probability of making high rated items and even produced two legendary items. However, he had been in a slump for the last four months.

The items he produced had a 20% higher performance than normal items, so even the rare rated items were good, but the guild members couldn’t help feeling disappointed. In particular, the guild members who received normal items shed tears of blood. A legendary blacksmith ended up creating normal rated items? Their disappointment couldn’t be expressed.

Then they noticed something that Grid said every time he produced a normal rated item. It was ‘Believe in me.’ Grid said it every time he believed he would produce a legendary item. So

when the guild members heard the words ‘Believe in me,’ they assumed the worst. In fact, it always produced the worst result whenever he said it.

But he said it again this time...

“Believe in me...”

Three fire stones were needed to produce the Fire Shield. Could Grid really collect three fire stones? It seemed like it might not happen. Toban was sad. His ominous feelings almost always came true.

The other guild members also expressed disappointment.

“If he fails to make the Fire Shield... Should the Phoenix Raid be delayed for the next time?”

“That’s probably the case. It is unlikely for the raid to succeed if the main tanker can’t hold on.”

It was a solemn atmosphere. After being armed with Grid’s equipment, they were strong enough to easily raid the Awakened Guardian of the Forest. Now it was possible to raid higher level boss monsters.

The 4th floor of Cork Island’s dungeon.

Jeurereuk.

There was a steady stream of blood from Hell Gao's severed wrists.

Chiik!

There was smoke and an unpleasant smell as the blood touched the ground. Grid blocked his nose and suggested, "Why is a bad smell coming from your blood?"

"Shut up!"

Hell Gao's body was suddenly full of wounds. The body of an advanced demonkin was weaker than Hell Gao thought. In addition, the second fire stone was taken, so Hell Gao's magic power was weakening. More than half of the black flames that symbolized his power had turned to jade.

This was bad.

'I am going to suffer a disgraceful loss to a human again...!'

He thought that only Sword Saint Muller was special. But Muller had died over 100 years ago, and now a special human had appeared again. As other demons said, the potential of the human species couldn't be ignored.

‘I will be ridiculed in hell if I lose to humans again.’

He couldn’t give up yet.

“I will surely kill you!”

Hell Gao shouted and wielded his arms. Then he covered Grid with the blood pouring from his severed wrists.

[You have suffered 1,850 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,790 damage.]

‘Damage is inflicted just from a drop of blood? This damn monster!’

The confused Grid flinched while Hell Gao burned his wounds with his blood. Then he made an expression of enormous hatred.

“I will take your soul to hell and make you my slave forever!”

Kwa kwa kwang!

Hell Gao changed the way he fought. He used his staff as his primary weapon when he had both hands, and hellfire as a secondary attack. Now that he lost both hands, he could only fight

as a magician, launching hot winds and hellfire.

Pepepepeng!

“Ugh!”

Grid tried to avoid the flames. He wasn't able to easily approach Hell Gao. Hell Gao thought.

‘Yes, he's a swordsman, so I have the advantage when fighting at a distance.’

Hell Gao was two times weaker than when he first appeared. But by human standards, his magic power was still infinite. He kept generating hellfire at 0.3 second intervals and fired continuously, looking like a laser gun that ran on solar energy.

“Come and burn to ashes!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Three rays of fire that flew in a straight line! Grid was constrained by his air being obstructed and hurriedly tried to avoid it. Then the pavranium moved.

Chwachwachwachwachwa!

The seven blades gathered in front of Grid and took the shape of a triangular shield.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The golden shield collided with the flames. The shield stiffened and fell to the ground, while the hot winds hit the body behind it. Hell Gao aimed at the heart of the floundering Grid and declared.

“You shall soon die.”

Kwaaaang!

[You have suffered 3,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,150 damage.]

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 8,870 damage.]

“Ohh!”

Flop!

Grid lying on the ground was hit. He was very confused.

‘I was sure the 2nd round would be a KO win after I cut off his hands. Rather, he was more comfortable to deal with when swinging his staff.’

Hell Gao had certainly weakened since Peak Sword took the fire stone. The damage from hellfire had noticeably fallen. But he was still strong. His strength couldn’t be measured.

‘I have to narrow the distance...’

He could use Transcend to attack from a distance. But unfortunately, Transcend only lasted for 30 seconds. He had to save this means of attack as a trump card, so it was better to approach and attack.

However, Hell Gao controlled the hot wind while simultaneously launching the hellfire, so a method to narrow the distance didn’t easily appear.

Hwaruruk!

The wounded Grid was unable to properly control his body and fire spheres appeared around Hell Gao. Hell Gao completed 30 spheres in flash and burst out laughing.

“Kuahahahaha! This is the end!”

Pepepepeong!

The 30 spheres simultaneously attacked from different orbits. It was practically impossible to defend against all the fire spheres with only seven blades.

‘I have to take some damage.’

Grid judged and threw three darts from his belt.

Pepepeng!

A fog spread out in the spot where Grid was standing. Then the 30 spheres hit the fog and exploded in unison.

Kwaaaaang!

“Ugh!”

Peak Pickaxe who was swinging his pickaxe in the corner... No, Peak Sword, fell down. It was because a huge explosion shook the dungeon. Peak Sword turned in the direction of Grid and his expression hardened.

The fog cleared and revealed the point of explosion. Grid couldn't be seen at all.

“It can’t be...”

Had he turned into a grey light after suffering from that attack?

“This can’t be...!”

Peak Sword was frustrated. Hell Gao was delighted and laughed like crazy.

“Kuahahahaha! That cockroach like man has finally been turned into ashes!”

Human flesh was weak, and couldn’t be unharmed after being bombarded with 30 hellfire spheres. Grid was armed with excellent armor and received the protection of the golden blades, but there was a limit. Hell Gao was convinced that Grid had died.

However...

“...What!?”

The laughing Hell Gao suddenly looked back. The center of the dungeon. Hell Gao was the only one standing there after Grid became ashes.

“...Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Grid pulled down the zip of his Hooded Zip Up and slowly appeared. Hatred and killing intent towards Hell Gao, one of the 33 great demons of hell, circled around the blue greatsword.

“Kill.”

Puooook!

A large wound was carved on Hell Gao’s false body.

Chapter 167

Exactly 24 seconds ago.

‘Damn.’

Grid stiffened as he saw Hell Gao create dozens of black spheres in an instant. Could he withstand the huge bombardment of spheres that did 3,700~4,200 damage each?

‘29, 30... Surely he doesn’t intend to throw them all at once?’

The flames shot by Hell Gao were fast and explosive. If 30 spheres were fired at once, it was almost impossible for Grid to completely defend or avoid them.

‘In the worst case, I might need to rely on my invincible passive.’

He thought realistically and changed his mind about concentrating on defense.

‘I heard that a crisis is an opportunity.’

Pepepepeng!

Grid concentrated on the 30 fireballs. He saw a face that was a mixture between a monster and a male human face. A thick smile could be seen on Hell Gao’s bizarre face beyond the flames.

‘That monster, he will be off guard because he’s certain that he won.’

Grid had been through countless battles and was aware of the moment of greatest weakness. He decided to boldly confront Hell Gao rather than react timidly to the current crisis.

‘If I assume that I can’t rely on the invincible passive, it’s wiser to fight back rather than defend.’

This was a chance to overcome the crisis.

In his low level days, he had face the knight Leo of Winston. During his middle level period, it was Malacus and the Guardian of the Labyrinth. After that, it was Shay’s party, the pope, the Awakened Guardian of the Forest, and Neberius.

Grid had faced all types of enemies, so his eyes sharpened.

‘I have to take some damage.’

Pepepeng!

It was good if simple fog or poison fog was generated, not so good if it was an explosion. Hell Gao’s vision needed to be blocked. Therefore, he prayed while throwing Kenen’s darts and fog appeared.

‘It is good.’ Grid smiled with satisfaction and commanded the pavranium. ‘Protect me as much as possible.’

The seven golden blades moved at his command. They defended as the 30 black fireballs penetrated the fog.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The golden blades showed superior mobility, but it was impossible to defend against all 30 fireballs. Some fireballs broke through the barrier of blades and hit Grid.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

[You have suffered 3,870 damage.]

[You have suffered 3,920 damage.]

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 8,100 damage.]

“Ugh!”

He used the Divine Shield to minimize damage, but the areas that could be shielded were limited and his health fell sharply.

Gulp gulp. Grid hastily drank a potion and wore the Hooded Zip Up.

Suuuk.

The Hooded Zip Up perfectly reproduced the unique function of the invisibility cloaks made by the legendary tailor Kruger. As explosions occurred in rapid succession, Grid's body became completely invisible.

And.

“Kuahahaha! That cockroach like man has finally been turned into ashes!”

Grid equipped the Ideal Dagger and used Quick Movements to run towards Hell Gao at a fast pace. The weakened Hell Gao's detection ability was very different from when he first appeared.

[You have been detected by Hell Gao, the master of hellfire.]

[Stealth has been turned off.]

“...What!?”

Hell Gao detected Grid once the distance was narrowed to 3m, and the stealth was released.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Grid had already summoned the red lightning bolt to surround Failure, used Blacksmith’s Rage and hit Hell Gao’s heart with his strongest skill.

“Kill!”

Puooook!

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 538,000 damage to the target.]

The red lightning, Blacksmith’s Rage and the +9 Failure showed overwhelmingly dominant damage. Hell Gao’s health gauge, which had lost three-tenths of its health, now fell to half. But Grid was disappointed. He was disappointed because neither the ‘5 Joint Attacks’ skill attached to the Holy Light Gloves or Failure was activated.

‘If both had been activated and there were 10 strikes, I could’ve killed him...’

It was a pity, but it had already passed. Grid was successful in approaching Hell Gao, so he shrugged his disappointment off.

“Cough! You bastard...!”

Hell Gao suffered damage that couldn't be overlooked anymore. His face stiffened as he sensed the danger.

Chwaack!

Grid twisted Failure that was in Hell Gao's chest and declared.

“Now it is your turn.”

As the battle continued, the cooldown time of all his skills except for Transcended Link had ended. He just used Kill, but he still had Link left.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link!”

Pipit! Pipipipit!

Grid skillfully used Pagma's Swordsmanship, and dozens of energy blades appeared.

[The level of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link has increased.]

[Your damage will increase. The number of times a target is hit will increase by 5 times.]

[Link Lv. 3]

A dazzling sword dance that is like the wings of a butterfly.

Deals 1,100% of your attack power to a single target.

Skill Usage Conditions: Have a sword type weapon equipped.

Skill Mana Cost: 500

Skill Cooldown Time: 100 seconds

It had been five months since he killed the pope. After that, he used Link hundreds of times, and the level finally rose. Grid smiled joyfully and Hell Gao's face distorted horribly.

“Kuaaaaack!”

[You have dealt 154,600 damage to the target.]

Hell Gao had been weakened two times, but 150,000 damage wasn't enough to kill him. Hell Gao recovered his poise and fired flames all over the place at Grid.

“Where are you aiming?”

Grid got as close to Hell Gao as possible. He used Pagma's

Swordsmanship, Wave to cancel out the flames. Then he subsequently used Restraint and made Hell Gao unable to do anything for three seconds.

‘Looking back, the fusion of Transcended Link was only possible after Link reached level 2.

Grid’s brain rapidly spun at this moment. He stepped towards Hell Gao who was shrinking back from Restraint, and triggered two skills in succession.

‘Now that Link is level 3, is it possible to combine it with other techniques?’

He would give it a try. First, it was an attempt at fusion with the most anticipated Kill. If that didn’t work, he would try it with Wave.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship...!”

Grid started to dance and killing intent once again gathered at the end of the greatsword. Meanwhile, Hell Gao escaped from the influence of Restraint and summoned a flame in his left hand and hot wind in his right hand, then he combined the two forces together.

‘It is a technique that I can’t stand again.’

Hell Gao fired the attack in a straight line.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The ground burned and the whirlwind of flames hit Grid. Then Grid's dance finished.

“Kill, Link.”

If these skills failed to combine, Grid's current health would fall and his invincible passive would activate.

‘Please...!’

It was less than a second. Grid hoped that the fusion of Kill and Link would be successful, and Hell Gao hoped that Grid would die.

And.

Kwajak!

Grid's Failure collided with the whirlwind of flames. The flames were swallowed up by Failure, while the light around the greatsword became more intense than before.

‘I did it!’

Grid was delighted. It succeeded.

[The new skill fusion has succeeded.]

[Fusion skill 'Linked Kill' has been created.]

[Your intelligence has increased by 10 due to the successful fusion of a new skill.]

[Linked Kill]

It is a sword dance that combines hatred with the dazzling flapping of wings.

Due to the weight of Kill, the dazzling style is reduced, but the strength of Kill is overpowering.

A minimum of three to seven blows will be randomly generated that will deal 1500% damage per hit (the current damage of Kill -300%).

* This skill doesn't share a cooldown with Kill and Link.

* Please note that your stamina will be depleted if there are seven strikes.

Skill Mana consumption: 90% of the maximum mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

It was a skill where the power of Kill was weakened.

It might not have compared to when 5 Joint Attacks was triggered with Kill, but the big advantage was that three strikes were always guaranteed, while it wasn't certain that 5 Joint Attacks would be triggered.

Duguen! Duguen!

Grid's heart beat wildly from joy. The first Linked Kill crushed the power of the fire whirlwind.

Jjejeong!

‘He still has that much power left?’

The current Grid was clearly injured. Nevertheless, he unfolded powerful attacks in succession, so Hell Gao was forced to feel confused.

‘Is he human?’

A tenacious vitality. Indeed, he was similar to Muller. Hell Gao was forced to acknowledge Grid as the blue greatsword penetrated through the remnants of the flames.

[You have suffered 215,000 damage.]

The second blow.

[You have suffered 219,800 damage.]

The third blow.

[You have suffered 214,600 damage.]

The fourth blow.

[You have suffered 220,100 damage.]

The fifth blow.

[You have suffered 218,700 damage.]

The sixth blow.

[You have suffered 219,200 damage.]

The end? No. Was it like a Chinese restaurant offering good service when it was just opened? Even if he ordered one bowl of jajangmyeon, they would give a second bowl for free as a service. Grid received a lot of service for his success in a new skill fusion.

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

A notification window constantly popped up as Grid's attack hit Hell Gao.

[You have dealt 1,057,300 damage to the target.]

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 2,230,900 damage to the target.]

“...!”

Hell Gao couldn't even scream. The black flames around him turned to jade and were then extinguished. The strongest skill was used and the option of the strongest item was activated, meaning Grid drove Hell Gao to death in an instant.

He once again told the kneeling Hell Gao.

“I am in the same class as Muller.”

Pisik.

Hell Gao nodded for the first time, “I admit it.”

He saw and felt this human called Grid grow in battle. He would eventually follow Muller’s course.

“I lost. I will put off my purpose of ingesting the souls of humans to increase my strength for the moment.”

Hell Gao admitted his defeat. The body of the demonkin was destroyed and turned to fog.

At the same time,

Pepeng! Pepepeng!

The two fire stones that hadn’t been mined yet exploded at Hell Gao’s disappearance.

“T-The fire stones?”

Peak Sword panicked because he had been so busy watching the battle that he forgot about mining. Grid was looking at the notification windows and didn’t see him.

[You have defeated Hell Gao, the master of hellfire, who seizes

human souls.]

[Memphis' Egg has been acquired.]

[118,411,132 experience has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has...]

He gained 11 levels at once. Now Grid was level 253. It was a level comparable to the top 300 rankers, but it was still the lowest among the Tzedakah Guild. Furthermore, the reward was a strange item.

“In the end, only two fire stones were mined... It's big damage.”

Hell Gao was the most powerful boss he had ever met. Grid didn't receive enough rewards for the effort he put in, and he flopped to

the ground in disappointment. His stamina was depleted and it was difficult to even lift one finger.

Peak Sword ran up to him. “Are you okay?”

“Am I okay?” Grid frowned and glared at Peak Sword. “What will you do if I’m not okay? Will you give me the fire stone you mined?”

“Of course.” Peak Sword confidently replied and pulled out the fire stone he obtained. “I will give this to you.”

The value of the fire stones were so high that it was difficult to price them. But Peak Sword’s life and ranking were saved by Grid, so this was his way of showing gratitude.

“I need one more...” Grid grumbled as he grabbed the fire stone. “Sigh... I tied Hell Gao up for 10 minutes, so how did you only obtain one fire stone in that time? Perhaps your level isn’t good enough... It is pretty pathetic.”

“ ... ”

Peak Sword was 16th on the unified rankings.

Chapter 168

Reality and Satisfy.

The 16th ranked Peak Sword had built a successful life in both worlds.

‘There is someone who actually treats me like this... Grid, you’re the first man since I went to the army 17 years ago.’

Peak Sword couldn’t adapt to Grid’s treatment of him. But he didn’t feel bad. He was ecstatic on the drug called patriotism and Grid seemed beautiful, no matter how he acted.

“Were there any good items?”

“Not at all.” Grid pulled out an egg. “This is the only thing that dropped. I didn’t even get one silver.”

“A bean?”

“It’s an egg.”

“What? That’s an egg?”

Peak Sword was surprised. The size was two times smaller than a quail egg, and it looked more like a bean or small bead. Grid shared the details of Memphis’ Egg.

[Memphis's Egg]

Memphis' egg.

Weight: 1

Peak Sword frowned.

“Hah... It's really an egg? If so, is this a pet egg?”

Hell Gao, the master of hellfire was a formidable adversary. The item he dropped couldn't be ordinary. Peak Sword didn't doubt that a monster with the name of Memphis would hatch. But Grid thought differently.

“Do you know what a memphis is?”

“No? It's the first time I've heard of it.”

“Look. It's impossible to grasp what type of pet it is.”

Satisfy's pets gave their owners various effects. In rare cases, there were pets that increased the amount of experience or drop rate of items, so the users' interest in pets was very high. South Korea broadcasted several Satisfy pet related programs, so Grid knew the basic information about pets.

However, the name Memphis was unfamiliar.

Even more.

“If this is a pet, there should be a hatching method in the item description.”

Grid had a point. All pets had a brief explanation of the hatching method. However, Memphis’ Egg didn’t describe how to hatch it. Rather, it only had a short description of ‘Memphis’ egg.’

“Even if you are right that it is a pet, it’s useless if I don’t know how to hatch it.”

Peak Sword agreed, “That’s right. Even if that bean is an egg, it looks like you’ll never see what is inside.”

Grid frowned and put Memphis’ Egg back into his inventory.

“I’ll ask the guild members to research the identity of the egg.”

“I will also use my network to find out.”

“Thank you.”

Grid didn’t have any expectations. This egg was more likely to be

a cooking ingredient than a pet.

‘Considering that Hell Gao is such a strong guy... Eating it might be similar to an elixir that permanently raises my stats.’

For ordinary users, elixirs that permanently raised stats were very rare. But in the case of production class users like Grid, they didn’t feel a huge need for elixirs because producing items raised their stats.

‘That damn Hell Gao. He should’ve dropped equipment instead of this.’

Didn’t the pope drop three legendary items, despite being much weaker than Hell Gao? Grid had been hoping that Hell Gao would drop legendary items. But the reality was the worst, so he felt down.

‘I don’t know exactly what the item is, so I can’t sell it.’

As he lay on the floor and looked up at the ceiling, Peak Sword held out a hand.

“Get up. I want to invite you to my castle. You can eat delicious food and rest there.”

Grid questioned him, “Why are you acting so favorable towards me? Are you hoping for something? I didn’t lie about the item dropped by Hell Gao. I can’t give you anything.”

“I don’t want anything. Didn’t you save my life? I’m just grateful for that.”

“But didn’t I steal your guild’s prey as a result? You must be angry.”

“In the first place, it was a battle that we couldn’t have succeeded with our strength. So I don’t feel like it was taken away. It’s true that you walked into an area controlled by our guild, but aren’t you a Korean? I am happy and grateful to have discovered that the first legendary class is a Korean.”

“I see.”

Grid smiled and grabbed Peak Sword’s hand. At that moment, Peak Sword made a cold expression. Grid stopped.

‘Did he really have ulterior motives?’

Peak Sword shouted.

“Logout!”

“What are you saying?”

“The Sakura Guild is attacking!”

The resurrection point of the Silver Knights members was at Cork Castle. Therefore, the guild members wiped out by Hell Gao resurrected at Cork Castle. Peak Sword had commanded them to wait there and not come back.

But was someone a mole? The guild discovered that the Sakura Guild somehow knew the situation and came here, where only a minimum of troops guarded the entry. They had already reached the 2nd floor.

“Those guys received information that we were challenging the Hell Gao raid today and waited.”

“What is the Sakura Guild?”

It was a power in Satisfy that Grid had no clue about. Peak Sword gave a brief description.

“They are one of the three guilds that represents Japan. Unlike the other two guilds, they are nationalists who are very malicious. Even the Japanese users avoid them.”

“They have a grudge against your guild and came here to hurt you, is that right?”

“Yes.” Peak Sword nodded and placed a hand on the sword at his waist. He took a fighting posture and declared. “Log out first.”

“What about you?”

“I will never run away from guys like that. The guild members are coming, so I will hold on until then.”

Peak Sword denounced the Sakura Guild as nationalists, but he also seemed quite nationalistic.

‘I am tired.’

Grid tried to logout.

But.

[The remnants of the great demon Hell Gao’s magic power is scattered into the atmosphere. It is impossible to logout due to this disturbance.]

“Shit.”

This damn monster was screwing with him even after death. A chill went down Grid’s spine. His stamina was depleted after Linked Kill, and only 60 points had been recovered. With 60 stamina, he couldn’t fight for even one minute. This was a huge crisis, because stamina was a different concept from health.

‘My invincible passive might activate, but if my stamina is zero, I can’t move a single finger and will eventually die.’

Potions to restore stamina didn't exist. Only rest was required to restore stamina, but that was slow. The speed could be slightly increased by eating. In other words, this was bad. Grid hardly ever felt the constraints of stamina thanks to his unusually high persistence stat, making this crisis unfamiliar to Grid.

He urgently shoved beef jerky into his mouth as he asked, "What is the Sakura Guild's power? What is the level of their strongest users? How many minutes can you hold on by yourself? When will your guild members arrive?"

Peak Sword had encountered countless crises while playing Satisfy. He was able to explain calmly, in contrast to the agitated Grid.

"The Sakura Guild has 180 people. Their master Yoshimura is 2nd in the archer rankings and 98th on the unified rankings. Apart from him, there are eight more rankers in the top 300."

'Isn't this formidable?'

Grid's expression stiffened. Peak Sword made a grim prediction.

"The guild members will take 15 minutes to get here and the amount of time I can hold up alone... If I am being generous, it's seven minutes."

Kwaduduk.

Peak Sword finished his explanation and shouted to Grid.

“Don’t think about helping! It is a matter that doesn’t have anything to do with you! Go ahead and logout!”

“...I can’t logout.”

Originally, it was impossible to logout in raid rooms. But that was only when the boss was present. There were few cases where a user couldn’t logout after the boss had died. So Peak Sword misunderstood.

“Grid... Do you want to help me because I’m also Korean? While you aren’t in a perfect state? Hah, you are a true Korean...”

“No, don’t talk such nonsense! What drivel are you saying when I really can’t logout? I can’t logout! I really can’t!”

At that moment, the Sakura Guild came pouring down the stairs. Peak Sword gulped and continued to babble nonsense.

“I would like to encourage you to logout. Don’t worry. It isn’t shameful to logout in front of enemies.”

‘Why? Ah, this really sucks.’

Grid didn’t know. The man Peak Sword admired since childhood

was Admiral Yi Sunshin.

“How dare you guys! I will turn you into a river of blood today!”

“Bah! Peak Sword! You’re the one who will shed blood on this earth today, not us! I’ll pay you back for taking Takeshima from us!”

A small man emerged from among the Sakura Guild members and shouted. It was Yoshimura, the best archer after Jishuka and 98th on the unified rankings.

‘It’s like a drama.’

Grid was able to grasp the atmosphere of the two people with one glance. The Silver Knights Guild and the Sakura Guild. It was clear that the two people enjoyed the Korea-Japan war in Satisfy more than anyone else.

Yoshimura declared, “Since you’re alive, I guess you succeeded in the Hell Gao raid? You, I don’t know the jackpot you received, but that joy is short-lived. I will take away everything you obtained.”

Peak Sword yelled. “Try it! And this is Cork Island, so stop calling it Takeshima!”

“Bah! You still can’t grasp the situation!”

Yoshimura made a sly smile, like someone from a Japanese historical drama! He pointed fingers covered in calluses as he commanded his men.

“Kill that damn Korean person.” (TL: The word Yoshimura uses is actually more like Joseon person, with Joseon being a name for a Korean kingdom in the past. It basically means Korean person but it was first used by the Japanese during the Japanese colonial period of Japan. It isn't exactly derogatory, but it is a term only used by Japanese and Koreans don't like it because of the context.)

“Ohhh!”

Several months ago, at the time of the contest over Cork Island. Peak Sword had caused terrible agony to the Sakura Guild. It was due to Peak Sword that they lost Cork Island, and many guild members died and lost experience. This was a perfect chance to pay back the grudge of that time.

Peak Sword was ‘alone’ so their morale skyrocketed. Peak Sword pulled out his sword from the sheath.

“Draw Sword, annihilate.”

Multiple lights flashed. The eight knights of the Sakura Guild, who had been rushing at the front, vomited and collapsed.

“Your skills haven't gone rusty!”

This was the dignity of the 16th rank that made level 150 knights fall into a critical state with one blow. Yoshimura truly admired it. But there wasn't the slightest bit of tension in his expression. Only eight out of the 180 guild members were injured, so the situation didn't change.

On the other hand, Grid hadn't seen Peak Sword's swordsmanship and was amazed.

Then he heard a strange voice.

-Hungry.

“...?”

-I want to eat.

“...”

It was the voice of a young boy or girl. It wasn't a hallucination. Where did this voice, filled with a strong greed, come from? Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[A memphis, the first demonic beast of hell, has hatched due to his greed for human souls.]

[You are the first user in Satisfy to become the master of a demonic beast from hell!]

[Title, 'Man who has Touched Hell' has been acquired.]

[Health has increased by 3,000 points.]

[Demonic power stat has opened.]

“What?”

“Huh?”

Grid made a surprised noise at the notification windows and Yoshimura was surprised to hear it.

“W-What? That guy?”

At this point, all of his followers except for him were struggling with Peak Sword 10m ahead. Yoshimura was nervous when he suddenly heard someone else's voice near him. Then he flinched. A long tail suddenly protruded from empty space! There was an enormous gaping mouth?

“H-Hik?”

Yoshimura reflexively tried to shoot his bow, but it was already too late. His body was swallowed by that huge mouth.

[You have lost a part of your soul to the memphis.]

[You are more likely to be affected by status conditions.]

[There will be a 50% decline in your main stats for 3 seconds.]

Suuk.

Yoshimura was spat out after being swallowed, and saw the image of a cat. It was a typical Persian cat. However, it was black, had a small horn on its forehead and small devil wings on its back.

The cat licked its paws and winked.

“Hello!”

The cat with a horn and wings was talking? In particular, the color of its fur was attractive. It was black all over, except for its four paws which were white as snow.

“K-Kawaii...”

Yoshimura was a cat lover, so he couldn't help feeling thrilled. He wanted to bring this cat into reality and raise it at home. Then the cat revealed its canines.

“Delicious!”

“Y-You?”

Yoshimura’s face turned pale. It was due to the appearance of an person behind the cat. There was no one there a little while ago, but he appeared like he always existed and naturally stabbed with a black greatsword.

“Keok!”

It was a surprise attack. Yoshimura’s agility was decreased by 50% so he was slow to move, while his opponent was too fast. Yoshimura lost two-thirds of his health from a single strike and fell into a confused state.

“Master!”

The Sakura Guild noticed the crisis of their master and belatedly shifted their gaze. They were able to see it. A flying cat demon. Then a black-haired man in red armor and a gold tail was cutting down their guild master.

“T-This is ridiculous...!”

Was it so easy to kill someone that was ranked 98th on the unified rankings? It was hard just going against Peak Sword. How could they deal with that monster as well? The Sakura Guild lost their willpower and retreated.

Grid and Peak Sword didn't chase after them. Meanwhile, the cat with an enlarged belly walked around Grid and rejoiced.

“My master is a killer my master is a killer killer~~ nyang!”

The cat singing the eerie song innocently was the first demonic beast of hell, memphis. It was the worst pet that stole some of the stats from the souls he ate and temporarily gave them to his master.

Grid faced an unfamiliar notification window after killing Yoshimura.

[Your demonic power has increased by one.]

[Demonic Power]

You can communicate with demonic beasts. The higher the number, the more likely you are to enter hell.

* Stat points can't be distributed to this stat.

“I want to go to heaven.”

The word 'hell' wasn't very good.

Chapter 169

Hell? He never wanted to go there.

‘Won’t there be more guys like Hell Gao in hell?’

The demons were too strong. He also didn’t want to fight them again, because the dropped items were too bad.

‘No, it was a misunderstanding that the dropped items were bad.’

Grid watched the grinning memphis who was licking his fur with a red tongue.

‘An amazing pet dropped. Hell Gao was the most powerful boss I’ve faced. I might’ve only obtained two fire stones, but I was able to get a tremendous treasure in return for raiding him.’

[Memphis]

The most powerful species among the thousands of demonic beasts inhabiting hell.

As an adult, their fighting abilities are superior to the higher-ranked demonkin, so they are the favorite of the 33 great demons.

But they are a species in danger of extinction, due to their lack of breeding ability.

Their natural habitat is hell.

‘I managed to obtain such a precious pet and I ignored it.’

Grid reprimanded himself and brought up the status window of his pet.

Name: Not Set

Level: 1 (0/200)

Affinity: 0/100

Health: 5,000/5,000

Physical Attack Power: 60 Magic Attack Power: 30

Defense: 50 Magic Resistance: 80

Attribute: Dark

Status: Narcissistic

(As soon as I was born, I ate a human soul with my own strength!
I am the best demonic beast of hell! Nyang!)

-Current Skills List-

[Fluidization]

When attacked, the body can become fluid like a slime to minimize damage. However, the damage from some attribute magic might become even greater.

[Soul Ingestion Lv. 1]

Has the ability to take away half of the target's highest stats and transfer it to your master.

Skill Cooldown Time: Your own decision.

[Scratch Lv. 1]

Your paws will attack and poison the target.

Skill Cooldown Time: Whenever you like.

‘He gained zero experience points from defeating Yoshimura, so is it impossible to gain experience from PK? Anyway, his abilities at level 1 are terrific. The skill called Soul Ingestion is a complete scam.

The fact that the skill cooldown time depended on the memphis was quite annoying, but he would take it step by step. Grid laughed with joy.

“Master, do you like me? Nyang!”

The memphis was great. Grid made a pleasant expression as he looked at the cat.

‘Sehee likes cute things like this. I’m worried because she has no hobby other than studying... Should I buy her a capsule?’

The memphis’ eyes in the shape of a ‘人’ looked sweet and cute even to Grid. He thought about buying his little sister a capsule, because he wanted to show her the memphis. Grid quickly nodded.

“Yes, I like you.”

“Of course you do! I am elegant, beautiful, and powerful. I am the best demonic beast of hell! Nyang!”

Pisik.

The memphis’ big and round eyes narrowed. Then he sniffed and spoke words that stabbed at Grid’s heart.

“But I don’t like Master.”

“Eh? Why?”

“You are ugly! I don’t like you!”

“...”

“Take a look twice~ can’t~ unsee~ it~~ nyang!”

Recently, Grid hadn’t been hearing that he was ugly. He had built up confidence, so there wasn’t anyone who became sick or tried to run away when he smiled at them. Therefore, he was shocked to hear that he was ugly from a cat.

Then the memphis tried to comfort him. “Don’t worry! I won’t abandon you because you’re ugly! You can be ugly! Master just needs to entertain me!”

“...”

The cat should honor and serve his master, yet he was asking for his master to entertain him?

‘This damn cat, does he not know the meaning of the words Master?’

Grid’s expression distorted while Peak Sword laughed at the sight.

“It looks like a cat, but its nature is different from a cat. Won’t you be struggling in the future?”

“Well... I can tolerate some things if I have this pet.”

The first way to build affinity with a pet was to name it. Grid worried about what he should call the memphis.

‘If it was a dog, not a cat with wings, the name Dog would be perfect...’

Was there a name he could give to this prideful cat? Grid thought of an appropriate name.

“Slave.”

“Nyang?”

“Your name is slave.”

“Kyaak!”

Padak padak!

The memphis flapped his wings hard around Grid and bristled.

“Master’s naming sense sucks! How can a noble beast of hell be a

slave? Master is crazy! Nyang!”

Grid was surprised to see that the memphis had even extended his claws.

‘This cat doesn’t know the meaning of the word master, but it knows the meaning of slave?’

If affinity entered into the negatives then the pet could escape. Grid wanted to prevent the worst so he quickly changed the name.

“You heard wrong. It isn’t slave, it is Noe, Noe.” (TL: Slave in Korean is pronounced like Noye)

“Noe?” The memphis was confused. “What does Noe mean? Nyang?”

Grid replied roughly. “A slave is a slave... Noe means you are not a slave.... That is what it means.”

“Oh...! Ohhhh!”

The memphis’ wild eyes became lanterns again. As a demonic beast of hell, he had a lot of knowledge after being born, but he was still just a kitten. He felt like there was something wonderful and cool about Grid’s words. And then...

“Good! I am Noe! Nyang!”

He felt better and rubbed his cheeks against Grid. Grid laughed at the poor little guy.

“Okay! With this, your name is Noe!”

[Do you want to set the memphis’ name to ‘Noe’?]

‘Yes.’

[The memphis’ name has been set to Noe.]

[Affinity with Noe has risen by 5.]

The memphis raised a paw to his engorged belly and shouted.

“You are Master and I am Noe!”

“Correct.”

Grid made a serious expression and raised his thumb. Memphis. No, Noe was satisfied! He laughed. Peak Sword saw this and clicked his tongue.

‘Giving that name to a demonic beast...’

Grid truly wasn't an ordinary person. After that, they left the dungeon and headed for Cork Castle.

“Ohh! The return of the heroes!”

“You cut down Yoshimura?”

The guild members praised Grid and Peak Sword, who had defeated Hell Gao and the Sakura Guild. They tried to question Grid, but were stopped by Peak Sword.

‘He didn't register in the rankings, so he probably doesn't want the public to know that he is Pagma's Descendant.’

Peak Sword had keen insight as the head of an organization, so he didn't spill Grid's identity. He highlighted that they succeeded in the Hell Gao raid because of the fire stones weakness.

During the night.

Grid enjoyed a banquet and built up a friendship with Peak Sword and the Silver Knights Guild. Some guild members caused a fuss after they became drunk, but fortunately it ended without anything serious happening.

The next day. In the early morning, Peak Sword carefully asked Grid who was preparing to leave.

“You aren’t participating in the National Competition this year?”

Grid nodded. “A strange woman put down my name on the list of participants, but I have no intention of participating. I don’t want to expose my identity, and there isn’t much merit to participating.”

“Yes. But I hope that you change your mind next year. As a man, fighting for the honor of your country isn’t a bad experience... I will participate next year, so let’s join together.”

“I will think about it then. As a reservist, I am already in the arduous position of striving for the security of our country.”

Grid went out to the terrace. He savored the smell of salt on the wind and told Peak Sword.

“Please let me know if Hell Gao responds normally during the next cycle. I need one more fire stone.”

“I understand. But as I said yesterday, Hell Gao probably won’t appear for a while. He’s likely to be replaced by other high ranking demonkin.”

“I guess I’ll have to look forward to it. Then I’m going now.”

Grid immediately used Fly. Then he flew away from the island and disappeared into the horizon. Peak Sword watched Grid and thought.

‘The greatsword with fraudulent attack power, the golden blades, the invisibility cloak and now the boots with Fly magic attached to them... Amazing. This game truly is about items.’

To be honest, he was really envious.

‘I want to obtain items like that soon.’

Then Grid’s voice entered his ears.

–If you have a request to produce an item, please contact me. I will add you to the schedule. Of course, it’s a paid service.

“Ohh...!”

He could request the production of an item from a legendary blacksmith! Peak Sword shook with joy.

–Thank you Grid!

The two people rapidly became closer after sharing secrets.

“Grid!”

Toban was waiting at Khan’s smithy as Grid returned after six

days. Grid's face, which had been happy since obtaining Noe, stiffened as soon as he saw Toban.

“Good work! Did you obtain the fire stones?”

Grid looked at Toban's expectant expression and pulled out two fire stones.

“...I am lacking one.”

“Kuk...!”

Toban had already predicted this situation since Grid said ‘Believe in me.’ However, he couldn't help feeling disappointed as it was proven true. Grid apologized to the frustrated Toban.

“I'm sorry. I did my best, but Hell Gao was too strong. It was impossible to focus on mining.”

Toban panicked. “Why are you apologizing? Is it something you should be apologizing for? I'm just grateful that you tried.”

To think he would apologize. Grid really had changed. He felt like a completely different Grid compared to the one Toban first met.

‘Can people mature while playing the game?’

Anyone could become strong if they levelled up. That was all. The level up system wasn't one designed for people to grow internally. So how could Grid change in this way?

Toban thought it was a miracle. "In the past four months, Vantner had put his stat points in stamina and he can now play the role of tanker. Even if I don't have the Fire Shield, there's a chance we can succeed in the Phoenix Raid with him. So don't worry about it."

"Then I'm glad. I will keep these fire stones for the Fire Shield production."

"Yes, thank you. By the way, why did you ignore Jishuka's whisper?"

"Jishuka?" Grid was confused. "Jishuka never whispered me?"

"On the day you left for Cork Island, Jishuka kept whispering to you, but there was no response."

Grid looked through his memories and nodded.

"Ah, I was busy with flying that day and ignored some whispers. It might've included Jishuka's whispers. But why was she trying to contact me?"

"She wanted to ask for your home address..."

“My home?”

“She came to South Korea and wanted to meet you.”

“Hmmm...”

Grid thought about it and was sad to miss the opportunity. The guild members who came to South Korea because of this National Competition was Jishuka, Pon and Regas, so it was a chance to meet all of them.

‘I definitely want to meet them... If I don’t meet them this time, I might not get another chance?’

Wouldn’t he regret it someday if he missed the chance to appreciate Jishuka’s fantastic body, who made hundreds of millions of won for taking pictures for a few hours? Grid checked the time.

“It will be the second day of events in reality. What events is Jishuka participating in?”

“Target processing and the siege. And it seems like the last one is treasure hunting.”

“The second day... It is the day with target processing and siege.”

The National Competition was everywhere when he turned on the TV, so Grid couldn't help memorizing the schedule.

“Maybe I should go there.”

He said goodbye to Toban and logged out.

Chapter 170

The first day of the First Satisfy National Competition opened with the expectations of the world. The crowd cheered as the boss raid and labyrinth breakthrough proceeded.

There was nothing unusual. The United States, Canada and France were strong candidates for the championship. The three countries received medals. In particular, the 2nd ranked Zibal, the 3rd ranked Chris and the 8th ranked Bondre were remarkable.

Zibal participated in the boss raid. He played the perfect role of a defender and led his team calmly, allowing the United States to be more stable and quicker at the raid than any other country.

On the other hand, Bondre participated in the labyrinth breakthrough. He grasped the structure of the labyrinth quicker than anyone else and gave his country, France, a medal.

Finally, Chris participated in both events. As the leader of the largest guild, the Canadian had excellent leadership and succeeded in the boss raid after the United States. He also broke through the labyrinth. Based on his overwhelming combat power, he was able to defeat other rankers and break through the labyrinth after Bondre.

As a result, the United States and France got one gold medal each. Canada had two silver medals.

The Canadian people were frustrated by such results. Players

could only participate in a maximum of three events, so Canada was desperate at not winning a gold medal despite the fact that Chris, Canada's strongest player, had already participated in two events.

In the end, most people predicted that the two countries competing for the general championship would be the United States and France.

Today was the second day. People were paying attention to two countries other than the United States and France. South Korea and Brazil. Who were the most beautiful women in the world? If you asked any person, they would say two names.

Yura and Jishuka. Billions of people anticipated their competition in today's target processing match.

"A long description isn't needed. Jishuka is the expert archer, expert archer. She is Satisfy's best archer. Of course she will win the target processing."

"I think Yura will win. Yura's ability to control magic power has always been well known. Her magic casting speed and accuracy are second to none. She has the ability to hit the targets."

"What? There is a limitation that she must chant the spells in order to activate the magic. Arrows are much faster than magic. Jishuka's arrows will penetrate all the targets before magic is cast."

“Hrmm, you don’t know. Don’t forget that the range of magic is much wider than arrows. While an arrow will penetrate through a few targets, Yura’s magic will destroy dozens of targets.”

Yura had maintained the 5th ranking since Satisfy opened. Jishuka started Satisfy half a year later than others but she was 13th on the unified rankings. In today’s target processing, they were the ones who would win gold and silver.

The hundreds of thousands of spectators and hundreds of millions of viewers around the world predicted so. However, the opinions of the experts were different.

『 It can’t be overlooked that 17 countries are participating in the National Competition. 』

『 Unless the players from other countries are stupid, they will focus on Yura and Jishuka. 』

『 Unfortunately, the target processing match isn’t a solo exhibition. It’s a contest of pairs. One person will focus on handling the targets, while the other one has to protect their teammate. But Korea and Brazil are countries weak in Satisfy, so they don’t have the capacity to protect Yura or Jishuka. Unfortunately, it’s painful, but they will certainly be excluded. 』

The rules for target processing were simple.

The S.A. Group designated nine uninhabited islands for the

National Competition. Two representatives of each country would be placed on the uninhabited island called ‘Tira.’

Each representative had to destroy small targets 5cm in diameter that were moving at a speed of 40m per second. Each target would give points, and the players themselves could be attacked and logged out.

Destroying one target gave one point, and no additional points were gained by logging out another user. The country that earned a total of 150 points first would win.

『 Before the event starts, let’s take a look at a map of Tira. The area is 67.21km, slightly smaller than Ulleungdo, and there are two mountains standing 589m high in the centre of the island. The island is made up of dense forests, and there are areas where monsters spawn and deep cliffs, so the participants need to be careful. 』

『 Is there a point where the targets are? 』

『 No. There are a total of 1,500 targets distributed evenly throughout the island, and they continue to move. The targets are small, fast and have various movement patterns, so it is very difficult to destroy them while the enemies are interfering. 』

『 I heard that the colors of the targets vary. Are all points equal, regardless of the color? 』

『 That's right. But there is one exception. It's the gold target. Unlike the other targets, destroying the gold target will give the player 50 points. Therefore, the gold target is what we should pay attention to in this competition. It is an important target that will help a team win. However, it moves 10 times faster than normal targets... It will be very difficult to shoot at it. 』

『 10 times faster is 400m per second? Isn't that similar to the speed of a bullet fired by a pistol? How can it be destroyed? Since the targets have 100% resistance to status conditions, isn't it impossible to restrain the targets' movements with magic? 』

『 A target that is smaller than a human and faster than bullets. It's impossible in reality, although Satisfy is different. Isn't Satisfy an impossible world? Maybe Jishuka can easily handle the gold target? 』

『 As we are speaking, the players are entering. 』

Seoul Olympic Stadium. The hundreds of thousands of spectators welcomed the 33 participants who headed to the capsule room in the middle of the stadium. That's right. There were 33 people, not 34. All the countries had two people participating, except for South Korea, who only had Yura.

The crowd belatedly realized the situation.

“What? Yura doesn't have a partner?”

“Won’t she be at a disadvantage if she joins alone?”

“Ohh! South Korea! What are you doing?”

“South Korea must be crazy! Are you going to bully Goddess Yura now? Huh? You deserve a scolding!”

There was booing from the stands.

Inside the capsule room. The players started laughing.

“South Korea has no one except for Yura. The second person who would participate would just be trash, so Yura has probably given up.”

“I feel sorry for her.”

“In the first place, it is just significant that South Korea managed to participate in this National Competition. To be honest, it was almost a miracle that South Korea was able to put its name on the list of participating counties. They should be satisfied with just that.”

“Indeed... South Korea doesn’t have anyone except for Yura and Peak Sword. Peak Sword isn’t even participating in this competition.”

“It is funny. How was South Korea able to participate in the

National Competition? Wouldn't it be difficult for them to do well in the selection quests?"

"The host country is South Korea and S.A. is a Korean company. There was probably some manipulation."

"Maybe Yura entertained them? Kilkil."

Everyone was gossiping and murmuring. But Yura had a unconcerned expression on her face. She prepared to enter the capsule without caring about anyone else.

A British representative approached her. It was Regas. He was unable to hide his uncomfortable tone as he asked Yura.

"Miss Yura, why are you participating alone? It would've been hard originally, but now that you're fighting alone? Surely you aren't giving up on the competition like everyone else said?"

Regas had moderately accurate Korean pronunciation. He had studied hard to learn Korean. But there was a sense of stiffness. In order to ease his efforts, Yura replied in fluent English.

"I don't know the words 'giving up.' It might be hard when fighting alone, but I will surely win. So don't worry."

Yura was beautiful and 5th on the unified rankings. She was a remarkable commodity. Most of Satisfy's rankers had been exposed to the media. This was the first time they met directly, but

Regas had seen interviews of her and knew her personality.

“You mean it. You really plan to win by yourself? But is it possible? I don’t understand why you are playing alone without a partner.”

“My partner can’t be contacted.”

“Partner...?”

What was this?

‘Her teammate...!’

A representative couldn’t be contacted? They were the worst. The angry Regas turned his gaze to the capsule next to Yura’s capsule. Then he was surprised to see the participant ID on the badge attached to the capsule.

“...Grid? Grid was supposed to be the one to participate in the target processing with you?”

“Grid-ssi didn’t agree. I registered him as a participant without telling him. I don’t blame him if he doesn’t come. Rather, Grid will probably grumble since I acted arbitrarily.”

‘Does Yura know Grid’s identity? So she wanted to depend on Grid?’

Certainly, South Korea would get a high ranking if Grid participated in the National Competition. But it was regrettable. Regas was a fellow guild member, so he knew that Grid wasn't willing to participate in the National Competition.

“...It will be a struggle. The British team won't attack the lone Korean team.”

Regas said with a grim expression on his face, while Yura sent him a taunting smile.

“You might get hurt if you ignore a lone woman.”

“...”

This was truly the confidence of a top 5 player. Regas reminded himself.

‘That's right. There is no weak person here.’

Everyone who participated in the National Competition... There might be gaps between them, but they were excellent representatives of each country. Regas was reminded of that thanks to Yura. He was delighted to be able to compete with the strongest players.

Meanwhile, Jishuka was pouting over at the Brazilian team.

‘What? Grid isn’t coming?’

It was a large shock when Grid ignored her whispers in Satisfy. However, she didn’t despair because of her strong mental state. She grasped all the events that Grid was signed up to in the National Competition.

She was looking forward to seeing him in the target processing event. She hoped she could meet Grid. But in the end, Grid didn’t come. Her disappointment couldn’t be hidden.

‘Really... I can’t meet him despite being in South Korea?’

This was the first time she was interested in the opposite sex. She wanted to see his face, but it was too hard. It seemed too much when she was a star.

“I am angry.” But she needed to separate her priorities. She calmed down and ordered her partner, Samuel. “We will enter the forest as soon as we log into the game.”

Samuel had the strongest fighting power among the remaining Brazilian users, but his overall ranking was very low. Samuel questioned her.

“As an archer, isn’t it better for you to occupy the top of a mountain? Isn’t it easier to snipe the enemies from a high place?”

“On the contrary, it is easier to become a target. It isn’t just one team participating, but 17. We’ll be attacked if we stand out in the beginning. Let’s hide as much as possible until the enemies are annihilated.”

“Indeed...!”

Jishuka was the leader of the Tzedakah Guild, a strong group in Satisfy. She was much smarter than Samuel, so he vowed to always obey her orders. Then all the players entered their capsules.

After a while.

The large screens installed all around the stadium started to show Satisfy. 33 players appeared on the small but lushly forested island of Tira. They were logged in at regular intervals, so they could move quickly to secure their safety. Most teams ran to occupy the top of the mountains, but some teams were hiding in the forest like the Brazilian team.

Then Yura aimed at magic spell at the small targets flying around in the sky.

“Dark Storm.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

“...!”

It was truly an overwhelming sight. One-fifth of the forest that made up the island was swept away by the storm and completely destroyed. The commentators shouted in a trembling voice.

『 The South Korean team has acquired 28 points! The Italian team has been logged out! 』

“What...?”

The crowd was shocked and fell silent. The players participating in the game were also confused.

“What? Why are the Italian people dead?”

“They seem to have fallen off a cliff because of the storm.”

“It’s crazy.”

“Wow, look at the forest. What type of magic is that? How high is her magic power?”

“Indeed... It’s true that she’s the Eighth Servant.”

The 5th place on the unified rankings was a special place. Since Satisfy opened, many rankers tried their best, but the 5th rank never changed. It was because the wall of Yura blocking them was too high and solid. The 5th place wall was insurmountable.

When they actually faced her, it was really great. But they weren't afraid.

'We are also strong.'

Right now, she was just a lamp in front of the wind.

The waiting room of the United States team. Zibal smiled as he watched the live relay on the monitors.

"She is choosing a quick victory. Indeed, she's a girl that I acknowledge."

In the first place, she was outnumbered. If they enemies allied together and dragged out the time, Yura would be helpless. She planned to win before the other teams could block her. She judged that it was wiser to move fast and hit hard.

"But Yura. You would do well not to ignore the participants. Everyone is wise and strong."

Zibal was sure. Yura would soon meet her end. This was her limit, despite her 5th rank.

At the same time.

"The sound of the shouts are amazing."

Youngwoo arrived at the entrance to the stadium.

Chapter 171

Yura controlled her base with Dark Storm and continued by using magic that combined two attributes.

“Dark Lightning.”

Pachik! Pachichik!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

This was the level of a natural disaster. Dark clouds formed in the sky and lightning poured all over the place. The forest burned and the ground crumbled. An excited commentator shouted as he watched the series of exploding targets.

『 38, 39, 40...! 45! 46! The South Korean team! 46 points! It’s an unmatched speed! 』

“Waaahhhhhhhh!”

The spectators were baffled by the unrealistic sight, but they finally woke up from their silence. It was such a huge shout that it seemed like the earth shaking would be transmitted to North Korea.

Jishuka shook her head.

“It’s like looking at Neberius. That magic power and casting speed is already beyond the level of a player. As the Eighth Servant, she’s like a boss monster.”

Samuel was nervous. “The other teams are going to attack Yura. Shouldn’t we join as well? If you add support with your shooting, won’t Yura be defeated?”

Jishuka scoffed. “It’s a stupid thing to do.”

Kkirik.

Jishuka’s bow aimed for the sky. A dazzling quick fire was unfolded.

Pa pa pa pa pak!

The small targets flying at a speed of 40m per second were pierced by arrows at once. The focus moved from Yura to Jishuka. The crowd screamed with delight. The continuously fired arrows exploded the targets. It was truly the majesty of an expert archer.

『 The Brazil team, 13 points! 14 points! 15 points! They are continuing to raise the score while the other teams are focusing on Yura! Ah! As soon as I spoke, the US team, the French team, the Chinese team and the Japanese team have started to quickly score points. 』

Someone needed to contain Yura. But there was no need for it to

be their team. This was the wise decision made by some countries, including the United States, France and Brazil. The teams acting to stop Yura were trash. They would become the scapegoats.

“Dammit!” A member of the Spanish national team, Med, cursed while rushing towards Yura with other teams. The other teams were sucking honey while they had to control Yura? The scores weren’t climbing quickly, but it was still burdensome.

‘Would it be better for us to focus on the targets now?’

The representatives were troubled, but it was too late to return. They couldn’t step back now. In the end, eight teams, including the Spanish team, continued to assault Yura.

Pepeng! Peng!

The dark magic bombardment continued. Yura’s ability to control her magic power to attack the players and deal with the targets was indeed first-rate. The crowd and players’ mouths were wide open, while the commentators were drooling while praising her.

But she wasn’t the only special one. All the people participating in the National Competition were influential people who represented their country. In particular, the top rankers had a high participation rate in events that emphasized individual combat ability like target processing and PvP.

There was only one person below the top 80 of the unified rankings. It was Jishuka's partner, Samuel.

Kwa kwang! Kwang!

The players used powerful defense skills or the features of the land to neutralize Yura's magic as much as possible, and quickly narrowed the distance to her. Yura was somewhat surprised.

'They're more talented than I thought.'

If her fast paced operation failed, it would inevitably drag into a long battle. Yura had no hope when she was alone.

'In the end... Should I give up?'

Yura had been interviewed by foreign media as a representative of South Korea.

The foreign interviewers always said that she was the 'only hope of a declining South Korea.' Was it possible for another talented person like Yura to be born in South Korea? There were also questions about whether she was secretly supported by the South Korean government and S.A. Group.

Yura didn't like the foreigners who disregarded the country that she was born and grew up in. It was almost like instinct. She never thought that her patriotism was special, but it was unacceptable for foreigners to treat her country like this. She wanted to make

them look at South Korea again through this National Competition. But it was too much for her alone.

A man fell down in front of her while she was making a gloomy expression. He appeared splendidly from the tree tops. It was Regas, the British representative.

“What are 16 men and women doing against one woman?”

“Hah, don’t be stupid.”

Regas’ partner, Natasha had a headache.

Med gritted his teeth, “Regas! Do you still not understand the situation? If you help Yura, then South Korea will receive a gold medal! Leave your cheap justice aside for a moment!”

“Cheap justice?” Regas’ usually mild face stiffened. “Why are you treating my martial path cheaply?”

One month ago, Regas finally surpassed Jishuka and reached 12th on the unified rankings. He had the nickname of Taekwon Master at an early age, and he flew like a butterfly.

Pak! Papat! Pa pa pa pat!

“Kuk!”

The kick combo of a former Taekwondo gold medalist hit Med. The brilliant attack pierced him like an awl. The Koreans in the audience cheered.

“Taekwondo!”

“Indeed, Regas! Show them the dignity of Taekwondo!”

Regas was a famous british person, and he appeared with perfect timing to save Yura, looking as beautiful as a main character from a movie. Not just the Korean and British audiences, the spectators from other countries started to support him.

Med’s group was well aware of how good Regas was. However, Med wasn’t a villain. He was just doing what he had to.

‘I can hold on.’

Med was a 33rd ranked monk, so he didn’t fall easily to Regas’ powerful and brutal attacks. He stood firm and shouted to his companions, “Leave this guy to me and get Yura! Hurry and finish up here, then we need to keep the United States and France in check!”

The eight teams had no choice but to join hands, and they had 15 members if Med was excluded. Regas was worried that Yura would be hit by them and used a lightning aura.

Chaaeng!

The golden aura knocked down Med's iron body.

“Keeok!”

Med coughed up blood and fell down.

Kwajak!

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 10,900 damage.]

“T-This guy...!”

Med hurriedly took a potion and fought back. However, Regas naturally turned to avoid the attack and kicked.

Chaaeng!

The kick enhanced by lightning hit Med's face.

[You have suffered 4,800 damage.]

It was over. There was a flurry of strikes.

Jjejejeok!

[You have suffered 4,350 damage.]

“Force Palm.”

Peeng!

[You have suffered 9,200 damage.]

“...!”

Med couldn't even moan as he coughed up blood. Then he tumbled down the hill to avoid Yura's magic bombardment.

“Damn bastard...!”

Unlike the paladins, a monk didn't serve any of the three main religions. He served a local god, Boris, whose name was very weak compared to the three great religions who had temples scattered all over the continent. Due to that, Med had to go to a crumbling village in a corner of the continent to change into a monk. He even had to visit that temple every time he wanted to learn new skills.

That wasn't the only downside to being a monk. Unlike the paladins, they couldn't wear heavy armor. They also couldn't use swordsmanship. The only defense they wore were clothes made of cloth. The only weapon they could use was a club, which had weak

attack power and slow attack speed.

Therefore, it was hard to raise a monk. It was a class that most users avoided.

“Reverse Origin.”

[Your health has been fully restored.]

[Your damaged body has been reversed to its original state.]

[You will suffer a continuous decline in health. This effect won't stop until your health is at the minimum.]

“Origin Opportunity.”

[You can temporarily redistribute your stats. Please set them.]

“Invest my intelligence, indomitable, persistence and luck points into agility.”

[Intelligence, indomitable, persistence and luck have fallen to 1 point. Your agility stat is now at 2,137 points.]

A monk was a religious class, but the concept was different from a paladin or priest. They were pilgrims who walked the path of suffering. They always had to sacrifice something in order to

obtain something. The rewards were great, depending on what they gave up.

“Ohhhhhh!”

The 1st ranked monk, Med, climbed the hill and was clearly different than before. The world watched one of the few monk users.

Peeok!

The power of his club aimed at the Taekwon Master.

Ku tang tang tang!

Regas fell and hurriedly raised his body. He spoke with amazement, “You, isn’t your recovery quite fast?”

“If a martial artist trains their martial arts, a monk trains their body. I have patiently built it up, so it won’t fall so easily. I will never fall down.”

It was shameful to attack a woman with a lot of people?

‘Don’t make me laugh.’

This was a battlefield. It was unreasonable and hypocritical to

look at the opponent's situation when fighting.

‘I am a Spanish representative and have received the expectations of my people.’

Countries got fired up even over an unpopular event, let alone Satisfy that one third of the world's population enjoyed. The sense of weight on him was different. As long as he was the representative, he had to do his best.

Med was filled with a fighting spirit as he attacked Regas. He knew that his opponent was stronger than him, but he didn't want to show weakness when representing his country. He struggled with Regas while the remaining 15 people intensively attacked Yura.

‘This is annoying.’

Regas' partner Natasha was different. She didn't help Yura because she wasn't the type of person to forget her duty. She settled in a safe place and started concentrating on destroying the targets.

Yura faced 15 enemies alone. Her relaxed expression had long been lost.

It was an obvious story but the tickets for the National Competition had been sold out several months ago. However,

Youngwoo entered the Olympic Stadium without hesitation.

“You can’t enter if you can’t prove your identity.”

The guard blocked Youngwoo’s way.

“Do you mean this?”

Youngwoo pulled out the ID card he received in the mail a few days ago. Then the path opened. He was able to easily enter the corridor to the participants’ waiting rooms and he headed straight to the Brazilian waiting room.

But Jishuka wasn’t there. She appeared on a large monitor in the waiting room.

‘Is it the target processing?’

Youngwoo’s expression slowly distorted as he looked at the monitor. He realized that Yura was alone.

‘Foolish girl.’

It was annoying. Was she trying to make him look bad?

‘Why did you put a person who didn’t want to participate on the list? A persistent and selfish woman. Ah, look at this.’

Youngwoo sat down in a gap between the Brazilian players. Nobody cared about him. Everybody was busy watching the monitor.

『 Player Yura is in a crisis! The representatives of eight countries have started to focus their attacks on her. 』

『 The 15 people are strong. At least six of the users are in the top 30 rankings. It is frustrating. South Korea's only hope is crashing down. 』

『 Ahh...! They struggled against Yura's overwhelming ability, but now she is allowing some attacks...! 』

『 A magician's defense and health is very low. Once they allow an attack, they will collapse rapidly. This must hurt. Yura was the person most likely to win a medal in the target processing... As many people have predicted, it seems that South Korea won't be able to make any achievements in the national competition. 』

『 This is the reality of South Korea. They are trying to regain their past reputation as powerhouses in the game, but it's just an illusion. 』

『 As soon as I spoke, Player Yura has allowed another attack. Now she's reaching her limit. It's over when she collapses. 』

Youngwoo's expression gradually stiffened as he looked at the

monitor. On the other hand, the Brazilian players were laughing while watching.

‘Annoying.’

He didn’t like it. Was it because he experienced years of being crushed by the strong while alone, without a friend? Recently, Youngwoo had felt the desire to help when he saw the weak being trampled on by the strong.

At this moment, the weak existences were Yura and South Korea.

It was confusing. In his childhood, he didn’t understand the heroes who unconditionally helped others and he empathized with realistic villains. But now he felt a sense of heterogeneity in himself.

‘Didn’t I promise that I would live as a solitary self-centred person when I succeeded? Then why is this happening now? Huh? Shin Youngwoo.’

When he was going through tough times. Other people didn’t help him. Rather, they turned away and felt disgusted by him. But now that other people needed his help? He didn’t have a reason to do so.

“Ah, I don’t know.”

He didn’t know why, but he couldn’t stay still. He eventually got

up. Then he rationalized to himself.

‘Won’t I gain money if I win a medal in the National Competition? It was 200 million won for one gold medal?’

That wasn’t all. The Korean government had promised special benefits to the players if the team came at least in third place.

‘Yes, it’s because of that.’

That was why he was going out. It wasn’t because he was a hero. He didn’t feel sorry for Yura who was facing the enemies all alone. He wasn’t the type. Then what? Did he dislike seeing the foreigners laughing at South Korea?

No. It was for his own self-interest.

That thought eased his mind.

Chapter 172

Talent could be grown.

Study, exercise, work. They would be able to reach first place in any field if they tried hard enough.

But it was different in Satisfy. There were many geniuses among the two billion users. If they crossed tens of thousands of mountains, there were still thousands of mountains remaining. After crossing those thousands of mountains, there were dozens of mountains blocking them again.

Among the many mountains, the highest mountain was Yura. She was immovable in her 5th place on the unified rankings.

Kwa kwang!

Pepepeng!

‘She truly is a monster.’

Bubat was a member of the Turkish national team and 25th on the unified rankings. He combined bold judgments and powerful CC to be called Satisfy’s best initiator. The battlefield was always favorable to his allies when he was fighting in the lead.

However, that didn’t work in front of Yura.

Peng!

‘Damn, it’s perfect timing without any errors. Is she a human? She isn’t a computer?’

The rare hidden class, Crusher. Just like its name, the Crusher class was designed to shatter formations. He used the ‘Unconditional’ skill to rush within 3m of the target and used CC combos to instantly destroy the enemy. But Yura’s calm and clever responses made the Crusher’s advantages ineffective.

‘There is a 0.5 second gap between approaching and the CC combo. She properly counters at the right timing, making my posture collapse and my techniques not work properly.’

It wasn’t even a 1-on-1 situation. Yura alone was dealing with 15 people. She perfectly poured out magic towards 14 people while keeping the CC in check.

‘If this is the 5th place, then what are the freaks above her?’

Kwa kwang! Kwa kwa kwang!

“Kuak!”

“Crazy!”

Was attack called the best defense? Yura still hadn't used defense magic once. She used curse magic to neutralize the tankers and damage dealers, then attacked them. Her ability to suppress the enemy attacks by just attacking was overwhelming.

‘Too strong. Isn't this at the level of a boss monster?’

‘Unless we use CC on her, this will turn into a war of attrition. We need to create the perfect opportunity for Bubat.’

The defenders did their best to expose a loophole in Yura. Due to their resistance to magic, the curse magic wasn't perfect, but they still suffered some damage. Therefore, this wasn't an easy task.

Yura's strength wasn't her curse magic or powerful attack spells. It was her analysis, prediction and choices. She analyzed the enemy's behavioral patterns and predicted how to deal with their attacks. Then she used magic that was difficult to deal with. She forced two or three choices on their opponent, making them feel confused about what would be their best action.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

『 This is truly amazing...! This is the dignity of the 5th ranked user! 』

The experts from all over the world, including the commentator. In addition, the spectators and viewers were shocked beyond admiration. It was because Yura's power was so unrealistic that

she managed to last five minutes against the top rankers representing eight countries.

“But now she has reached her limit.”

It was the moment that Zibal in the US waiting room had been waiting for.

Seokeok!

“...Uh!”

Yura started to allow attacks. Her concentration didn't drop. It was because her magic power was at its limit.

‘She is weakened!’

The curse magic that restrained the rankers was loosened. Yura's mana was on the verge of being depleted, so she couldn't afford to use new curses. Thanks to that, the tankers burst through the magical bombardment with their solid bodies.

“This is the end!”

“Hiyaaack!”

The swords, spears, axes and shields aimed at Yura.

‘They were released from the curse magic too early. Their methods of dealing with my magic is also good. They are strong.’

Yura expressed her displeasure and used defense magic for the first time.

“Diamond Shield.”

Jjeejeeong!

The weakness of the black magicians was that they had less defense spells than other magicians.

Yura was level 291 and close to her third advancement, but she used a defense magic that she obtained at level 230. Yes, it was the diamond shield that she learned on the day she first met Grid at the Yatan Temple.

And the damage that the diamond shield could absorb wasn't great.

Jjejeok! Jjejeok!

‘Victory!’

They were convinced after seeing cracks in the shield. Then Yura pulled out an orb.

“Divine Punishment.”

[Divine Punishment]

Summons a lightning bolt that deals 15,000~23,000 damage within 10 metres.

Range of Damage: 3m radius around the target.

The dark spells stored in the orb could be used without any casting time. In addition, the target of the magic wasn't the tankers. It was the damage dealers in the rear.

Kwajajajak!

Obvious limitations existed for skills with a fixed damage. They weren't effective against people with high health. Once time passed and the level of the users became higher, this Divine Punishment skill was likely to become obsolete.

But it was still useful in the present time. The damage dealers in the mid 200s only had around 15,000 health.

“Kuaaaaak!”

She ignored the threat from the tankers and dealt with the damage dealers? The four damage dealers didn't have time to use

defensive or evasive skills as they screamed and turned into grey light.

“Ray!”

“Dammit! Vas was struck!”

Once their partners were logged out, the angry tankers poured their attack skills onto Yura.

Jjejeong!

Seokeok!

The newly deployed diamond shield was shattered and scratches started to appear on Yura’s white skin.

Puk! Puuok!

Her slender body was pierced with sharp iron.

Stagger.

The commentators sighed as the treasure of South Korea was about to collapse.

『Ahh...! They struggled against Yura’s overwhelming ability, but

now she is allowing some attacks...! 』

『 A magician's defense and health are very low. Once they allow an attack, they will collapse rapidly. This must hurt. Yura was the person most likely to win a medal in the target processing... As many people have predicted, it seems that South Korea won't be able to make any achievements in the national competition. 』

The Korean audiences were outraged.

“Do it in moderation! Don't mess up Yura's pretty face!”

“You damn bastards! Why are you bothering a girl who is fighting alone?”

“Dog-like bastards! I will remember your IDs. Let's see if we meet in the field later! I will sacrifice my life to get revenge for the goddess!”

Crash!

Yura allowed an attack and collapsed. In the end, she fell to one knee.

“Ah...!”

“Serves you right!”

The Korean audiences gasped while the foreign audiences cheered.

Jebeok jebeok.

A young Asian man was admitted to the stadium under the guidance of staff members. He was heading in the direction of the capsule room.

“Huh? What’s going on?”

“Who is that person?”

There was sudden confusion. The commentator belatedly spread the news.

『 That person’s ID is Grid. He is a member of the South Korean national team and scheduled to be Yura’s partner in the target processing match. He was unavoidably delayed and arrived late.』

The Korean audiences booed.

“Grid? It is the first time I’ve heard that name.”

“Ah... What is this? This scum that I’ve never heard of has arrived at the last minute? Is this a comedy?”

“That bastard is going to appear now? Yura is suffering because of him!”

There was also backlash from the foreign audience.

“What? How can he participate midway?”

“It is against the rules!”

The commentator explained.

『 According to the organizers, there is no rule that prohibits participating while the event is going on. So it seems that the Korean team member’s belated admission isn’t a problem. 』

The experts from various international media outlets frowned.

『 For a player to participate in the middle of a match... 』

『 I know that the National Competition’s Organizational Committee is made up of Korean government personnel and executives of the S.A. Group. Their lack of professionalism is showing. 』

『 This is the first year the National Competition is held so there are a lot of loopholes. Well, won’t it improve gradually? There is a story that the organizational committee is restructuring with experts. 』

『 ...The bottom line is that the Korean team member is going to participate. How will this change the situation? 』

『 What will change? Yura is already at her limit. The man called ‘Grid’ who is joining late isn’t even on the list of 1,000 top ranked players. The fate of the Korean team won’t change. At this rate, they will be eliminated. 』

The odds of an unknown player participating in the target processing match filled with only players in the top 80 was close to zero. That’s why no one was expecting anything from Grid. On the other hand, the players from eight countries surrounding Yura and were trying to deal the final blow.

“Forcing my player to logout...! It’s over for our country now! I will kill you myself!”

“This...”

Regas tried to stop them but it was impossible. Med was suddenly more agile than Faker and persistently pursued him, not allowing Regas to escape.

Pepeok!

Med attacked Regas with a club while glaring sharply.

“You ruined everything. If it wasn’t for you, Yura would’ve been easily managed and we wouldn’t have wasted so much time.”

Looking at the scoreboard, the US, France, Brazil, China and Japan all exceeded 50 points. South Korea had 78 points, but sooner or later Yura would die. She wasn’t the problem. But the players from other countries were still going strong. It was impossible to cover that 50 point gap.

“Die!”

Yura was attacked by several weapons, while the club aimed at Regas. Regas could break through the crisis on his own. He could give up his flesh and bones. He counterattacked right after being hit by the club.

On the other hand, Yura was helpless. Her mana was depleted and a weapon was just about to stab into her neck.

“No!”

“Yura!”

It was the end of South Korea’s sole hope. The Korean spectators and viewers screamed. On the other hand, the foreign audiences cheered.

“South Korea should exit here! It’s obvious!”

The millions of people watching the competition didn't doubt that Yura would die. Ah, except for one person.

Chaeeeeeng!

Seven golden blades fell from the sky. They accurately deflected the weapons about to hit Yura.

“...What?!”

The rankers who were prevented from taking Yura's life were astonished. Who had interfered? They felt doubt and raised their heads in the direction that the blades came from. The cameras also followed them.

The blue sky was caught in the relay being sent to the whole world. That's right. It was just the sky.

“No one?”

Surely the blades came from there?

『 What is this? 』

The rankers, commentators and experts. As the spectators and viewers were feeling puzzled...

“The villain has appeared.”

A young man called ‘Grid’ appeared behind the rankers who were staring at the sky.

“Heok?”

“When?”

It was an unexpected situation. A man’s voice was heard where there was nothing?

‘Is it a person with Faker level stealth?’

If so, the person must be a powerhouse. The rankers felt an eerier sensation and turned around. But it was too late. The dark greatsword was already being swung.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

“Kuak!”

The strongest representatives of each country were taken out with a single blow. The people supporting the eight countries were in great shock. Grid knew better than anyone else how shock could turn to despair and warned them.

“Be fully prepared. You will experience the same thing from now on.”

Ttaak!

Grid snapped his fingers. Then the seven blades protecting Yura flew into the sky and started attacking the targets flying at 40m per second.

Pepepepeng!

The fragments of the exploded targets filled the screen. The stopped score of the Korean team started again, while Grid took off his Hooded Zip Up while the enemies were gazing at the golden blades. He wore brilliant armor that was red, gold and black.

“The one-sided game, start.”

Was this a devil? An arrogant black-haired man in the sky. His mouth wasn't the problem.

‘It is serious.’

They lost four damage dealers to Yura. Now eight of the remaining eleven players from eight countries were unable to move.

“Waaahhhhhhhh!”

The Korean spectators cheered in unison. There was no one who frowned at Grid now. They were thrilled by Grid’s spectacular appearance.

Chapter 173

Talent, skills, appearance, wealth, and background. Yura was born with everything. Nothing was lacking. That's why people thought she lived without ever experiencing a single trial. But that was a misconception.

They didn't know all the trails she went through and the effort she made. In fact, Yura had suffered numerous trials and had many frustrating experiences. She tried to withstand the trials and failed. But she was able to mature because she didn't give in to her frustration.

It was a process that took place in both reality and Satisfy. It was how she could become 5th ranked and a star that people were envious of.

'I can learn from today's failure and grow even more.'

There was a flash and weapons aimed at her organs. She closed her eyes and accepted death. Then...

Chaeeeeeng!

Something flew from the sky.

'This..'

Yura opened her eyes and saw seven beautiful blades. Then a familiar voice was heard.

“The villain has appeared.”

A powerful and confident voice. That voice was weak just a few months ago. Would anyone believe her if she said that?

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The black-haired man wielded his greatsword and proudly showed off his overwhelming strength. The person was Grid! It was the moment when the person who once made Yura very frustrated appeared.

‘You came. You decided to accept my compulsion.’

Due to her innate talent, she lived a life of solitude. She didn’t have the experience of relying on someone. Ever since her parents died, she was completely isolated. She had a heart of steel because she had to face the world alone.

But at this moment. Yura’s solid heart melted like snow before sunlight.

“...Thank you.”

Yura smiled as she blushed for the first time. Her smile was more

brilliant than ever.

Tira Island.

The world's attention was focused on the small island that was the stage for the target processing match.

‘A brilliant debut.’

It was the honest impression of Turkey's representative, Bubab. The young man called Grid appeared and saved Yura just before her death, blowing the rankers away. Then he used the unidentified golden blades to destroy the targets.

The appearance was dramatic enough to seem like the main character of a movie. Right now, the outside world would be in an uproar. It was obvious that the ID Grid would occupy the number one spot on the Internet real time searches of each country.

There was a common question that everyone in the world had.

“Who are you?” Bubab asked on behalf of the world.

Grid replied sarcastically, “Isn't it obvious after I saved Yura? South Korea's representative.”

Bubab frowned at the words.

‘He doesn’t feel any tension despite being surrounded by renowned rankers. He is an arrogant person.’

Grid was certainly a private ranker.

‘A person who hides behind a curtain and doesn’t know the enormity of the world, he believes he is the best frog in the well... I have met many people like you.’

The private rankers all had one thing in common. It was that they didn’t know the reality of the world. They mocked the rankers who competed on stage with courage and honor, not realizing it was just an illusion. Bubab had experience humbling such people.

‘You should always be vigilant.’

Sneak sneak.

Bubab fixed his gaze on Grid and moved a few steps with skillful footwork. He narrowed the distance to 3m and used a skill.

“Bull Headbutt!”

Bull Headbutt was the Crusher’s unique skill and had a higher concept than Blink magic. He leapt through space itself, so he could approach the target no matter what obstacles were in his

way.

Kung!

Bubat emerged in front of Grid and used a skill at the same time. He bent his waist. Then his hard forehead hit Grid. Yura countered Bublat using precise timing, but Grid didn't have the same control as Yura. He allowed the attack.

[You have dealt 1,730 damage to the target.]

[The target will become rigid for 0.3 seconds.]

[The target has resisted.]

‘Resisted?’

Bubat was confused but linked his CC skills out of habit.

“Star Wish!”

Kwang!

Bubat's one-handed hammer hit Grid's temple. There was the special effect of stars floating above Grid's head.

[You have dealt 2,280 damage to the target.]

[The target will be stunned for 2.5 seconds.]

He did it properly. This was the power of a Crusher, who could neutralize the enemy.

“Well done Bubat!”

The 10 remaining representatives moved in unison. They were intent on killing Grid.

‘It doesn’t matter who you are!’

‘I’ll make your face distort with pain!’

They would force Grid to exit, making his spectacular emergence be in vain. He would go back to hiding behind his curtain as usual, like all private rankers. The rankers ridiculed Grid and prepared to attack him.

“Danger!”

Bubat hurriedly exclaimed. It was due to the incredible notification window that appeared in front of him.

[The target has resisted.]

He saw many people who could reduce the duration of CCs using stats, skills or item effects. Therefore, he didn't think much of it when he saw that Grid resisted Bull Headbutt's 0.3 second rigid state. But to be perfectly resistant to a 2.5 second CC?

'Is he immune to CC?'

If so, it was a total scam. A chill went down Bubat's spine. However, the other rankers were confident. They couldn't imagine that Grid was immune to CC and ignored Bubat's warnings, swinging their weapons as hard as possible.

Pahat!

Syuok!

The onslaught revealed their weakness, because they didn't expect a counterattack.

Pisik.

Grid laughed and moved lightly.

Sukakak!

First of all, he would leave Bubat for later.

“What...?”

Grid evaded the attacks and advanced while counterattacking.

Seokeok!

Puok!

“Keook!”

“Ugh!”

It was undeniable that Grid’s control skills were lacking compared to a ranker. However, he had experience raiding powerful bosses and he had grown slightly beyond the category of ordinary people. It meant he couldn’t fail to counterattack against the enemies who weren’t vigilant and exposed their weak points.

“What is this... Ugh!”

Grid, who shouldn’t be able to move, had neatly avoided their attacks and counterattacked. Thus, the rankers were caught off guard and wounded. They hurriedly took a health potion while shock filled their eyes.

[You have suffered 6,230 damage.]

[You have suffered 6,100 damage.]

[You have suffered 6,450 damage.]

Putting aside his immunity to CC, his flat damage was this much?

“What is this guy...?”

If a ranker received damage from a damage dealer with a level in the mid-200s, they would suffer around 3,000 damage. Yet this was more than 6,000 damage? In addition, this was the damage without using a skill?

“You..! What is your identity?”

Grid was different from the usual private rankers that they met. He was a monster like Yura. The South Korean team was hiding another bigshot like Yura? The rankers became tense. At this moment, someone saw the golden blades destroying the targets by themselves and belatedly recalled something.

“That reminds me, those golden blades... Don’t they look like the golden discs used by Pagma’s Descendant at the Bairan battle?”

“...Heok?”

“It can’t be...”

The rankers frowned. At the same time, the commentators were making the same guess.

『 The seven golden blades are moving by themselves! The actions, material and color are similar to the golden discs used by Pagma's Descendant! 』

『 We should pay attention to that black greatsword! That greatsword has an orange color around it like the sunset, so I failed to recognize it at first. But look closely! It is the greatsword that Pagma's Descendant threw to Toon in the Bairan Battle! 』

“Come to think of it...”

“Then perhaps...?”

“That man called Grid...”

Was he Pagma's Descendant? The millions of viewers around the world, including the rankers and audience members all wondered the same thing. On the other hand, Grid was frowning.

‘They only lost one-fifth of their health, despite being hit by Dainsleif? They are truly top rankers.’

[+8 Dainsleif (Reproduction)]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 500/500 Attack Power: 703~991 Attack Speed: -8% (-2)%

* Additional damage equal to 10% of the target's current defense will be dealt.

* The greater the number of enemies, the greater the damage.

(Additional 15 (+3) damage per enemy)

* The skill 'Golden Flash' will be generated.

The weapon was strengthened to +8.

Compared to the +0 weapon, the base attack power increased by 56% and the option effects increased by 20%.

Currently, Dainsleif perceived 11 people as enemies. This meant that the +8 Dainsleif had an attack power of 901~1,000 (damage proportional to the opponent's defense). This alone was enough for it to be a great weapon, so Grid had judged that it wasn't necessary to bring out Failure.

'I really can't ignore the rankers.'

Grid opened his inventory. Then he put Dainsleif away and pulled out Failure.

[+9 Failure]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 1,090/1,090

Attack Power: 1,768~3,682 Defense: 80 (+24)

* Agility +50 (+15)

* There is a low probability of blocking the enemy's attacks.

* There is a certain probability of activating the '5 Joint Attacks' skill.

* There is a high probability of activating the 'Cutting' skill.

* The skill 'Bisect' will be generated.

* There will be a fear effect if the enemy is more than 20 (-6) levels lower than the user.

* Attack power +20% (+6) in dark places.

A +9 item was on a different dimension from a +8 item.

Compared to the +0 weapon, the base attack power increased by 70% and the option effects increased by 30%. In addition, Failure was a weapon that was fundamentally more powerful than Dainsleif. The absolute majesty of the +9 Failure couldn't be compared with the +8 Dainsleif.

‘In the first place, I am participating in the National Competition...’

Grid himself was well aware that it was impossible to conceal his identity anymore. So what if he let the world know?

‘I will have a glamorous debut.’

He was reluctant to be a celebrity because it was annoying in many ways. But on the contrary, if he could endure it, then he would be able to obtain a lot of benefits. He would become more popular with women. Or he would become more popular with women.

‘I will become more popular with women!’

After the incident with Ahyoung, he had a distrust of women and couldn't think of dating immediately. However, he wasn't celibate. Who knew what would happen? He might meet his fate if he got many female fans.

“Huhuhu...!”

He smiled. But from the enemy's point of view, Grid's smile was very wicked. "Pagma's Swordsmanship...!"

"P-Pagma...!"

"It's real!"

The rankers started frantically thinking. The legendary class, Pagma's Descendant. The person who made the whole world shake was a Korean? And what was that white light around the greatsword?

'+9 sword...!'

"Transcended Link."

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

It was the first appearance of Pagma's Descendant after the Bairan battle. This was much more powerful compared to the bombardment he fired at Neberius during the Bairan battle.

[You have suffered 18,050 damage.]

[You have suffered 19,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 18,410 damage.]

“Kuaaaaak!”

The rankers were hurt due to the battle with Yura, and their health wasn't full despite taking potions. They couldn't cope with the blue and white bombardment and started to turn into a grey light.

Some people who calmly deployed their defense skills survived, but there was only a handful of them. There were only four people left. Except for them, seven rankers were logged out with one skill.

‘A wide area skill has this much damage?’

‘Why didn't he get affected by the CC?’

The four survivors were confused by the aftermath of the absurd attack. On the other hand, Grid didn't stay still.

“Quick Movements!”

He pulled out the Ideal Dagger and used its skills, then he chased after the survivors. Then he swapped again to the +9 Failure and used Blacksmith's Rage, raising his attack power and attack speed. A large storm raged from the greatsword.

Jjejeong! Jjang! Jjejejeok!

[The durability of Zilron's Sword has decreased by 32.]

[The durability of Ragel's Shield has decreased by 19.]

[The durability of the Tuhon Armor has decreased by 9.]

Puk! Peek! Sakak!

[You have suffered 9,820 damage.]

[You have suffered 12,030 damage.]

[You have suffered 10,550 damage.]

“Ugh! What is this...?”

“Every time I defend, my item durability...!”

“Dammit! Isn't this crazy? Kuhak!”

Was this really a player's attack power? It was comparable to a boss monster. Yura was strong in magic, but they couldn't endure this bastard's strength. Then what about the attack speed? It was unbelievably fast for a greatsword.

Seokeok!

“Kuaaaaak!”

It was impossible for only four people to cope with Grid. Somehow they counterattacked, but their damage wasn't as high as Grid's. His defense was at the level of a tanker and they couldn't deal any fatal damage.

“You!”

Bubat had persistent health and continued to use CC, blocking Grid's path several times. But Grid was immune to CC, making it useless. A Crusher's worst counter was Pagma's Descendant.

‘How absurd...!’

A legendary class was different. It didn't matter about the lack of control. He was just strong. Furthermore, the items he was armed with were too good.

“This is a fraudulent character... Cough!”

“Kuak!”

In the end, the four survivors, including Bubat, died and were logged out.

“This place is all cleaned up.”

Grid defeated 11 rankers that represented their country. He recovered his health by drinking potions and extended his sight to the entire island.

“ ... ”

On one side, Regas and Med were having a confrontation. Natasha left Regas alone and was absorbed in aiming at the targets. Jishuka and Samuel who represented Brazil were in the forest. The US, French, Chinese and Japanese representatives were busy keeping each other in check.

All those who met Grid's eyes shrank back. Jishuka and Regas weren't an exception. Right now, they were Grid's enemies. They all stayed silent and couldn't act carelessly, causing Grid to shrug.

“Well, there is no need to fight.”

Pepeng! Peng!

In the sky above. Even at this moment, the seven golden blades were moving on their own to destroy the targets. South Korea's points were now at 110. On the other hand, the average score of the other teams was only 70 points.

This status quo just needed to be maintained, and it was clear that South Korea would win.

『 ... 』

The commentators were overwhelmed at the majesty of the legendary class and couldn't say anything.

“ ... ”

The hundreds of thousands of spectators were silent with astonishment. The Olympic main stadium was as calm as dead rats.

“ ... ”

Even the millions of people watching via TV or the Internet had lost their souls. Had there ever been such a quiet day since the human race started breeding on Earth? Many people were feeling doubt.

“Indeed, you truly are Pagma's Descendant.”

Yura smiled. She was still beautiful despite being wounded. She couldn't raise her slender body, so Grid approached her.

“Don't exaggerate and stand up. Isn't it funny that a woman like you has fallen down?”

“Please help me.” Yura asked and held out a hand.

“Che.”

Grid clicked his tongue and grabbed her hand. It was clearly caught on camera. Then...

“W... Waaahhhhhhhh!”

“Grid! Grid! Grid!”

“Yura! Yura! Yura!”

The Korean audience members started to cheer on the two people. South Korea, a country ignored for being weak in Satisfy. This man and woman were about to end that long disgrace.

On this day. A true legend began.

Chapter 174

“Bad person.” Jishuka muttered.

Deep in the forest. She had struggled with Samuel, the weakest of the participants in the target processing match, and her anger finally exploded.

“He ignored my whisper, only to come for another girl?”

The day of the opening ceremony. Jishuka had logged onto Satisfy in South Korea and whispered to Grid to find out his location. But Grid continued to ignore her whispers. At the time, Jishuka had tried to understand. He must be busy.

But what was this? He didn't seem too busy to rescue another woman.

‘Did he ignore my whispers because he wasn't interested in me? He didn't want to meet up with me, so he ignored it?’

She had thousands of fan clubs all over the world. Hundreds of millions of men wanted her. She had been courted by the best men, such as handsome actors, oil tycoons, and successful intellectuals. But now she was being ignored.

Jishuka's pride was crushed as she was holding a Special Jaffa Arrow! It was broken in half. She ignored it and asked Samuel, “Who is prettier between me and Yura?”

The people of the world enjoyed comparing Jishuka and Yura. It was their hobby to evaluate who was more beautiful. It wasn't just their appearance. They were often compared in all respects because they were international stars and top rankers of Satisfy. Even the payment they received for their TV appearances or photo shoots was the same.

Jishuka recognized Yura as her rival. However, she was confident that she was superior to Yura. But she seemed to be defeated when it came to the man she was interested in. She never knew that Grid and Yura were so close.

‘A person who would rather make items rushed to participate in the National Competition... Is Yura a special presence to him?’

Samuel looked at her and responded honestly.

“Jishuka, you are much sexier. Your qualities are definitely better. Objectively, I think that you are more beautiful? But I personally prefer elegant women, so Yura seems more beautiful to me. In addition, Yura is Asian, right? She has calm eyes, no freckles, and a mysterious charm in many ways. Hehe, she is a goddess.”

“Shut up.”

Puok!

[The effect of the Special Jaffa arrow is activated, meaning the enemy's defense is completely ignored.]

[The Special Jaffa Arrow has poisoned the enemy.]

“Keok!”

Samuel shuddered in pain as the arrow stabbed his thigh. Then Jishuka pulled back her bowstring.

“I am angry.”

Papapat!

Her quick fire was unfolded. The targets flying between the trees and bushes exploded without being able to escape Jishuka's arrows.

“I am becoming heated up!”

Pepepepeng!

The Brazilian team's score keep increasing thanks to her furious firing. The commentator shouted.

『 Brazil 72... 73 points! Truly an expert archer! The Brazilian representative, Jishuka's arrows ignore all obstacles and are

wiping out the targets in a flash! Ah! As soon as I spoke, the Chinese team and Japanese team have started attacking Jishuka! 』

“Wahhhh!”

The audience’s attention that was focused on Pagma’s Descendant finally returned to the battlefield. They once again began to cheer for the players of their country. On the other hand, the United States representative, Hurent, was looking at the scoreboard with a perplexed expression.

“Um~ what is this?”

South Korea – 113 points.

United States-77 points.

Brazil – 73 points.

Canada – 71 points.

France – 69 points.

China – 62 points.

Japan – 61 points.

United Kingdom – 49 points.

Spain – 0 points.

It was the Korean team's solo play.

He had almost caught up with the Korean team's score when Yura was attacked by the representatives of eight countries, but the sudden appearance of Pagma's Descendant made his efforts useless.

‘Destroying 11 top rankers alone and controlling the blades to handle the targets...’

During the Bairan battle, he had been ‘passable.’

“Really, isn't it a foul to introduce a legendary class at this time?”

Hurent made a frightened expression on the outside, but his eyes were calm. He scratched his grey hair and his middle-aged brain started to spin quickly. The situation had changed due to a single influence. How should he deal with it?

He worried about it before calling out his partner's name.

“Lauel.”

“Yes.”

The young silver-haired man, who was watching Grid, replied with an expressionless face.

Hurent asked him, “Those golden blades, can you handle them?”

“...”

Lauel’s gaze headed back towards the sky where Grid was. He briefly observed the seven blades that were moving around 1.5 times faster than the target and explained.

“Sniping is possible if I can get within 30m of them. However, if those blades are made of the same material as the golden discs that appeared during the Bairan battle, they won’t be destroyed.”

Hurent nodded.

“Okay. Then we will give up on the gold medal.”

The United States was the world’s strongest power.

As representatives of the United States, Hurent and Lauel were great. As the number two person on the US team, Hurent was 8th on the unified rankings and had a hidden class. Meanwhile, Lauel was one of the Ten Rookies. They originally aimed to win, but they changed their target without faltering.

“Pagma’s Descendant and Yura. It might be possible with just one of them, but it is folly to become enemies with both of them at the same time. Let’s leave both of them alone and focus on our own fight.”

They would aim for the silver medal. Hurent made the decision and decided to defeat his rivals.

“First of all, our first target should be the Canadian team.”

The United States, France, Brazil, China and Japan were the five teams in the forest. They were busy keeping each other in check. The British team were near the Korean team, but their score was slowly rising because Natasha was handling the targets alone. The Spanish team? Med was the only survivor and he was confronting Regas. His score was also zero, so there was no need to worry about him.

On the other hand, the Canadian team was an eyesore.

They were hidden halfway up a mountain and were persistently handling the targets. Thanks to their exquisite position, their speed of points acquisition was fast and no one was disturbing them. They were the obvious choice.

“ ... ”

The French representatives and Chinese representatives on the

right and left looked over here with frightened eyes. Hurent laughed at them and spoke, “Three minutes. Just hold on for three minutes without me.”

Lauel’s face distorted. “Hold on alone for three minutes? Won’t the other teams focus their attacks on me the moment you leave my side? I won’t even be able to last two minutes.”

“No, you can hold on. If not, just endure for 2 minutes and 50 seconds. I will come back in that time.”

“Shouldn’t we go together?”

“No. Then the Canadian team can cooperate with other teams to isolate us. Then I am going~”

Hurent spoke one-sidedly before jumping high in a manner that didn’t fit his large size. Like a martial artist, he ran along the trees and reached the mountain in a minute.

“Have you come to be killed?”

The Canadian representative ridiculed Hurent. There were two of them, while Hurent was alone. Lauel was left alone and was being attacked by the representatives of other countries. This was the end for the US.

“You’re foolish, Hurent.”

After the Korean team that had Pagma's Descendant and Yura, the United States had the next best power. Now the Canadian team had an opportunity to defeat the United States. Hurent might be ranked 8th, but they were also in the top 30 rankings. The two of them believed they could defeat Hurent if they worked together.

‘Hurent isn't a monster like Yura and Pagma's Descendant. If he was a monster like them, he would've already smashed the other teams alone.’

The Canadian representatives thought so. But in fact, Hurent was a monster. He was one of the seven rankers that Yura analyzed to be stronger than her.

“I have to hurry.”

Hwaruruk!

A red aura like fire blazed on both of Hurent's hands.

“Eh?”

It was different from their information? Hurent had a rare hidden class called ‘Aura Master,’ and didn't he originally deal with blue aura? As they felt confused and wary, Hurent gave them new information.

“Among the hidden classes, ‘growth’ types exist. My Aura Master was a rare class when I first acquired it, but now it’s been promoted to an epic class. My aura has become stronger.”

“Bullshit!”

This was the first time they heard of growth type classes. The Canadian team thought it was a bluff and attacked. The aura around both of Hurent’s hands formed swords.

“I will let you learn the glory of a future legendary class.”

Hurent spoke sincerely and swung his two aura blades.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

The Canadian representatives struggled. They exchanged a few blows with Hurent. But Hurent’s swordsmanship was much better. The Canadian representatives started to be injured. Hurent’s aura blades completely ignored their defenses, so they suffered a 100% fixed damage.

The Canadian representatives were shocked by their injuries, while Hurent’s aura blades moved like a whip.

Puuok!

“Kuk... Kuak!”

“From this angle, how...?”

A Canadian representative was pierced in the heart and was stunned after suffering massive damage. Their survival was already in Hurent’s hands.

“Your abilities are good, but... Somehow, the recent rankers are too weak in PvP. Is it because they are only focused on levelling up? You don’t know how to fight~”

Hurent was unable to conceal his relaxed expression as he logged out the Canadian rankers. He checked the time while taking a potion and hit his forehead.

“Damn, it has already been over three minutes.”

Hurent operated aura around his lower half, allowing him to move at a tremendous speed and to quickly reach Lael. Then he laughed. Lael, who he thought would already be dead, was relatively fine?

“No wonder he’s called the strongest rookie.”

Lael glared sharply while Hurent was admiring him.

“It took you 4 minutes and 9 seconds.”

“Sorry, sorry~ The enemies were further than I thought.”

The apologetic Hurent attacked the French and Chinese representatives who had attacked Lauel. At that moment, an arrow flew towards his heart.

Puok!

Hurent avoided it hitting his heart with breathtaking reflexes and expressed his disapproval. He pulled out the arrow and said, “I wanted to avoid a melee because of that woman.”

An archer was vulnerable in a one-on-one match. But it was a scary class when hidden behind allies. In the first place, Jishuka was an outstanding talent.

“Well, she was my second goal. Cover me Lauel.”

Hurent leapt in the direction of the Brazilian team.

‘We can’t beat the US team if Jishuka is killed.’

The other teams judged simultaneously and blocked him. But there was one problem.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Hurent dispersed aura around him. Then they transformed into aura spears and pierced the bodies of the enemies.

“Kuk...! ‘Aura, is this its true power?’

‘This is the strength of a top 10 ranker...!’

Surprises kept appearing.

Zibal, Chris, Bondre and Yura. Then there was Pagma’s Descendant and Hurent.

They showed strength that transcended common sense in this National Competition. Even if all participants were rankers, the level was different. It was to a point where they felt insignificant.

Hurent pierced through the disgruntled representatives and reached the Brazilian team. Samuel blocked his way, but Samuel was the weakest one here. He couldn’t beat Hurent.

“Eek!”

Samuel was struck and fell down. Hurent had been hit with arrows several times, but he ignored them and narrowed the distance to Jishuka instantly.

“Isn’t this quite hard?” Hurent explained to the sweaty Jishuka. “It’s possible to operate my aura defensively. Anyway, it’s great.

This is the first time I've become a hedgehog.”

“Why don't you experience your body being cut in half?”

“...!”

An unexpected voice was heard above his head? Hurent freaked out and moved.

Kwang!

The greatsword hit the place where he had been standing.

Jjejeok! Jjejejeok!

The ground shook like an earthquake had occurred. Grid descended.

Hurent noticed his mistake.

“That's right. Didn't Pagma's Descendant belong to the Tzedakah Guild? Ah, I tried to touch someone I should'nt have.”

“You saw it right away.”

He might've never expressed it, but the Tzedakah Guild was very precious to Grid. They noticed his value more quickly than anyone

else, and they were people who respected and cared about him.

He originally built a relationship with them because of money, but not anymore. This was a relationship built up over half a year. They helped him in many ways. Grid might laugh at some of them, but to him, they were his only friends.

How could he not protect his friends when he had enough strength? It was no different from his past friends who ignored him when he was in pain.

‘Yes, I will never do so.’

At this moment, he realized why he wanted to enter the competition despite having to reveal his identity.

Sururuk.

Grid’s eyes changed.

The arrogance cleared from his eyes. The reasons he used to convince himself about why he participated in this competition was just a means to conceal his confusion, because he couldn’t understand his own psychology. At this moment, his eyes were shining deeply and gently.

Hurent witnessed the change in real time and was amazed.

‘It feels like he has become another person.’

On the other hand, Jishuka’s eyes were shining from next to Grid.

‘W-What? Why is he so good looking today?’

Jishuka was always confident and didn’t pay attention to men. Her eyes couldn’t leave Grid.

Grid moved her behind him and declared, “Watch me.”

“Ye... Huh?”

Duguen!

Jishuka looked at Grid’s wide back and turned red. And right now, this situation was being broadcasted around the world.

“Damn! This isn’t a drama!”

“Boo! Boo-!”

The men around the world started to boo together. Pagma’s Descendant, Yura, wasn’t enough for him? He was aiming for Jishuka as well? Wasn’t he a very bad person?

“Damn bastard!”

“Rotten guy!”

One man was gobbling up the hearts of two of the world’s most beautiful women. There was a lot of swearing around the world.

At the same time.

A young man in his 30’s was watching the competition on TV and stood up. Then towards the Grid on TV... Clap. Clap. A standing ovation.

“Plant flags all around you. Bravo...!”

This man had posters of Rebecca’s Daughters all over his house. Thanks to Grid, the pope was killed and he became the first to receive a unique hidden class. He was cheering for Grid from a distance.

Chapter 175

When he was a highschool student. Lee Junho only believed in his fist, and tormented children weaker than him. Mental and physical abuse were basic, and he also extorted money. In school, he was the king.

No one could resist and had to obey him. One of the tormented was Shin Youngwoo. He would shiver when frightened and would become grumpy if his pride was trampled on. Youngwoo was the same, even after going to university and the military.

Lee Junho mocked him every time they met at the alumni meeting. But what was this? The person who appeared at this year's reunion was significantly different. He was economically successful and confident.

On the other hand, Lee Junho hadn't changed from his school days. He couldn't abandon his gangster mentality and couldn't adapt to society. He was in his late 20's and could only find part time jobs.

Lee Junho became ashamed of himself. He got off the throne he was sitting on and faced reality.

‘I need to change, like Youngwoo.’

Lee Junho was determined. Like Youngwoo, he tried to overcome his past self in order to achieve a new and successful life.

First of all, he abandoned his futile pride. He worked hard to find jobs at gas stations, convenience stores, PC Cafes and construction sites. He didn't boast. He didn't spend much money. He saved one penny, two pennies, and eventually realized something.

How wasteful was it to rob others of money with violence? He also realized it every time he was ignored by the customers for being a part-time worker. He believed that the act of ignoring the weak was a sin that shouldn't be forgiven.

‘...I’m sorry, Shin Youngwoo.’

On his way back home after his part time job. Lee Junho was smoking in a smoking booth and apologized to Youngwoo in his mind. There was a bitter smile on his face.

“If I could have an opportunity to apologize to you, I will never show up in front of you again.”

The Satisfy National Competition was relayed on billboards on skyscrapers. He was able to see Youngwoo's appearance there. Now he was a person in a completely different world.

Many people stopped along the way and looked up at Youngwoo on the billboard. Among the crowd was Youngwoo's sister, Sehee.

“Cool.”

Yerim was with Sehee and sincerely admired him. She was completely fascinated by Youngwoo, who appeared to save Yura and overwhelm the foreign teams.

“He is capable, strong and overflowing with confidence. Your brother is really the best man.”

“The game and reality are different. I admire my brother, but he isn’t the best man.”

Sehee tried to return Yerim to reality, but it was useless.

“Aren’t you aware that Satisfy isn’t a simple game? Satisfy is already another reality. He is the best man in that reality.”

Yerim knew it more accurately than Sehee. She had a more mature appearance than her age and proclaimed with a giggle, “I will surely have your brother.”

Gulp.

The men starting around them were attracted to Yerim and lost their souls. There was the sound of gulping here and there. Several men who looked like gangsters were already approaching. Sehee glared at them and asserted to Yerim.

“You don’t fit Oppa’s taste.”

“Huh?” Yerim’s eyes widened. She looked at Sehee’s sulky expression and laughed. “Sorry, sorry. Sehee, I forgot how much you love your brother. I’m sorry for making you jealous.”

“I’m not just saying this. You really don’t fit Oppa’s taste.”

“Ye~? What man would dislike me?”

Yerim was considered the best queen of South Korea’s high school system along with Sehee, so her self-esteem was very high. Sehee explained the reason for her confident words.

“Oppa likes busty girls.”

Yerim tilted her head to one side.

“Aren’t I pretty big?”

“You need to at least have a D cup.”

On the billboard, Youngwoo was saving Jishuka from Hurent. It was natural to save Yura because she was a Korean, but wasn’t Jishuka a representative of another country? Why did he save her? Yerim confirmed Jishuka’s large chest and pouted.

“Really, that’s his taste?”

“He’s a dog in rut.”

Sehee was furious. She was annoyed to see that woman hanging onto her brother.

“I’m going.”

In the end, Sehee turned away from the electronic billboard and moved towards the library. Yerim wanted to see more of the broadcast, but was forced to follow Sehee. Then she thought.

‘I’m not even 20 years old yet, so should I try for a D cup?’

She was seriously considering it.

Hurent gazed at Jishuka and Grid.

He took a health potion and an antidote before speaking.

“This isn’t a common antidote... The poison arrows are quite awful.”

He checked the scoreboard.

‘Korea has 131 points, the US has 82 points, Brazil has 73 points, the United Kingdom has 60 points and Spain has 0.’

Now there were only five countries left. Spain was ruled out. The Spanish team's Med was on the verge of being logged out by Regas. Hurent understood the battlefield and sent a whisper to Lauel in the rear.

—Get out of battle and focus on handling the targets. We have given up on the gold medal, but we need to take the silver medal.

—Isn't the damage pretty big? Can you afford to go against Pagma's Descendant in that state?

The seven golden blades were still moving by themselves and destroying the targets. Hurent confirmed the scene and smiled darkly.

—Why not?

Ttadak.

Hurent looked at Grid.

“Since the situation is like this, shall I enjoy it a little?”

It was an obvious provocation! The confident Grid wasn't going to fall for that provocation.

“Stop fooling around.”

The 1st ranked Kraugel. The 2nd ranked Zibal. The 3rd ranked Chris. The 7th ranked Agnus. The 8th ranked Hurent. The 11th ranked Bondre. Finally, the 14th ranked Hao. Yura had called them the seven people stronger than her.

Grid distinctly remembered it. However, he wasn't nervous at all, despite Hurent being one of them. He was someone who raided the strongest boss monsters alone! He was confident that he could beat high rankers with his stats, skills and items.

“Jishuka, leave him to me and concentrate on the targets. Don't you want the silver medal?”

“Yes...! Thank you!”

Jishuka thanked Grid and disappeared into the forest with Samuel. Once Grid was alone with Hurent, he immediately unfolded his sword dance.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship!”

The moment Grid moved two steps.

Puok!

A 5m long red blade emerged from Hurent's fingertip and pierced Grid's chest.

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

‘Eh?’

Hurent attacked with timing that couldn't be coped with, because Grid was busy with his sword dance. The damage was considerable.

‘I suffered that much damage despite my legendary armor set?’

Or was it the default damage of aura? Grid was confused but his best skill was already being used.

“Kill!”

Kuoooooh!

The giant blue greatsword filled with hatred roared as it headed for Hurent.

Kwarururung!

The trees in the area vibrated due to the overwhelming waves of energy coming from it. Grid had planned to blow Hurent away. However...

Hurent moved sideways at the correct timing and avoided Kill. Then he moved back to Grid and aimed his aura blades at the gap exposed by the greatsword swing.

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

‘It’s constant damage. Aura, does it ignore defense and deal a fixed damage?’

Grid frowned as he belatedly understood. The energy of Kill pierced empty air and faded. Hurent clicked his tongue. “In order to hit with a non-targeted skill, you first have to restrain your opponent’s movements. If that isn’t possible, you should predict their movements. Isn’t that part of the basics?”

Grid took a potion to restore his health and asked, “Are you attempting to teach me right now?”

“Teach? Hahat! Nonsense. Is there any reason to do that type of favor for you? I’m simply disappointed. You have the strongest class and this is the extent of your skills~? Don’t you have any combat experience?”

Grid snapped at him.

“Of course I have combat experience...! You can’t imagine how many bosses I’ve raided alone so far!”

Hurent chuckled.

“Is your combat experience limited to boss raids? Kukuk, of course, bosses are strong. But don’t they just fight with strength or with a fixed pattern? They don’t fight cleverly. Yes, just like you. Can’t you see that the difference in our combat experience is too big?”

“Talking nonsense just because you avoided my skill once.”

The heated Grid moved his sword like butterflies dancing. This time, he was going to hit Hurent’s cheeky face. But Pagma’s Swordsmanship had a weakness. In order to activate the skill, the name must be said. This took a minimum of 0.8 to 2 seconds before the skill was activated.

Obviously, some people would feel that this was a short amount of time. In fact, none of the players, monsters and bosses Grid met had touched him during this time. But didn’t Yura counter in 0.5 seconds when facing a Crusher? Furthermore, Hurent was much better than her.

Teook!

The moment that Grid took the first step of his sword dance.

Puuok!

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,600 damage.]

Hurent hit Grid twice during that time. At the same time, he escaped to the rear, opening up a distance.

“Kuk!”

Grid checked the distance and decided it was impossible, cancelling his activation of Link.

‘It stinks.’

He admitted that Hurent was strong. It was accepted compared to the bosses he had faced so far. The aura’s fixed damage and ability to freely transform its shape was quite annoying, but the vulnerable part was that he couldn’t use a skill.

Certainly, Grid had experience fighting. However, he perceived it after two skills became useless.

“Are you going to use a skill haphazardly again? Do you have no learning ability?”

Hurent sighed as if Grid was pathetic. In the end, Grid rushed to him.

“Okay! I can just swing my sword instead of using skills. Then will you be able to avoid it? Eh? Blacksmith’s Rage!”

Jjejeong!

The +9 Failure clashed with the aura blades.

‘Strong.’

Hurent confirmed that his aura shook like a fire in front of wind and clicked his tongue. He tried to open a distance with Grid, but his basic movement speed wasn’t enough.

Jjejeong! Jjang!

Grid persistently stuck to Hurent and swung his sword. Hurent barely managed to defend and confirmed that the cooldown of his Escape skill was over.

“Escape.”

Peeng!

This close-range distance skill was something that all warrior classes possessed. Hurent managed to get 5m away from Grid and shifted some of his aura to his lower half.

[Attack power is reduced by 30%.]

[Movement speed has increased by 30%.]

‘Faster?’

Grid was no longer able to narrow down the distance to Hurent, who was running away like a coward. In the end, he swapped out to the Ideal Dagger, used Quick Movements and shouted at Hurent.

“Let’s finish this game.”

Pepepepeok!

Hurent leaped towards where there were a lot of targets and released his aura all around him. There was an explosion and the US team’s score quickly updated.

『 The United States has 109 points! Really amazing! After logging out the representatives from France, China and Japan, Hurent destroyed 16 targets in a single strike while running from Pagma’s Descendant! 』

“What are you trying to do?”

Grid wanted to help Jishuka and Regas. He wanted their countries to win the silver and bronze medals. Therefore, he chased after Hurent to stop him. Thanks to his high persistence,

Grid's stamina remained steady while Hurent gradually became exhausted.

‘I thought he invested most of his stats into strength, then some into agility and stamina. But now I see that his stats are high overall. Indeed, a blacksmith can increase their stats dramatically through the production of items.’

Over time, Hurent could grasp more about Grid. But his breathing was becoming labored and he was slowing down.

‘I almost caught up!’

Grid's eyes sparkled. This was the end. He would soon catch that annoying guy.

Grid was filled with pleasure, but there was a problem.

『 South Korean team-! 150 points! Victoryyy! 』

“What...?”

Grid noticed his mistake. He forgot about the presence of Yura and the pavranium. He didn't tell Yura that he wanted to beat the US team, and he didn't recall the target destruction order that he gave to the pavranium. Yura and the pavranium kept destroying the targets while he pursued Hurent, eventually leading to this.

“Bye-bye~?”

Hurent laughed, as he had predicted this situation from the beginning. Grid was forced to log out. It was a rule that the team who achieved the quota could no longer remain on the battlefield.

After that.

The United States were the next to reach 150 points after South Korea and achieved the silver medal. Britain and Brazil was left behind to compete for third place, and Britain eventually became the winner.

Jishuka's ability to destroy targets was much better than Natasha, but her partner was the problem. Samuel was too lacking and couldn't protect Jishuka from Regas. In the end, hundreds of thousands of spectators watched as the Korean, United States, and United Kingdom team got on the podium.

“It was enjoyable, newbie.”

“Dammit...!”

A funny scene was produced. Grid won the gold medal and was scowling from the top of the podium, while Hurent received the silver medal next to him and was laughing loudly. Looking at the atmosphere of the two men, it was like the US had won.

Chapter 176

“Is there a reason you didn’t use your ranged skill called Transcended Link? Isn’t it a skill optimized to catch Hurent when he’s running away?”

It was Yura’s question.

They were heading back to the waiting room after the awards ceremony. Youngwoo was humming happily. No one would’ve believed that he had been angry during the awards ceremony.

[The target processing match, South Korean’s unexpected win! The whole nation is enthusiastic! Praise Pagma’s Descendant!]

[The owner of the first legendary class is Korean? Shin Youngwoo, who is he?]

[The brilliant appearance of the man called Grid! A strong impact! Women’s hearts are thumping!]

[<Column> Will Grid be able to regain South Korea’s reputation as a gaming powerhouse?]

[The whole world is watching Korea and Pagma’s Descendant! Entering the National Competition, it isn’t a dream!]

[Grid helped Jishuka, the Brazilian representative. What is the

meaning of this action? Are the two people lovers?]

Indeed, Satisfy's influence was amazing. He became a global star in a matter of minutes. Shin Youngwoo read the Internet articles on his phone. He was completely excited, so he answered honestly.

“Transcended Link? I wanted to use it. But the cooldown time wasn't over, so I didn't.”

“I thought so.”

It took exactly 14 minutes and 47 seconds for the Korean team to score 150 points after Youngwoo entered the competition and used Transcended Link. Based on that, Yura could figure out that the cooldown time of Transcended Link was at least 15 minutes.

‘Youngwoo-ssi didn't use several of the skills he showed in the Bairan battle. Pagma's Swordsmanship is strong, but its weakness is that it needs a sword dance to be invoked and has a long cooldown time.’

Yura had analyzed Pagma's Descendant dozens of times since the Bairan battle.

Pagma's Descendant. In other words, she was able to grasp the functions and power of the four skills that Youngwoo used during the Bairan battle, which were Transcended Link, Link, Kill and Wave.

And the conclusion she came to was that it was ‘insufficient.’ It wasn’t a matter of talent, such as good or bad control. Pagma’s Descendant was a class that was basically a blacksmith, so the combat skills were poor. The weaknesses were also clear. Despite being a legendary class, the fighting power seemed to be less than the epic classes.

‘He has the strongest passive skill of ‘Status Immune’ and has the advantage of making legendary items.’

However, he couldn’t stand up to the best players. It was the limit of a production class. Pagma’s Descendant might be able to generate tremendous economic value, but it was relatively unimpressive in combat.

This was the analysis of Yura and other experts. However, they were mistaken. Pagma was the best blacksmith and swordsman.

In fact, Youngwoo had several skills that hadn’t been shown to the public. They were Restraint, Transcend and Linked Kill. If Youngwoo used either Restraint or Transcend, he would’ve been able to easily overpower Hurent.

Restraint limited movements for three seconds, and it was possible to deal a fatal wound during that time. Or he could destroy Hurent with the overwhelming firepower of Transcend.

That wasn’t all. In the past, Youngwoo acquired the title of Apostle of Justice and learned the Unbreakable Justice skill. The mana consumption was burdensome and it was more efficient to

use Pagma's Swordsmanship, so he had sealed it for a long time.

Youngwoo's intelligence stat had steadily grown to 643 after four months of producing hundreds of items, including Failure. He would gain 200 more intelligence if he wore Malacus' Cloak. A level 200 user would gain 6 mana per one point in intelligence.

Now Youngwoo was in a position to be able to use Unbreakable Justice easily with Pagma's Swordsmanship. Unbreakable Justice was an immediate use skill, unlike Pagma's Swordsmanship. Youngwoo could've used Unbreakable Justice against Hurent.

That wasn't the end. There was the Wind Blast and Wind of Justice attached to the Ideal Dagger, and Golden Flash attached to Dainsleif. Among them, Golden Flash was the only skill that dealt damage proportional to his magic power, so it was good at penetrating the enemy.

In other words, Youngwoo's power was much more than what people grasped. Then why hadn't Youngwoo used them? He saved his skills despite being humiliated by Hurent? The reason was simple. He didn't want to expose his power.

'If it wasn't for the pavranium, I would've eventually forced Hurent to logout. It was a disappointing result, because I stupidly overlooked the pavranium.'

The National Competition wasn't over yet. Today was only the second day. The Korean team was lacking and very reliant on Youngwoo. But Youngwoo was going to participate in the PvP

event.

That's right. He was prepared to unveil his real skills in the PvP event. Every time he met a new enemy, he would be able to demonstrate a more powerful appearance by introducing a new skill. He would be able to become a star by being a hot topic.

‘I’ll get you back sooner or later ,Hurent. I will make you suffer the embarrassment I felt.’

Control? It was nothing in front of the trinity of skills, stats and items. Aura Master? A hidden growth type class?

‘I am a legendary class from the beginning.’

He was participating in the National Competition now. He would win a gold medal in his three events! Youngwoo thought like that.

“Grid!”

“Pagma’s Descendant has come!”

In front of the Korean team’s waiting room. Hundreds of reporters were gathered. The domestic and foreign reporters were all only paying attention to Youngwoo.

“Oh my.”

She was being ignored. Yura was always treated the best wherever she went, so this was a strange experience for her. Was her pride hurt? Not at all. Yura was excited too.

‘Be calm.’

There was a lot of people. In particular, dealing with the press was very tiring. Thanks to Youngwoo, she was able to be freed from them, so she should stick to him in the future. On the other hand, Youngwoo was surrounded by reporters.

“When did you become Pagma’s Descendant?”

“Please tell us the process of becoming Pagma’s Descendant.”

“What was your reason for hiding your identity in the meantime?”

“You aren’t registered in the rankings, so what level are you?”

“The current 1st ranked Kraugel is level 297. Have you already achieved level 300?”

“Can you disclose the information of your items? In particular, many people are wondering about the blue greatsword.”

“What are those golden blades?”

“Why weren’t you seen when you first entered the National Competition? Was it a skill? Or did you create an invisibility cloak, like many experts speculated?”

“What exactly is your relationship with Jishuka?”

“What school did you go to? Your age? Where do you live? Your family?”

“Are you married?”

“What type of animal do you like?”

“What is your favorite food?”

It started from questions that pierced to the core to absurd questions. The languages of different countries surrounded him.

‘This is crazy.’

Youngwoo was confused because this was the first time he was experiencing it. In the end, Yura interfered. She said in English.

“First of all, give Youngwoo-ssi time to wear an interpreter.”

“Ah...”

The reporters briefly fell silent. Yura belatedly received an interpreting device from a staff member and persuaded Youngwoo.

“You’ve revealed yourself, so it’s good to be interviewed. Answer as much as you want, but don’t be stupid. Keep as much privacy as possible while satisfying the reporters. If the reporters aren’t satisfied, you will be stuck with their persistent stalking.”

“Yes.”

Youngwoo had vowed to become a star from the moment he decided to participate in the National Competition. Youngwoo took a deep breath and agreed.

“Sigh... I understand. I’m nervous because I’m unfamiliar with interviews, but I will do it because it’s a gateway I must go through.”

“Huhut.”

This man, sometimes he made nice expressions. Yura smiled and handed the interpreter to Youngwoo. Then finally, Youngwoo met the reporters.

“Hello.”

But he was surprised from the first question.

“It looks like you have a special relationship with Yura. Are you perhaps lovers?”

“Then what about Jishuka?”

“...”

Weren't these questions supposed to be from third-rate magazines that dealt with celebrity scandals? Youngwoo thought the question was ridiculous and fell silent.

Yura skillfully answered on his behalf. “We are close, but we aren't lovers. It is a relationship where we share the purpose of gaining good achievements for South Korea in the National Competition. His relationship with Jishuka is similar. Youngwoo-ssi is part of the Tzedakah Guild.”

“I see.”

Yura's words didn't show any interest in Youngwoo. The reporters no longer doubted the relationship between the three people. Then they started asking other questions.

“40 days ago in real time, there was a phrase that suggested the first legendary class emerged in Satisfy. Was that the moment you became Pagma's Descendant?”

No. Youngwoo became Pagma's Descendant eight months ago. 40 days ago was when he produced his fifth legendary item and was

truly recognized as Pagma's Descendant. But Youngwoo didn't tell the truth. There was no need to.

“That's correct.”

“What's your current level?”

“I don't want to reveal it.”

“What are those golden discs and blades that move by themselves? Don't they boast tremendous durability and mobility?”

“...”

He also didn't want to reveal this. But the reporters would become more persistent if he was too uncooperative. Yura's advice about moderately satisfying the reporters went around in Youngwoo's head.

“You can think of it as a private item for Pagma's Descendant.”

“Private item?”

“Is it an item that exists to supplement the somewhat lacking combat power of Pagma's Descendant?”

Youngwoo glared at the reporter who said ‘lacking combat power.’ An American reporter didn’t miss this look and threw a provocative question.

“You were one-sidedly hit by the US representative, Hurent. Experts from all over the world have doubts about the combat capabilities of Pagma’s Descendant. Pagma’s Descendant is the greatest blacksmith and swordsman, but did you inherit all his skills as a descendant?”

“I was one-sidedly hit?” Youngwoo scoffed and stared straight at the American reporter who asked the question. Then he said something shocking. “That’s correct. I have yet to fully inherit Pagma’s power. My class change quest still isn’t finished yet.”

“...!”

Yura standing beside Youngwoo and the reporters all looked amazed.

“You haven’t finished the class quest yet?”

“This is the incomplete state...!”

Yet he still won against many rankers and obtained the gold medal in the target processing event?

“I’m only a child compared to the legendary Pagma, but that is only when compared to Pagma.” Youngwoo made a prideful

expression and declared in front of the reporters. “Hurent? If he participates in PvP, I will log him out in 30 seconds.”

“Heok!”

He was going to log out Hurent in 30 seconds, one of the best rankers, and 8th on the unified rankings! It was a huge scoop.

“...Write it down.”

Shin Youngwoo made a ridiculous declaration without a single tense look. Yura’s heart jumped from beside him.

Chapter 177

“Hurent? If he participates in PvP, I will log him out in 30 seconds.”

It was a shocking declaration. There was only the sound of breathing everywhere.

‘Are you making fun of the United States?’

The United States’ power was superior to all the countries that competed in the National Competition. It wasn’t uncommon for people to think that the United States would win the overall competition.

Hurent was the number two user in the US team. Yet Hurent was going to be logged out in only 30 seconds? Youngwoo’s remark was dangerous enough to stimulate the entire American population.

‘This will unconditionally be a front page headline!’

Amazing. A scoop above all other scoops. The reporters’ eyes shone. In particular, the Korean reporters were thrilled. How excited would Koreans become when they heard Youngwoo’s remark? They couldn’t even fathom it.

On the other hand, the American reporters were uncomfortable.

“The experts have analyzed that Hurent is better than you. Don’t you think you are acting too proudly? It seems to be an exaggeration.”

“You declared it publicly, but what if you can’t log out Hurent in 30 seconds? Then you will be disgraced globally. Can you afford the mockery and criticism from the public?”

“The world will become disappointed that the first legendary class is a simple braggart. Do you have any intention of withdrawing your remark?”

There was no question if this was a question or a threat. Youngwoo drove home his point to the American reporters who were subtly threatening him.

“I am better than you think.”

Originally, Youngwoo was a below average player. He took a leave of absence from school and played Satisfy as soon as it was released, but he fell behind others instead of getting ahead. Then he fell to hell when he performed Earl Ashur’s quest to find Pagma’s Rare Book. He wasted several months on the quest, and kept dying and losing his possessions.

Thanks to his unyielding spirit, he barely managed to become Pagma’s Descendant, but his personality and lack of talent were problems. He was unable to properly handle the fraudulent class and wasted several months.

But it changed after the Malacus raid. After building a relationship with the Tzedakah Guild and going through all types of incidents, Youngwoo gradually changed. He surely grew. Now at this moment. Youngwoo was confident that he was the best player.

“Please don’t overlook the fact that I am a legend.”

He was proud about overcoming the trials that accompanied his pathetic nature and lacking talent. He expressed this pride without any shame.

“I am the best. Control? You shouldn’t judge and ignore people because of that.”

Gulp.

The reporters swallowed their dry saliva. The hundreds of reporters were convinced at this moment.

‘He’s a star.’

Not all of Satisfy’s talents were stars. Only a handful of people who had something special that would stimulate and make the public enthusiastic could become a star. From that perspective, Youngwoo was a true star.

He was the first legendary class and had a pride that matched it. The uncompromising words might make someone feel uncomfortable, but it would give others excitement. He would be a

hot topic whenever he opened his mouth, regardless of whether it was positive or negative.

The excited reporters continued to question him.

“‘A successor to Pagma’s techniques and will has emerged. He’s the only one in the world that can create legendary items.’ That phrase appeared in Satisfy. As the phrase suggests, can you create legendary items?”

“That’s right.”

“Ohh...!”

“Truly a legendary blacksmith!”

“How likely is it that a legendary item would be produced?”

“It isn’t high right?”

“What is the difference between your legendary items and the legendary items that can be acquired from raids?”

“Do all your equipped items have a legendary rating?”

“It’s predicted that many top guilds will invite you. Have you ever thought about leaving the Tzedakah Guild?”

“What is your stealth? Or did you create an invisibility cloak like many experts speculated?”

The interview lasted more than 30 minutes. But the reporters' questions never seemed to end. On the other hand, Youngwoo was a beginner at interviews and reached the limit of his concentration.

‘This is crazy.’

In the first place, Youngwoo wasn't a clever person. Until now, he had been able to lead the interview with full confidence, but he couldn't grasp the point of the current questions. Yura noticed his difficulty and restrained the reporters.

“The interview ends here.”

“Isn't there time to spare until the next event? Can't you cooperate a bit more?”

“No. It will end here.”

Yura had a definite personality. Her decision was final. The reporters were well aware of her nature and retreated. They were already satisfied with the scoops that they got.

“Sigh... That wasn't an easy task.”

After the reporters left.

Youngwoo finally let out a deep breath.

Yura encouraged him, “You did well.”

Her ebony hair flicked back as she smiled beautifully, making her seem like a refreshing tonic. Youngwoo felt like all his fatigue was released just looking at her.

“Thank you. I was able to do well thanks to you.”

“Rather, I should be the one thanking you. Thanks to you coming today, I was able to win a gold medal.”

Youngwoo had clearly stated his intention to not participate in the National Competition. Nevertheless, the Korean government and Yura arbitrarily put him on the list. It would’ve been very unpleasant for Youngwoo.

To be honest, Yura knew that Youngwoo wouldn’t participate in the competition. She was grateful that he appeared at an unexpected moment and got good results. On the other hand, she was sorry.

“...Aren’t you angry at me?” Yura carefully asked Youngwoo.

“I was mad that you got me involved as you pleased.”

“...”

Yura bowed her head. Then Youngwoo spoke to her with a soft expression.

“But in the end, it was me who decided to participate in the National Competition.”

That’s right. He made the decision himself.

“I don’t blame you. And I unexpectedly like this stage. I really like the situation right now. Ah~ it’s enjoyable.”

“I’m glad.” Yura smiled.

She looked at Youngwoo with clear affection. Unfortunately, Youngwoo failed to notice this fact. On the other hand, articles about Youngwoo were being spread all over the world.

[Shocking news! Pagma’s Descendant isn’t complete yet!]

[The golden discs and blades are Pagma’s Descendant’s exclusive items! Will future legendary classes also have exclusive items?]

[The owner of the first legendary class, Shin Youngwoo. In

reality, he's just an ordinary youth.]

[Yura and Jishuka? It's a simple friendship.]

[Pagma's Descendant can make legendary rated items.]

[(Column) The economic influence that Pagma's Descendant can exercise is astronomical. Grid will become the richest.]

[Grid has no intention of leaving the Tzedakah Guild.]

[Can Grid really produce an invisibility cloak?]

[Grid, 'Hurent? I'm not complete yet, but I can logout the 8th place person on the unified rankings in 30 seconds.']

[The Americans are angry at Grid's arrogant remark!]

[There is a festive atmosphere in Korea.]

The Korean team's waiting room.

“Hahaha! Grid is doing well in interviews!”

The Korean players treated Youngwoo like a hero.

“I felt relieved after seeing all the American reporters close their mouths!”

“I’m looking at the reactions from overseas sites right now, and it isn’t a joke! There is an uproar and foreigners are envious of South Korea.”

“I never imagined that the first legendary class would be a Korean! My heart beat wildly the moment you came!”

“Grid is the light of hope for South Korea! I’m proud!”

“Huhuhut...! Korea’s light of hope... It’s a good saying.”

In the midst of the excited players, Youngwoo’s nose rose into the sky.

Currently, the real time search terms of the Internal portal sites included ‘Grid,’ ‘Grid’s interview,’ Grid’s class quest,’ ‘Shin Youngwoo,’ ‘Pagma’s Descendant,’ ‘legendary items,’ ‘30 second logout,’ ‘invisibility cloak,’ golden blades’ and so on.

It was the same for TV. Most of the broadcasting stations around the world repeatedly showed how Youngwoo actively destroyed the targets.

“Eh...?”

The Shin's vegetable store. Youngwoo's parents were stunned when they turned on the TV for the first time. Why was their son on TV?

“...What's this?”

Youngwoo's parents thought it was a dream. The news anchors and experts were praising their son as one of Korea's heroes.

–News! Did you see the news? Aren't you really proud of your son?

–Youngwoo's mother always boasted about her son, but isn't her son a really good person? I'm so envious~ so happy~

Their phones rang endlessly. Alumni who they hadn't talked to in more than 10 years called. They all spoke about how Youngwoo was a treasure of Korea. Youngwoo's parents' hearts filled up.

On the other hand, there were people who visited Youngwoo in the Korean team's waiting room and produced a friendly atmosphere. They were Jishuka, Regas and Pon.

Youngwoo lost his soul.

‘Is that a person?’

Jishuka's body ratio in real life was too unrealistic.

She didn't wear heels, but she looked larger than life. In particular, her legs were very long. Youngwoo was approximately 10cm taller than her, but the length of her legs seemed longer. Her face was also very small. Her body ratio was like the model of the famous artwork X, which had been lauded as a 'work of art from God.'

'Pretty.'

Her eyes and lustrous red lips stimulated male instincts. Her bright coppery skin and voluptuous body proved why she was regarded as one of the sexiest beauties in the world.

"Grid!"

Jishuka ran to him, who was standing at a loss for words.

"I wanted to see you!"

It was the moment when a South American woman's aggressiveness was revealed.

"W-Wait..."

Youngwoo had already experienced being hugged by Jishuka several times. He was even a married man. But that was in Satisfy. In reality, he was a virgin who never once dated anyone. The

world's sexiest woman was hugging him, so he couldn't cope with the stimulation and got a nosebleed.

“Haha, Grid looks the same in reality and in Satisfy.”

“Yes. It's different from a certain person.”

Regas and Pon smiled. On the other hand, the Korean players were blinded with jealousy.

‘Yura acted like his manager during the interview and now Jishuka...?’

‘He said there was no relationship between them in the interview... No matter how I look at it, isn't this special?’

‘Monopolizing two goddesses...! Even if he's Grid, it's hard to forgive...!’

On the other hand, Yura's gaze was cold as she looked at Jishuka hugging Youngwoo. Jishuka met her eyes and stuck her tongue out. Yura's thin eyebrows narrowed together.

Pachichik!

Sparks flew as the two women's gazes crossed.

The waiting room of the United States team.

“Hahahahat! Hurent is going to be logged out in only 30 seconds?”

The 2nd ranked Zibal laughed pleasantly. He scoffed at Grid. “He still doesn’t understand, despite his weakness being revealed in the target processing event. That dumb guy.”

He wasn’t just incompetent, but stupid as well. Indeed, he was so stupid that the highly acclaimed legendary class was dimmed.

“Hurent, thoroughly smash him in PvP. Embarrass him publicly.”

Lauel frowned at Zibal. “Honestly, is he a person to poke fun at? In the target processing event, he didn’t use the golden blades as weapons. If he does, the likelihood of Hurent winning in a one-on-one match will decrease.”

“Our rookie is saying so?”

Zibal smiled like he was cute and shifted his gaze to Hurent. Then Hurent giggled while reading an adult magazine.

“Don’t worry ~ Lauel. I also have power that I haven’t shown.”

His battle method that utilized the use of aura was extraordinary. Given Grid's sense of control that he displayed in the target processing, it was hard for Hurent to imagine that he would be defeated, even considering the added bonus of the golden blades.

“Pagma's Descendant is clearly a superior class. But Grid is incompetent. He won't be able to beat me. This is fa~te.”

Grid might've succeeded in raids due to the performance of his items, but a match against a human was different. Control was the most important part. Hurent really recognized that Grid was inferior to him.

After a few moments.

Hurent held a press conference because of the media's enthusiastic request for him to respond to the '30 seconds logout' statement.

“Yes~ I am too mature to respond to my opponent's statement about logging me out in 30 seconds... I won't say anything. But let's make this as clear as possible ~ that newbie will fall to his knees in front of me.”

There was a clapping sound. Due to Hurent's press conference and Grid's interview, the atmosphere of the National Competition became heated up.

Three days later.

The world's attention was focused on the PvP event that would be held on the last day of the National Competition. Grid and Hurent, who would be the one who got the stigma of being a braggart?

The various illegal gambling facilities and sites hurriedly started the betting. And the Tzedakah Guild didn't miss this opportunity.

"I will bet everything on Grid."

In the target processing, Hurent had escaped from Grid. Due to that, people analyzed that Hurent was better than Grid. Therefore, the betting odds of Grid winning was raised to 3.2 times. The Tzedakah Guild knew Grid's real power, so this was a golden opportunity for them.

"The fact that we are going to gamble, don't let it enter Grid's ears. The moment he tells us to believe in him, we will all go bankrupt..."

"Y-Yes..."

As expected of their smart chief. The guild members fell silent with admiration at Toban's sharp warning.

Chapter 178

The National Competition's second day.

After the target processing, the siege and treasure hunt were held in succession. Nothing strange happened. Youngwoo didn't play a further role in the South Korean team. He didn't participate in the siege or treasure hunt, so South Korea was naturally one of the weakest out of the 17 countries participating.

But honestly, it was surprising. Yura participated in the siege. Youngwoo hoped that South Korea would get a good record in the siege, but the result was disastrous.

“I'm sorry.”

The Korean team's waiting room. The Korean players apologized to Yura after coming back from the game. They were embarrassed by their inability to help the team. A few young teenagers on the team had tears in their eyes. Everyone felt frustrated and humiliated after being defeated by the foreign players in the game.

But what could they do? This was reality. The rankers of the Korean team were in the 800~1000s, while the rankers of other teams were in the top 200. The power gap was too great. Yura alone was unable to cover this difference.

“We held onto Yura's ankle.”

“I...! If only I was a little bit stronger...!”

The players couldn't lift their heads.

Yura encouraged them, “You don't have to blame yourself. You did your best, as people have witnessed. None of you are to blame.”

The beautiful and kind Yura seemed like an angel to the players. Youngwoo looked at her smile and felt furious.

‘Those Yankee scum.’

The US were angry after receiving a silver medal in the target processing because of Youngwoo. As if they wanted to pay back their grudge, they persistently attacked the Korean castle at the start of the siege.

South Korea had a weak overall power and couldn't endure the American offensive. Yura struggled, but the other players couldn't properly assist her. The walls quickly fell apart and the Korean players were logged out.

It was okay up to here. The world of war was heartless. It was natural for the strong to defeat others.

But an American player showed excessive behavior. It was someone with the ID of ‘Primal.’ He survived towards the end of Yura's resistance and tore the Korean flag that had been flying from the castle. Ripping the official flag of another country?

It was terrible. The backlash generated was very large. Even his fellow Americans refused to forgive the actions of Primal. Zibal apologized as the US representative, but that couldn't stop the criticism of public opinion. In the end, Primal was asked to take responsibility and was deprived of his qualifications. He was unable to participate in the National Competition anymore.

But the anger of the Koreans had already reached the extreme. Primal was a problem, but there were also some American players who laughed while watching Primal's behavior. A small number of Koreans hated the entire US team.

Youngwoo was the same. He had served in the army and was a reservist, so seeing the flag being ripped was a great shock to him.

“That shitty guy.”

That Primal, if Youngwoo met him someday in Satisfy, then he would make Primal pay. The US team? He would pay back the disgrace and despair felt by the Korean team in today's siege.

He gritted his teeth while pledging, and then Yura approached him.

“That's it for today's schedule. I will go back now.”

“You, are you okay?”

Yura fought harder than anyone else. But there was a limit to what she could do alone, and she eventually lost. She should be the most disappointed.

Yura laughed at Youngwoo's anxious question. "It would be a lie if I say that I'm okay. But I'm not frustrated. I will grow even more from today's defeat."

Yura was already looking ahead. Next year and the year after that, she would make sure there was a different result in the National Competition. She made a pledge.

'She truly is the 5th ranked user.'

Youngwoo was amazed. There was a group waiting for the two people as they left the waiting room. They were Jishuka, Regas and Pon.

"Please show us around Korea."

The three people's eyes shone like lanterns. They were full of excitement to have Youngwoo accompany them.

"Please guide me to a Taekwondo theme park."

"No, what nonsense are you saying? Of course, we should visit a place with a lot of beauties. Let's go to the hottest club."

“Please play among yourselves. I’ll just enjoy my time with Grid alone.”

“...”

Youngwoo was troubled. He had no friends and no experience with dating. Therefore, he didn’t know any good places to recommend to foreigners visiting South Korea for the first time. He finally made a decision.

“Let’s eat a meal first.”

“I agree!”

“I will contact a restaurant.” Yura naturally intruded. Youngwoo, Jishuka and the rest of the group rode her limousine to the restaurant she recommended.

“Why is this woman going with us?”

Youngwoo didn’t want to lose his mind to Jishuka, so he thought it was better for Yura to join them.

“An interpreter is required.”

“...”

That's right. Youngwoo didn't speak English, so he couldn't communicate with Jishuka. If he didn't get any help from Yura, who was fluent in eight languages, he wouldn't be able to communicate properly.

“An interpreting device is inconvenient. Isn't it also good to build up a relationship with Yura?”

“Don't forget that the Yatan Church is our main enemy.”

“It will be easier to deal with the Yatan Church if she cooperates. Think positively.”

“Hmmm...”

Yura was able to join the party with Youngwoo's continued persuasion. Then she made a series of incorrect translations at the table.

“Grid, do you know? The reason I participated in this National Competition was because I wanted to see you.”

“Jishuka said that she joined the National Competition for the honor of her country.”

“South Korea seems better to live in than Brazil. I would love to live here.”

“Jishuka said that she doesn’t like South Korea. She doesn’t want to come back here.”

“...Hey, this wily girl. You are properly interpreting what I’m saying, right?”

“It is hard to translate the whines of a pig.”

“Damn Yatan servant...!”

“...”

Youngwoo was sitting between Jishuka and Yura in the restaurant. Then the two people suddenly started arguing in English. He tried to get help from Regas and Pon, who always helped him in Satisfy but...

“Delicious!” Regas was busy tasting all the Korean dishes on the table.

“Why don’t you take off your apron and embrace me?” Pon was awkwardly hitting on the employees in English.

“...Are these really the people I know?”

Youngwoo felt a sense of distance from Regas and Pon. Both seemed so different from Satisfy that he felt confused. The chaos grew over time.

“G~r~i~d!”

“Youngwoo.”

Yura and Jishuka became drunk while they were arguing. It was a tremendous burden for Youngwoo to take care of two drunk girls alone. He wanted to ask Pon and Regas for help, but Pon had left with a woman, while Regas found a Taekwondo dojo and challenged the owner to a spar.

Buzz buzz.

“Wow, amazing. Isn’t that Jishuka and Yura?”

“Oh my, look! Grid! Grid!”

“Wow... What are the three of them doing?”

The people on the street gathered around Youngwoo. They took lots of photos.

‘Ah, this, really...’

Jishuka and Yura were drunk and sticking like gum to Youngwoo. If this continued, there might be a misunderstanding and Youngwoo might be dragged to the police station. This was his first experience with drunk girls, so Youngwoo imagined the

worst. Then he hurriedly caught a passing taxi.

“Where do you want to go?”

Youngwoo spoke flatly to the driver. “My house.”

“...The address.”

Youngwoo left in the taxi with the two women. This action caused all types of misunderstandings.

A few minutes later.

The reports from the witnesses caused speculative stories to be written on the Internet.

[(Photo News) The drunk Yura and Jishuka took a taxi with Grid.]

[According to witness statements, Yura and Jishuka were on the verge of fainting.]

[What is the destination of the three people?]

[(Scene Coverage) I am currently at OO Hotel where Jishuka is staying. It is almost dawn and she hasn't returned yet.]

[What is Grid doing now?]

“Oh my, who are these girls?”

Youngwoo’s parents had been watching his son’s appearance on TV all day. They were pleasantly surprised when Youngwoo brought young women home. Their son, who never brought friends home, now brought two beauties at once?

“Hum hum.”

Youngwoo’s father felt embarrassed and went into his room after clearing his throat. Then his mother paid serious attention to Youngwoo, “Son, are you prepared for this? I don’t think South Korea is open enough to welcome two daughter-in-laws at once.”

Youngwoo’s face flushed with embarrassment.

“No, Mother’s words are true. But isn’t this a misunderstanding? If I was going to do that, would I have brought them home? Wouldn’t I go to another place?”

“Hohoho, yes, yes. I’ll bring a blanket so lay them down in your room. Youngwoo, you sleep in the living room today.”

Youngwoo’s mother entered her room to get a quilt. In the meantime, Youngwoo was taking off his shoes and he looked up Yura and Jishuka’s skirts. It wasn’t intended, but instinctive behavior.

“The low~est.”

“...”

Sehee came out of her room at that time and looked at him with contempt. Youngwoo felt like crying as he lost his dignity in front of his sister.

The National Competition’s third day.

The production events were held. The crowd cheered as production rankers in various fields such as blacksmiths, tailors and alchemists appeared.

“Eh?”

“There’s no Grid?”

The crowd checked their faces and started to sulk. Grid was a legendary blacksmith, so they naturally thought he would participate in the production events. They were excited at the thought of possibly seeing a legendary item be created.

But Grid didn’t attend.

“Is he forfeiting because of last night’s scandal?”

“Thanks to that, the other blacksmiths have a chance.”

“By now, Grid must be with Jishuka and Yura...”

“Ah! My desire for murder is boiling!”

It was rife with all types of speculations. But Youngwoo didn’t avoid the production events because he was conscious of people’s eyes. It wasn’t because of Yura and Jishuka. It was because a person was limited to participating in three events.

Youngwoo wanted to participate in events that would have a huge dominance on the National Competition. These were the events:

“PvP and pet marathon.”

The two events held on the fifth day weren’t a team event, but a solo exhibition. Hopefully, one country could win six medals. Experts speculated that the US would earn a large number of medals on that day and consolidate their first place ranking.

Youngwoo wouldn’t allow it.

“Don’t celebrate too early.”

He would hit them properly. Youngwoo decided and got up from his seat. Then he opened his door as usual to play Satisfy and was shocked. He witnessed the appearance of Yura and Jishuka sleeping next to each other on his bed.

“Pfft!!”

Youngwoo had a nosebleed at the sight of the two beauties. They came back late last night. He didn't know what to do, but then Yura and Jishuka woke up.

After that.

Youngwoo's house was crowded. Yura and Jishuka were very friendly after meeting Youngwoo's parents.

“Let me help you prepare the meal, Mother.”

“Oh my, thank you. Huh...? Why are you washing eggs and rice with detergent?”

“Father~ I'll give you a massage.”

“Oh my, thank you. Thanks to my son... Heok! M-My back...!”

Yura was polite and Jishuka was bright. Both of them had a problem of being too enthusiastic, but they appealed to Youngwoo parents' affection well enough.

“ ... ”

Youngwoo felt like he was sitting on a thorn cushion. It was because Sehee kept on shooting glares at him.

“Sightseeing? Ah, yes. We haven’t gone anywhere for a long time, so let’s make it a family trip.”

“So, how great is our Youngwoo? He’s a hero on TV, a hero in a game I don’t know about ~ I don’t know.”

Two days passed.

It was the 5th and final day of the National Competition. The PvP was scheduled to be in the morning and the pet marathon in the afternoon.

“Let’s go.”

“Okay.”

“Yes!”

Yura and Jishuka had stayed at Youngwoo’s house for two days. Youngwoo arrived at the stadium to enthusiastic cheers and curses.

Chapter 179

Players were aware of other players.

Hurent was aware that there were six people stronger than him. Those six were the 1st ranked Kraugel, 2nd ranked Zibal, 3rd ranked Chris, 7th ranked Agnus, 11th ranked Bondre, and 14th ranked Hao. Except for them, there were no players who could beat Hurent in Satisfy.

‘And I will soon go beyond those six people.’

He was the only one. This was his goal. He would eventually get the results he intended.

Class: Aura Master.

* Weapons are meaningless.

*You can control ‘Aura.’

* The minimum qualifications to become a sword saint have been achieved.

Title – Sword Saint Candidate – Stage 1 (Transcendent)

* All stats will become 1.3 times greater.

- * Quickly detect the target's weakness.

- * There is a high probability of predicting the target's movements.

- * 'Super Sensitivity' will be opened.

[Aura]

Rating: Epic (Red)

A type of energy that can be controlled. Aura is infinite and always present.

The shape, size and characteristics will depend on the caster's inclination.

The color of the aura will change according to the rating.

The higher the rating, the higher the effectiveness of the aura.

The higher the rating, the greater the size of the aura.

- * Aura can't be separated from the caster.

* You can raise the aura rating through training.

[Super Sensitivity Lv. 1 (36.4%)]

All senses will become transcended.

Lv. 1 – Telepathy: You can predict 100% of all your target's behavior within 10m.

* This effect will last for six seconds and will continue for two seconds after the effect has ended.

Skill Mana consumption: All of your current mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

Grid?

‘You aren’t my opponent.’

He was able to see all of his target's movements, despite only being at a beginner level. Pagma?

‘How stupid.’

According to legend, Pagma was the strongest swordsman. But that was only when Muller was absent. Pagma was named the

strongest swordsman after Muller's death. Wasn't Pagma a blacksmith in the first place? How could a blacksmith who swung his sword as a hobby compare to a sword saint?

‘Pagma’s Descendant is insignificant compared to a sword saint.’

Suuk.

Hurent manifested aura at his fingertips. Then he released it at a huge tree exactly 5m ahead of him.

Seokeok!

The giant tree was cut as soon as the aura touched it. It dealt 4,600 fixed damage, could be released up to 5m, and the shape could freely transform. He also had ‘Super Sensitivity,’ which allowed him to sense the enemy’s movements. It could be said that this was his strongest skill.

Aura Master.

The weakness was that he didn’t have powerful attack skills, but that weakness could be overcome by raising his aura rating. No matter how he looked at it, Aura Master was a perfect combat class. It wasn’t possible to compare it to Pagma’s Descendant.

“30 seconds...? Hahat~!”

Grid was arrogant just because he had the first legendary class. Hurent laughed as he recalled Grid's 30 second logout remark.

“Newbie.”

Grid didn't know. He couldn't understand his subject.

“Prepare to be embarrassed~”

The whole world would be paying attention to the PvP competition held in a while. Hurent was determined to shatter Grid in front of the millions of people watching. Legend? He wouldn't even give Grid a chance.

Grid was nothing. At this moment, Hurent was only wary of Chris and Bondre, who were on the list of PvP participants.

‘I will go beyond those two people today.’

Hurent wasn't even looking at Grid.

He just had a friendly co-worker relationship with Yura and Jishuka right? Where did he go with the drunken women two days ago?

The reporters flocked like vultures and bombarded Youngwoo with questions. Youngwoo barely managed to escape them and

sighed as he reached the waiting room.

“Wow, why are they so terrible? I thought I was going to die.”

It wasn't a joke. Among the reporters, the male ones looked like they wanted to commit murder. Yura and Jishuka. They cursed and hated Youngwoo for having a scandal with both of them.

Yura handed a tournament table to the pale Youngwoo.

“There are a total of 32 PvP participants. The matches were drawn through a fair lottery.”

“The number of participants is surprisingly small.”

“It's because individuals are limited to three events. The players prioritize events where they can get gold medals, so the 32 players participating in the PvP are all renowned top rankers.”

“Yes.” Youngwoo looked at the table. Then he found his ID and was surprised. “Is this really true?”

Yura replied with a worried expression.

“Honestly, I'm really surprised. It's a match between you and Hurent in the round of 32. It's also the opening match. Who would've imagined?”

The big match of the PvP was the confrontation between Grid and Hurent. People around the world were only paying attention to the confrontation between the two. They wondered how big the match would be.

The public became boisterous. The round with 32 participants. It seemed like a miracle that the confrontation between Grid and Hurent was the opening match. The confrontation was now right around the corner.

Who would be the winner? Grid, who said he would logout his opponent in 30 seconds? Or would he be disgraced? Most Koreans wanted Grid to win, while the foreigners were predicting Grid's defeat. The amount bet on the match was astronomical, and the dividend rate for Grid was really high.

“Hurent! Hurent! Hurent!!”

“Grid! Grid!”

“Hurent! Hurent! Hurent!!”

The atmosphere of the stadium was remarkable. The voices cheering for Hurent were way louder than those cheering for Grid. Some people in the crowd were even booing Grid. Yura was worried that Grid's morale would be lowered by the one-sided cheering. But Youngwoo wasn't upset at all.

『 The PvP competition will be held in 20 minutes. All participants

should go to the capsule room. 』

The sound of the guide was heard. Youngwoo got up from his seat and reassured Yura.

“First of all, I don’t have much experience with people cheering me on.” Conversely, he was familiar with mockery. “The cheering atmosphere has no effect on me. Hurent? I will shatter him in 30 seconds and win the gold medal.”

Two days ago, Yura had been worried after seeing Hurent’s one sided treatment of Grid. She thought the walls of the world were too high for Youngwoo. But not anymore. She just trusted him.

“Take care.”

The most beautiful smile was aimed at Youngwoo.

Pearl Island.

In the past, it was an island used by the knight academy of the Bonkost Principality. The giant island that once flourished had now become deserted and desolate. The glory of the past couldn’t be found in the ‘Lion’s Castle’ standing at the center of the island.

All the facilities, including the walls, were destroyed, and the garden devastated. There seemed to be ghosts hiding behind the

broken windows of the castle. The long forgotten place shrouded in spectacular views was shown on the massive screens set up in Olympic Station.

That's right. This was the stage of the duel.

『 The PvP tournament is heating up the last day of the National Competition! 』

“Waaaaahhhhh!”

The hundreds of thousands of spectators cheered as the commentator shouted. It wasn't just them. The viewers all over the world were excited as well. Who was the strongest person in the world? How brilliant was their control and skills?

Kraugel and Zibal might not be participating, but there would surely be plenty to see.

–It came! Chicken and beer!

–Two chickens. If 32 people are participating, one chicken won't be enough.

–If each match is 10 minutes, the PvP will last at least a few hours. I have to binge drink today. ⇨

–It's nonsense. Grid will be knocked out in 30 seconds. The

match will finish before the chicken arrives. ㅇㄱㄹㅇ ㅁㅁㅁㄱ

-ㅇㅇㅇ Grid is scheduled to win.

-Wow ㅃㅃ Do you really mean that? You believe Grid's bluff? ;;

-He will logout Hurent in 30 seconds? Crazyㅃㅃㅃㅃㅃ He was defeated by Hurent in the target processing. ㅃㅃㅃㅃㅃ

-Guys. If you are South Korean, then you should support our fellow Korean. Cheer for Grid-nim.

-That's right. I am anti-Grid because of the matter with Yura and Jishuka. But love is a separate, personal matter.

-Aye! Don't forget that Grid-nim gave our country a gold medal. I am very thankful.

-No, what —_—^ a gold medal doesn't matter. What good is it for us if he wins a gold medal? Why should we be thankful? —_—ㅃ

-ㅃㅃ I shudder every time I see Grid being called a hero on TV. How is he a hero just because he won one gold medal? ㅃㅃ

-Isn't it natural to praise athletes who win a gold medal for their country? Would you say such things about Olympic athletes?

-Well anyway, Grid doesn't matter. In a few minutes, he'll be logged out by Hurent.

-You scum... I bet 4 million won on Grid... My whole fortune... Now I'm dying of tension. I might shit out blood in the morning...

-Oh my god ;; you bet on Grid? ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨

-Wow ⇨ ⇨ 4 million won on Grid? ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ Isn't Hurent certain to win? ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ You're just throwing your money into the trash.

-But the dividend rate is 3.2. If Grid wins, that 4 million won will triple.

-That only matters if he wins...

Even on the Korean internet sites, there weren't many people who thought Grid would win. Surprisingly, many netizens thought that Grid would be the first to be eliminated.

And.

『 The players are entering! 』

The broken Lion Castle. In a desolate garden, a black-haired Asian man and brown-haired Westerner appeared. It was the moment when Grid and Hurent met, after attracting worldwide attention for the last three days.

As hundreds of millions of people watched, they finally clashed.

『 Now I will announce the opening of the PvP match! It has started! 』

“Waaahhhhhhhh!”

The shouts of the crowd were vividly transmitted through the TV.

『 Will Grid win as the Korean people wish? 』

The commentator relayed in a loud voice. Youngwoo’s family gulped in front of the TV. They were earnestly praying for their son and brother to win.

And Youngwoo. No, Grid started his sword dance.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

“Oh my~ you are using your slow paced skill again?”

Hurent clicked his tongue and attacked Grid in the gap exposed.

Syuok!

The golden blades flew to protect Grid, but Hurent's ability to control aura was very delicate. Hurent was already aware of the presence of the golden blades and responded calmly, accurately avoiding the wall formed by the blades to hit Grid.

[You have dealt 4,600 damage to the target.]

‘Good, good.’

He would trample on Grid step by step. He knew the skills Grid possessed. The range of Kill, Link and Wave wasn't that far, so they wouldn't be a threat as long as he kept an appropriate distance.

The ranged skill Transcended Link was somewhat annoying, but it had a long cooldown time of at least 15 minutes. Hurent thought he would be able to withstand one bombardment if he focused his aura on defense.

However...

“Restraint.”

“...?!”

It was a completely different skill that wasn't shown in Bairan or the target processing event. Hurent paled as he realized it. He was astonished to see the notification window in front of him.

[You have been overwhelmed by the enemy's spirit. Your actions are constrained for three seconds.]

‘What is this...!?’

His body was stiff and hard to control properly. Grid approached from 5m away and his body instinctively retreated. However, he couldn't open up a distance. Grid took a few steps in the amount of time it took for Hurent to take one step back.

Two seconds. Grid narrowed the distance in an instant and unfolded a new sword dance. Hurent focused all his aura on defense.

[Your defense has increased by 150%.]

[A shield that will absorb 5,000 damage has been created.]

‘I can endure it once...!’

Hurent's thoughts didn't last long.

“Kill.”

Puok!

[You have absorbed 5,000 damage.]

[You have suffered 68,300 damage.]

[You have died.]

“...?”

On various Internet portal sites, the real time search queries were updated to ‘5 seconds.’

Chapter 180

The last day of the National Competition coincided with a national holiday.

9 a.m.

In spite of the early hour, chicken stores all over the country started to operate. The chicken store owners mobilized their whole family to fry the chickens.

Ddrrrung! Ddrrrung!

The makers didn't matter. The small neighbourhood chicken stores were flooded with orders for a while.

-Please bring me one chicken and three beers at 11 o'clock.

-I want to reserve two chickens for 11 o'clock. And I was busy during the last World Cup, so I will use all my coupons this time.

-One soju and beer. And one roasted chicken. Please! Before 11 o'clock!

-I want... What? You ran out of chicken and there's only salad left? That's okay! I will order from another store!

After a while.

At 11 a.m., the PvP tournament that the world had been waiting for finally opened. The chicken stores made more than 10 times their normal revenue during the National Competition! They shouted at the delivery drivers they hired specifically for this day.

“Go deliver!”

Buoong!

Every city in the country. The foreign tourists who came to South Korea for the National Competition saw a remarkable sight. In many places, the roads were filled with bikes! The delivery drivers' bikes were equipped with a delivery crate and the chicken store sticker attached to them, making the foreigners stunned.

“Don't Koreans always eat rice?”

“It seems to have changed to chicken...”

“Koreans have good physiques despite eating a lot of meat.”

And 11 o'clock.

『 The players are entering! 』

“Ohh! It has finally started!”

Family, friends or lovers. They all excitedly sat around a TV at their homes. Then the people who caused a hot topic over the past three days, Grid and Hurent appeared at the Lion's Castle.

“I hope that Grid will win.”

“Honestly, considering the target processing, Grid seemed unlikely to win. But I hope he will do his best, even if he loses.”

“That's right, so let's cheer him on.”

“I don't care about the experts' analysis. I am expecting Grid, who has a legendary class, to win.”

Ding dong~!

“The chicken has come!”

“Oh, right at 11 o'clock. They have no sense.”

Houses with young families and mothers. Houses where friends gathered. Houses belonging to lovers.

『 Now I will announce the opening of the PvP match! It has started! 』

They ran to the porch as the commentator's words were heard from the TV. They received the chicken from the delivery men then dropped their chicken at the ridiculous sight they were greeted with when they came back inside.

『 H-Hurent has been logged out! 』

“...?”

The showdown between the legendary class and the 8th ranked user. How many people predicted that the winner would be Grid? In addition, how many believed that Grid would log out Hurent in 30 seconds as he declared? However...

『 5 seconds...! 』

“ ... ”

『 In only 5 seconds! Grid has logged out the winning candidate, Hurent! 』

The baffled commentator shouted belatedly, and hundreds of millions of people responded to the reality.

“Waaahhhhhhhh!”

The cheering Korean crowd and viewers!

“I can’t believe it...!”

The shocked foreign crowd and viewers! The world was in chaos.

[(Breaking) Grid won in 5 seconds.]

[Pagma’s Descendant! The 8th ranked user was logged out in 5 seconds!]

[Grid, he fulfilled his 30 second promise!]

[The United States has received a big impact.]

[Will Grid earn yet another gold medal for South Korea?]

[The 5 second logout legend!]

5 seconds! 5 seconds! 5 seconds! The breaking news continued to highlight the 5 seconds. The Internet real time search terms were dominated by ‘5 seconds,’ ‘Grid,’ ‘Grid’s victory,’ ‘Grid is a scam,’ ‘Shin Youngwoo,’ ‘Korean’s possible gold medal.’

The netizens were the same.

–G...God Grid.

–God Grid! Forgive us who mocked and condemned you a few

seconds ago !πoπ

– Wow, what is this? It isn't a bug?

-The 8th ranked user was killed ——;;

–Crazy... I really got goosebumps.

–My family's sign o o o

- o o o ? What is that?

–The American community must be buzzing right now ꞑ ꞑ ꞑ ꞑ ꞑ
ꞑ

–The Chinese forums are filled with words of envy. ꞑ ꞑ

–The Japanese community is bombarded with conspiracy theories that this is a bug ;;

–So exciting! That Yankee who tore the Korean flag must be shedding tears of blood. ꞑ ꞑ ꞑ Praise God Grid.

-3.2 times 4 million won. Congratulations ππ

–Actually, I bet 6 million won too ꞑ ꞑ ꞑ ...ππ on Hurent... That bastard.

-I bet 3 million won on Hurent ;; ah, my salary.

-Koreans should've cheered on a Korean... ^^ I bet 15 million won on God Grid... from now on, I will only have confidence in God Grid...

-You are a gambler ㅋㅋ

-I also bet 300,000 won so this is a jackpot ㅎ ㅎ I've made enough to last me three months. ㅎ ㅎ ㅎ

The amount of tens, hundreds, thousands, millions of won were exchanged. It might be a very big amount to somebody. But it could be chewing gum for somebody else. For example, the owner of a big company, a successful freelancer or a Satisfy ranker. They gambled hundreds of million or billions of won. And there were many people who lost.

"I shouldn't have believed in those damn experts...!"

"Call my lawyer and prepare to sue."

A few of the rich people suffered losses that couldn't be ignored. On the other hand.

"Kuahahaha! Amazing! Amazing~!"

“Puhahaha! Grid! I love you!”

Someone’s misfortune was another person’s luck! The Tzedakah Guild, who’d already made billions of won from Satisfy, hit the jackpot. Those who believed in Grid’s victory bet not only their existing assets, but loans from financial institutions as well.

The dividend was 3.2 times what they invested, so they became instant billionaires. Tens of billions of won were gained at once. They could buy yachts, private airplanes, travel with beautiful women, and enjoy the life of a movie star!

But they were Satisfy rankers. Satisfy was much more precious to them than reality.

“Hehe... I have to ask Grid to make me an item with this money.”

“I will continue to invest in Grid until he makes me a legendary item.”

The gaming fools planned to buy one or two buildings for their future, but they would invest the rest of their funds into Grid.

『 Not only is he a legendary class, he has one or two ultimate skills. That Kill skill is the ultimate skill of a legendary class. The power of that deadly blow can’t be endured. 』

『 Of course, the power of his skill is great, but I'm more interested in that blue greatsword. Looking back at the target processing, didn't Grid use the blue greatsword to logout the rankers? It's clear that the blue greatsword has an excellent performance among legendary items. 』

『 I agree. It is the so called best weapon. It would be nice if Player Grid would reveal the details of the weapon. 』

The experts' analysis was correct. Even though it was a legendary item, the weapons created by Pagma's Descendant were of a different dimension.

The +9 Failure had an attack power of 1,768~3,682. It was already the best weapon at +0, so after being increased to +9 with a 70% increase in attack power, it was fully OP (overpowered).

Let's compare it to legendary weapons of the same level. The average attack power of a powerful two-handed weapon was around 1,000, so the maximum attack power of the +9 Failure was three times stronger than that. What if 1,800% of that attack power was added due to the level two Kill?

The users could never endure it. They would just die.

Grid was inwardly surprised. 'The boss monsters received hundreds of thousands of damage, but for Kill to only deal 68,000 damage to Hurent... He has a lot of defense. He wasn't just bragging.'

An Aura Master didn't need weapons. Thanks to that, Hurent was able to spend more money on armor compared to other users, and he had the highest ranked unique armor. Yet he died in one blow?

“Heok...!”

The logged out Hurent jumped out of the capsule. His complexion was pale, like a person who just had a nightmare. His whole body was sweaty.

‘What on earth happened?’

Lauel handed a towel to the confused Hurent.

“You lost.”

“...”

“...”

Hurent couldn't believe it. He had no idea that he would lose to Grid. He gazed absentmindedly and recalled the fight. Then he smiled bitterly.

“Yes... Indeed, that's a legendary class.”

His control had been helpless in front of that strength. What was that CC skill that completely restrained his body, despite maintaining a perfect distance of 5m? He wasn't able to control himself and received a linked skill.

He was crushed by strength. Yes, like a fly.

“Legendary skills...”

It was something he didn't have yet. He needed to strengthen the rating of his aura to legendary more quickly through training. Hurent felt motivated instead of frustrated. His expression was refreshed as he wiped at his sweat with the towel.

“Since I have become the loser, the reporters won't bother me for a while. I think I should abandon other activities and focus on hunting.”

He would only become strong through training.

Lauel gave his personal opinion. “The problem is the blue shark-shaped greatsword that Grid is using. Its performance transcends imagination.”

“Yes.”

Hurent admitted it. No matter the skill rating, wasn't the damage too high? It was useless without a basic high attack power. Grid's weapon was certainly high class. But why did Lauel say that?

Hurent was puzzled as he saw the Lael looked determined.

“You... Perhaps, are you going to follow Grid?”

Lael didn't deny it.

“That's correct.”

He was sick of the title of rookie. He wanted to quickly jump to the top of the rankers. But he started too late. When he was level 1, the top rankers were already level 180. Talent alone couldn't cover that gap. In order to catch up with them...

“I have seen the power of items through this match.”

Lael was one of the 10 Rookies. Even now, Ibellin of the Tzedakah Guild has set Lael as his rival.

“I will join the Tzedakah Guild.”

“...”

2nd on the unified rankings, Zibal. He had the ambition to occupy all the territories of Satisfy and become Satisfy's ruler. But in order to do that, he needed the strongest players and at the moment, he was eyeing Lael. He offered shocking treatment to Lael when inviting him to the guild. However, Lael was going to turn him down.

“Lauel, didn’t the Snake Guild promise you millions of gold? Is it worth rejecting such an astronomical sum to follow Grid?”

Lauel nodded without hesitation. “Don’t you now know better than anyone else? You can’t ignore the fact that combat sense and control isn’t special. The most important aspect of a game is items.”

Millions of gold? What would he do with that? No matter how much money he had, he couldn’t buy the strongest items. In Satisfy, Grid was the only one who could create the most powerful items. His power was necessary in order for Lauel to become a top ranked player. Basically, Lauel had a great liking towards Grid.

“Items rather than control... I’m envious of Grid, who made me realize the simplicity and greatness of it. I am fascinated by the strength that logged you out in just 5 seconds. I would like to play the game with him. How about you?”

“...”

Zibal also invited Hurent to join his guild. But Hurent had high pride as a sword saint candidate and was reluctant to go under someone else. Therefore, he hadn’t responded to Zibal’s invitation.

But now.

He experienced Grid’s power directly and once he heard Lauel’s

words, he started to move. In order to become stronger, items were needed. In order to obtain those items...

‘There is no answer except for Grid.’

But his pride didn’t tolerate it.

“...I’m an Aura Master. The strongest items? They’re useless in front of me.” Later, his aura would become a legendary rating. “At that time, I will cut down Grid and his blue greatsword.”

The next time they met, he would logout Grid before Grid could even use a skill. Hurent vowed. He left the stadium and headed straight to Incheon International Airport. He was ready to return to the US and pour all his efforts into building up his strength.

“Amazing.”

The French representative, Bondre. The 11th ranked user considered Grid’s skills. No, he marvelled at them. Logging out Hurent in just 5 seconds? He never even imagined it. But he didn’t feel threatened.

“The Restraint and Transcended Link skills are somewhat burdensome.”

Bondre’s class was an ice mystic. What if he froze the entire

ground with overwhelming magic power? Grid's sword dances wouldn't be able to be properly enacted. Pagma's Swordsmanship needed at least four steps to be activated.

Could that guy dance properly on frozen ground? It would be lucky if he didn't fall on his ass.

'Looking back at the Bairan battle, he has an artifact that can help him fly.'

What if Grid flew up to avoid the ice on the floor? Bondre would feel even more comfortable.

The PvP stage was an island. The atmosphere was filled with moisture. If he froze all that moisture, Grid would be trapped in the sky. The physical constraints of the ice webs meant they couldn't be broken with CC immunity.

'An island is the perfect stage for me. Grid, you can never beat me.'

[Absolute Zero Lv.2 (76.0%)]

Freezes the target and deals a fixed damage of 42,000.

Skill Mana consumption: 50% of your current mana.

Skill Casting Time: 7 seconds.

Skill Cooldown Time: 20 minutes.

It was the ultimate skill he learned from an S-grade magic book. Yura's Divine Punishment that she showed in the target processing looked miserable compared to this. The casting time was incredibly long, so he didn't have many opportunities to use it.

But it was different in a one-on-one duel. If he could completely restrain his opponent's actions, he could use it as a winning card. This was superior in terms of damage compared to Divine Punishment because it was a single target skill.

It was this Absolute Zero skill that made Yura and Hurent lose to Bondre.

‘Assuming that Grid is level 290, his health must be... No, it isn't possible even when assuming the worst.’

Grid's health must be 35,000 or less.

“This time you will be the one to die in one blow. Kukukuk...!”

Bondre laughed with joy. He would meet with Grid in the round of 16. He would prove he was the strongest by completely overwhelming Grid, who logged Hurent out in five seconds.

Bondre was confident. Just like Hurent, a few minutes ago.

Chapter 181

Experts also observed that Bondre was likely to win.

『 An ice mystic is a class that specializes in restraints and defense. All attacking skills cause slowness and frost, and certain skills freeze the target entirely. This means it's possible to completely link CCs. 』

『 It isn't just that. An ice mystic also has tremendous defensive abilities. They can use a wide variety of shielding spells, especially against physical attacks. Perfect CC and superior defense ability. It acts as a perfect counter to a physical dealer class. 』

『 Obviously, there are disadvantages to the class. Their firepower is weak and it isn't popular in hunting and raids. However, a player's health is exceptionally low compared to a monster. A weak firepower doesn't matter in PvP. 』

『 Hmmm... As our friend mentioned, CC is an advantage of an ice mystic. Didn't Grid show perfect immunity to Bubat's CC during the target processing? Isn't Grid immune to all kinds of CC? Then won't Bondre's CC skills be sealed? 』

『 That isn't the case. Even if Grid is immune to CCs, he can't free himself from the ice. 』

『 Why? 』

『 If Bondre uses something like ‘Ice Prison’ or ‘Ice Spider Web’ to physically block his path, CC resistance is meaningless. Grid will become trapped in a narrow cage and the target of the famous ‘Absolute Zero.’ 』

『 Are you saying he will disable Grid by limiting the space? 』

『 That’s right. In particular, it should be noted that the stage of the PvP is an island. In an area with a lot of water, an ice magician’s magic power and casting speed will increase by 20%. Isn’t Bondre strongest in water? It’s hard to imagine he will be defeated. 』

『 Victory or defeat doesn’t matter. We should just rejoice over getting to appreciate the beautiful and famous Ice Spider Web. 』

Ice Spider Web was a very effective, but colorful magic. The magic that shaped the webs froze all moisture in the atmosphere and completely restrained all objects in its range. The target would become trapped in the spider web that came from all four directions and become pure prey. They couldn’t lift a finger because there was no space to move.

Three months ago, Bondre was able to win a PvP competition hosted by JIN, a leading Japanese company, because of the Ice Spider Webs. He completely overwhelmed Katz, JIN’s successor and the third epic class.

“That’s right, class isn’t important. Bondre is a normal class, but he trampled on an epic class? He doesn’t have to be afraid, even if

his opponent has a legendary class.”

“Bondre is a smart and solid player. Unlike Hurent, I believe that he can beat Grid.”

Most of the French agreed with the opinion of the experts. They didn't doubt Bondre's victory. There was a basis for their faith. In fact, Bondre had never been defeated in battle. He wasn't called '100 Matches 100 Victories' Bondre for no reason.

But the reaction of the people apart from the French were divided.

“I no longer believe the words of the experts.”

“Yes. Didn't they say that Hurent would unconditionally win against Grid, and the result was the exact opposite?”

“But it's true that Bondre is strong. He is famous as an undefeated legend...”

“Certainly, Bondre's level isn't as high as Hurent's level. Can't Grid beat Bondre? I'm looking forward to it.”

The Korean netizens also started to discuss it.

-100 Matches 100 Victories Bondre... Indeed, this time it will be tough for Grid.

–God Grid will win.

–Bondre is a famous ranker known for his clever plays. Have you forgotten how he fooled all the other rankers to win the labyrinth breakthrough? Grid already showed Restraint in the battle against Hurent, so he will be thoroughly attacked by Bondre.

–Won't God Grid unconditionally win if he manages to approach?

–An ice mystic is about stiffness. If he installs several layers of ice barriers and shields, Grid won't be able to use a skill. Then Hurent will counterattack when Grid can't use skills.

–How will he approach in the first place? To be honest, an ice mystic is a scam. Although the speed of hunting is slow, so it's difficult to level up.

–But Bondre is ranked 11th.

–That means Bondre is really skilled. On the other hand, Grid has all his items.

–People are acting the same again.

–Didn't you say that Grid couldn't beat Hurent? But the result? Grid won in 5 seconds. Don't pretend that you know everything.

–Shut up and praise God Grid.

“He seems to be facing a strong opponent this time.”

Youngwoo’s parents couldn’t hide their anxious expressions. The experts on the TV were predicting their son’s defeat.

Sehee reassured her parents. “Oppa will win again.”

Even before the confrontation with Hurent, people around the world said that her brother wouldn’t win. But the result? Her brother won in only 5 seconds. Sehee believed that her brother would win again.

‘All the time and passion that brother has poured into Satisfy...’

Sehee didn’t know anything about Satisfy. But it was hard to think that her brother, who spent all his time in Satisfy, would be defeated by others.

‘Isn’t that right? Oppa. Just win.’

Her brother had been ignored by others, and now he was being acknowledged by many people all over the world. Sehee’s heart was happy. She was proud of her brother.

The Korean team’s waiting room.

Yura was nervous. After Youngwoo defeated Hurent, he didn't return to the waiting room, but went somewhere else.

‘I need to give Youngwoo-ssi advice...’

Bondre was a completely different style of opponent from Hurent. She had been directly defeated by him. Youngwoo had logged out Hurent in just five seconds. This was a phenomenal record, but she was worried he would become careless after it.

‘If he's trapped in an ice prison or web, there will be no room to swing his sword.’

Youngwoo's greatswords were at least 3m in length. Greatswords weren't a weapon capable of being swung in a tight space. It was the end once he was trapped. The sword wouldn't be able to swing, he wouldn't be able to break the wall of ice and he would eventually become the victim of Absolute Zero.

‘He needs to end the match before Bondre uses his ice prisons and webs.’

Yura wanted to pass this on to Youngwoo. But Youngwoo didn't pick up his phone and she couldn't give him advice because he was missing.

‘If he's careless...’

As moment Yura was worrying...

Youngwoo was meeting a person in a secret place.

“My name is Rail Smith. My ID in Satisfy is Lauel.”

The person who introduced himself was too young to be called a man, but too mature to be called a boy. He was estimated to be in his late teens. He had blond hair and white skin. His eyes were calm and he had stubborn lips. He had a pretty forehead and narrow jaw. He was so beautiful that he reminded Grid of the main character of a British teen movie.

Youngwoo felt strong hostility towards him.

“So what? Why did you call me here?”

Lauel was confused by the expression on Youngwoo’s face and explained. “The Tzedakah Guild... No, not exactly. Please accept me as your subordinate.”

Grid knew who Lauel was. It was because Ibellin often talked about Lauel.

‘A genius among geniuses.’

The only person who Ibellin considered as a rival. That guy wanted to be Youngwoo’s subordinate? Youngwoo made a funny

face and asked bluntly, “Why do you want to follow me? Is it because you want me to make you an item?”

“Yes.” Lael also answered honestly.

Youngwoo nodded.

“Okay.”

“Huh?”

Lael was baffled because Youngwoo agreed so easily. In fact, he thought Youngwoo would be reluctant. Everything he prepared to convince Youngwoo became obsolete.

“The more slaves I have, the better.”

“...” Lael didn’t speak Korean perfectly. Therefore, he didn’t know the exact meaning of the word ‘slave,’ but he was sure it meant ‘subordinate’ based on the context. “Thank you for accepting me. As long as you can give me what I want, I will pledge my loyalty to you forever.”

“Yes, yes.”

Lael spoke such words so casually. This guy, there was another person like Huroi.

‘Not bad.’

Recently his minerals finder – Minor, had only been recommending dangerous places to him. For example, Cork Island Dungeon.

‘I never thought I would have to fight the great demon Hell Gao when I was just trying to mine a mineral. I need a bodyguard in case that absurd situation occurs again.’

He already had a powerful knight called Jude, but Jude was an NPC. Unlike users, NPCs had a finite life. He was reluctant to take them to dangerous places with him because he was worried about them dying.

However, Lauel was a user. Youngwoo was making a happy expression when Lauel gave advice to him.

“You should be careful of Bondre. Don’t give him time to case his ice prisons and webs.”

“I don’t know what ice prisons and webs are, but don’t they require casting time?”

“...Yes, but it will be difficult to approach him.”

Bondre could generate an ice barrier around 1m in diameter in less than 1.5 seconds. Even if Grid advanced while resisting all types of status conditions like slow, frostbite and freeze, he would

inevitably be delayed by the barrier.

“By the time you break the ice barrier, Bondre will finish casting his magic.”

So what? Ranged skills were the answer.

“If I had to give advice on how to fight...”

Youngwoo waved his hand at Lael, who was trying to explain the timing to use the Transcended Link skill.

“I will take care of it.”

“Yes.”

It would be good to taste frustration at least once. Lael hoped that after Youngwoo was defeated by Bondre, he would abandon arrogance to become more prudent. He didn't know. Youngwoo had already suffered numerous setbacks.

‘Anyway, I can log out Bondre in 5 seconds.’

Right now, Youngwoo wasn't being arrogant. He knew his strength better than anyone else, so he calmly grasped the situation.

‘I’m the strongest.’

Hurent had referred to boss monsters as fools who just used strength. Boss monsters were strong, but they could be ignored. But what was the reality? The pope, the Awakened Guardian of the Forest, and Hell Gao. Had Hurent ever struggled with big shots like them? Even if he had fought strong boss monsters, had he ever defeated them alone?

‘He doesn’t understand the subject.’

Youngwoo ignored such a man. Didn’t he smash that conceited guy in 5 seconds? It was funnier the more he thought about it.

“Puhuhu.” Youngwoo laughed.

『 After a while, the first match of the round of 16 will begin. All participants should go to the capsule room. 』

Youngwoo moved according to the guide.

“I am on a different dimension from all of you.”

The only legend. He would show the world why a legend was a legend. And.

『 Grid, who logged out Aura Master Hurent in 5 seconds and the undefeated Bondre! With hundreds of thousands of spectators and

hundreds of millions of viewers watching! Their showdown! Start!

Papat!

Grid and Bondre appeared in the desolate garden of the Lion's Castle.

“Ice Field.”

Bondre didn't delay. He immediately changed the surroundings to make it more advantageous to him.

Jjejeok! Jjejejeok!

The ground in a 50m radius was completely frozen. Now Grid would slip if he moved even one step. And. Grid stood in place, not even trying to take one step.

Bondre laughed.

‘I've blocked his skills.’

Grid needed at least four steps every time he used Pagma's Swordsmanship. But now he couldn't move as he liked on the ice field. And even if he didn't slip?

‘A sharp piece of ice will protrude with every step he makes, meaning it is impossible to do his sword dance.’

Grid had only one choice. He couldn’t use skills on the ground. So he would inevitably fly up in the sky. Bondre was planning to completely trap Grid using the Ice Spider Web.

‘I will finish it with Absolute Zero.’

Ssik.

As Bondre was smiling with satisfaction. Grid still didn’t take a single step as he swung his black greatsword lightly.

“Golden Flash.”

Kuwaaaaaang!

[Golden Flash]

A skill attached to Dainsleif (Reproduction).

All enemies in a straight line will receive damage that is equal to 1,000% of your current magic power.

Skill Mana Cost: 500

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

Golden Flash was an instant skill, unlike Pagma's Swordsmanship. The speed was brilliant when used in a flat area. Just...

Grid was a warrior type player so he couldn't use Golden Flash efficiently due to his lack of magic power. However, the current Grid...

Name: Grid

Level: 253 (11,090/39,556,900)

Class: Pagma's Descendant

* The probability of adding additional options when making items will increase.

* The probably of item enhancement will increase.

* All equipment items can be worn unconditionally. However, there is a penalty depending on the rating of the item.

Title: One who Became a Legend

* Abnormal conditions don't work well on you.

* You won't die when health is at the minimum.

* Easily acknowledged.

Title: First Unique Item Maker

* Dexterity +200

Title: Only Legendary Item Maker

* Dexterity +350

Title: Knight Slayer

* Stamina +100.

* Strength +30

Title: Apostle of Justice

* All stats +10.

* The Apostle of Justice's bravery is unmatched.

Title: Man who has Touched Hell

* Health +3,000

* You have the right to go to hell.

Health: 48,778/48,778 + 9,000

Mana: 5,118/5,118

Strength: 2,314(+40) Stamina: 1,182(+110)

Agility: 647(+10) Intelligence: 643(+210)

Dexterity: 1,384(+560) Persistence: 808(+10)

Composure: 594(+10) Indomitable: 675(+10)

Dignity: 594 (+10) Insight: 907(+10)

Courage: 538 (+10) Demonic Magic Power: 2 (+10)

Stat Points: 230

Weight: 45,019/110,520

Grid's intelligence reached 853 when he wore Malacus' Cloak. He had the level 200 stats awakening. In other words, the second awakening meant mana would increase by 6 and magic damage by 2 with every point in intelligence.

Grid currently had 1,706 magic power. What if this was multiplied by many times? The attack power would far exceed that of Bondre's Absolute Zero.

“What...?”

Didn't Grid always dance when he used a skill? Then what was this skill? He didn't expect it at all.

“Ice Barrier!”

Bondre paled as he hurriedly used magic. Ice Barrier was the shield with the most 'physical defense' among all the shields Bondre could use. It was helpless in front of Golden Flash that dealt damage proportional to magic power.

Jjejeong!

“Heok...!”

Golden Flash completely penetrated through the shield. With its overwhelming aura, the ice barrier collapsed instantly.

[You have suffered 12,530 damage.]

A blow that took 40% of a user's health at once would stun the user for three seconds. Just now, Bondre lost 80% of his health.

[You can't regain your mental state.]

“W-What...!”

He felt a chill go down his spine. Dozens of energy blades were coming towards his face.

“...!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

A devastating explosion shook the Lion's Castle. The commentator witnessed a faint grey light and shouted reflexively.

『 P-Player Bondre has been logged out...! 』

This time it was 4 seconds. '4 seconds' was ranked first on the real time search terms of various portal sites. The world was once again in shock.

Zibal jumped to his feet in shock.

“He broke the ice barrier? That means his magic power...!”

Zibal hadn't lost his composure when Hurent lost. Hurent was overconfident and was stung by Grid. It didn't mean anything more. But now that idea had changed.

‘A monster.’

Was Grid hiding a special trick? Nonsense. He wasn't hiding anything. His power just significantly exceeded Zibal's predictions. It was immeasurable. Yes, just like Kraugel. He was someone that couldn't be matched until the third advancement class.

Then the world started pouring praise towards Grid. Korean netizens united for the first time in almost 100 years and shouted ‘God Grid!’ The experts also didn't ignore Grid anymore.

『 The phrase ‘Praise God Grid’ is spreading on the Internet. I also want to praise God Grid. 』

『 That... Me too... 』

『 ... 』

Satisfy.

At a hunting ground, Peak Sword witnessed a party composed of

foreigners and asked them in broken English.

“Do you know Grid?”

Chapter 182

No matter if this was a legendary class, wasn't it too strong? Defeating famous rankers in a matter of seconds? It was a class that would collapse the balance. In addition, Pagma's Descendant wasn't a pure combat class, but a production class. Was Pagma's Descendant intended to be this strong? Was it perhaps a bug?

Grid defeated Aura Master Hurent in 5 seconds and Bondre in 4 seconds. His stunning world debut, devastating Satisfy's strongest players in a single blow, caused huge waves. Public opinion was boiling. The S.A. Group was flooded with inquiries.

In the end, Chairman Lim Cheolho judged that he needed to calm the atmosphere and spoke directly. The balance didn't collapse. Pagma's Descendant was intended to be this strong, and it wasn't a bug.

There were a total of nine legendary classes. They were special classes only for the chosen nine people. All of them were immune to CC. That's right. The CC Immunity was a passive skill that all nine legendary classes had in common and was a privilege exclusively for them.

Was it too much privilege? What could he do?

Originally, the world wasn't fair. There was always one person ahead of others when it came to achievements or luck. Was everyone equal in the world? Would that world be fun? A game where no matter how hard you tried, you would end up being like

someone else? Would anyone play that game?

Of course, he was well aware that normal classes might feel deprived. They didn't need to worry. Satisfy was a world designed to make everyone happy, even if they weren't equal.

Didn't they already directly experience it?

The ability of all normal classes shot significantly upwards after the second advancement. With such a formula, their abilities would improve even more after the third advancement, and the gap with the legendary classes would gradually be narrowed. If the third advancement was still lacking? Then there was the fourth advancement class.

Satisfy was a game built to reward everyone. It was inevitable that the hidden classes would lead the way, but if they played the game to the best of their ability, someday the normal class users would catch up to them.

Lim Cheolho, the creator of the virtual reality, was already deified. Satisfy had been released for one year and eight months, and not a single bug had been found. Lim Cheolho's credibility was absolute for creating such a perfect world. Most of the people in the world were convinced by Lim Cheolho's remark.

The controversy about Grid quickly disappeared.

“...I never thought the day would come when I would lie.”

After the press conference.

Lim Cheolho's expression wasn't bright as he returned to his office. Pagma's Descendant was intended to be this strong and it wasn't a bug.

This remark. It was a lie.

Of course, it wasn't a bug. But it was true that this went against the intentions of the creators. Pagma's Descendant should be more normal and weaker than he was now. But Grid had become stronger than was originally planned for Pagma's Descendant.

"Umm."

Lim Cheolho sat in a chair and recalled Grid's actions in the PvP. It was overwhelming strength that surpassed insufficient senses and control. The foundation of that strength was his abnormally high stats.

What was the reason for Grid's high stats? Grid spent too long making five legendary items after becoming Pagma's Descendant.

"Originally, he should've made five legendary items four months earlier than he did, making his stat growth beyond what was expected..."

Grid was too lacking in game talent. So he didn't take advantage of the benefits of his class and wasted his time. He was stagnant for a long time. Furthermore, he was very unlucky. He fell to a minus level and could barely create legendary items.

Due to that, he avoided the planned penalty and Pagma's Descendant received much higher stats than the creators planned. His growth slowed due to insufficient game talent, but this was actually good luck.

“Kulkul... Indeed, a protagonist is a special existence...”

At the time of the Pope Drevigo raid. Grid had claimed he was a protagonist. And he certainly showed the actions of a protagonist. By getting rid of the corrupt pope, he saved thousands of the Rebecca people and helped Damian become the first unique class, Goddess' Agent.

So far, the protagonist of Satisfy was definitely Grid. He changed the landscape of Satisfy with every action he took.

But.

“He isn't the only protagonist.”

The supercomputer Morpheus reported.

[The current time is 13:01:27. Quest RD-3991X has been completed.]

“Great.”

Lim Cheolho's gaze was fixed on the extra large monitor on the wall of the office. There was a man on the monitor that was surrounded by dozens of screens.

The ID was Kraugel. He had maintained the 1st ranking since Satisfy opened. He was the first to reach level 300 and at this moment, he achieved his third advancement class. Despite being a normal class, he became a 'sword saint' candidate.

“Quest RD-3991X is... The White Swordsman class?”

Right now, Kraugel was moving from the Western Continent to the Eastern Continent. He was the first user. Kraugel became the first to leave footprints on the white snow that no one had stepped on yet.

‘By completing a large number of quests first, he will gobble up more than a few titles. This will make him an even more unique person.’

Lim Cheolho thought for a moment before asking a question out of pure curiosity.

“If the current Grid fought with Kraugel, who will win?”

[There is a 51.3% probability that Kraugel will win.]

“Even before he receives the new titles...?”

Once again, the world wasn't fair. Just as there was a unique genius called Lim Cheolho in the scientific community, there was a unique genius called Kraugel in the game world. Originally, no one could exceed them.

However, there was no Grid in the scientific world, while there was Grid in the game world. He wondered how long Kraugel's solo dominance could continue.

‘Grid has already exceeded numerous geniuses.’

Was it just exceeding? Grid started to gather numerous geniuses around him. In contrast, Kraugel was alone. Later, would Grid be able to surpass Kraugel?

Lim Cheolho was looking forward to it.

The existence that would reign at the top of the world he created, would it be a genius or a dunce? It was very interesting.

3rd on the unified rankings, Chris. He was also the master of the strongest Giant Guild, and predicted it the moment the PvP event began.

‘The opponent I will meet in the finals is Grid.’

In the round of 32, Grid faced Hurent. Most people thought that Hurent would defeat Grid. Then the round of 16 would be a match between Hurent and Bondre, and the winner of the fight was expected to make it to the final.

But Chris thought differently. He predicted that Grid would win against Hurent and Bondre and come up to the final match.

“However, I never predicted he would do it in 5, then 4 seconds.”

Was Chris scared? No. He was somewhat nervous, but not afraid. Rather, his blood was boiling.

“I am also someone who deals deadly blows.”

Chris used a greatsword. He was able to handle a greatsword much better than Grid. He didn’t think he would be defeated in a frontal match.

“I’m a little bit behind in stats.”

The difference in stats wasn’t important. If he used his ultimate greatsword strike, he could deal a deadly blow to Grid. Chris had much better techniques than Grid and could overpower him. He was determined to beat Grid, the ‘Butcher’ who smashed the Giant

Guild in the past.

However, there was a presence who blocked him in the round of 16. It was an opponent he didn't consider at all.

The British representative, Regas. Obviously, Regas was at the peak in L.T.S. Chris wasn't a match for Regas in L.T.S. That changed once Satisfy opened. Chris started Satisfy half a year earlier than Regas, so he was way ahead. Originally, it should've been easy to get rid of Regas.

However.

“Cough...!”

The kneeling Chris. His expression was shocked.

Regas was too strong. He used the distinctive brilliance of martial arts and combined them with powerful blows. It was hard to read the orbits of his kicks.

Chris' health dropped to half quickly. Chris confirmed the cooldown of his potions and started a conversation in order to buy time.

“What? You're much stronger than you were in the target processing. What type of magic did you conjure?”

In the target processing event, Regas had trouble with the 33rd ranked Med. He wasn't Chris' opponent. How did he become this strong in a matter of days?

Regas explained to the confused Chris. "I have a weapon, so there's a very big difference."

"...!"

A chill went down Chris' spine. He belatedly noticed the knuckles on Regas' hands. Chris was reminded that Regas always had bare hands. He was able to realize how Regas became so crazy strong.

"Did you perhaps...!? You have been playing the game without weapons so far!?"

Regas nodded.

"I thought it was a luxury for martial artists to use weapons. But this PvP competition is an exception. It's a courtesy to do my best when dealing with the strongest opponents."

[Lightning Duke's Knuckles]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 107/149 Attack Power: 201

Armor Penetration: +15% Electric Attribute: +30%

Critical Hit Chance: +30%

* There will be additional physical damage when 5 combos succeed.

* There will be additional electrical damage when 6 combos succeed.

* There will be additional physical and lightning damage when 8 combos succeed.

* 'Thunder Chariot' will activate when 10 combos succeed.

Knuckles made by the great blacksmith 'G' who combined lightning stones with blue orichalcum.

The primary weakness of knuckles has been overcome with this lightning energy.

User Restriction: Level 280 or higher. More than 1,200 strength. More than 1,000 agility. Advanced Knuckle Mastery Level 4.

Regas had never used a weapon since Satisfy started. Thanks to this, the S.A. Group called him a 'crazy person.'

Jjejeong! Jjejejeok!

[The 5th combo has been achieved!]

[The effect of the 'Lightning Duke's Knuckles' has been activated, causing additional physical damage to the target.]

Peeng!

[The 6th combo has been achieved!]

[The effect of the 'Lightning Duke's Knuckles' has been activated, causing additional lightning damage to the target.]

Kwa kwang!

[The 8th combo has been achieved!]

[The effect of the 'Lightning Duke's Knuckles' has been activated, causing additional physical and lightning damage to the target.]

Jjejejeok! Kwang!

[The 10th combo has been achieved!]

[The effect of the 'Lightning Duke's Knuckles' has been activated, causing Thunder Chariot to be triggered.]

Kurururung!

The Lion's Castle, that was barely maintaining its shape, was swallowed up by lightning.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

It was a complete collapse. The once flourishing Lion's Castle disappeared into history. It was a scene that represented the decline of the Bonkost Principality.

『 C-Chris has been logged out...! 』

Chris was one of the strongest candidates. Now, the only hope to face Grid was defeated by the 13th ranked Regas? People were in shock. In particular, the Canadians were resentful and frustrated that Canada wasn't even ranked third overall.

『 After many surprises, the final four have been determined. 』

『 It's amazing. Three out of the four contestants are members of the Tzedakah Guild. 』

『 Grid, Regas and Pon. The Tzedakah Guild, which is said to be the strongest group in Satisfy, is clearly showing its status. 』

“Everybody is strong.”

Jishuka supported everyone. But among them, she especially cheered for Grid over Regas and Pon.

After that.

Pon and Regas met in the round of 4 and fought for 17 minutes. The splendor of Taekwondo and the spear made people crazy. In the end, Regas won. It was a victory determined by just a slight difference.

“I will win next time.”

Pon neatly admitted his defeat. The friendship of the two people became more solid. On the other hand, Grid confronted the 25th ranked Bubat. The result was that Bubat forfeited. It was a waste of time to fight with Grid, who was immune to Bubat’s CC.

In the finals that followed immediately afterwards, Grid won against Regas. Unlike before, it wasn’t an overwhelming victory. Grid allowed up to 8 combos from Regas’ knuckles and suffered a brief crisis. But the fight quickly reversed due to the +9 Failure’s overwhelming attack power.

Regas gradually realized the importance of items. His superfluous pride as a martial artist blurred.

『 Grid has won! As a result, South Korea is third on the overall rankings! 』

South Korea was the country with the highest potential to not even win a bronze medal in this National Competition. However, Grid had won gold medals in the target processing and PvP, raising South Korea's ranking to third.

It was a tremendous achievement that no one could foresee. South Korea was enthusiastic. It was an entirely festive mood.

The overall rankings:

1st place United States: 3 gold medals. 2 silver medals. 1 bronze medal.

2nd place France: 2 gold medals. 1 silver medal. 2 bronze medals.

3rd place South Korea: 2 gold medals.

4th place Canada: 1 gold medal. 2 silver medals.

The National Competition wasn't over yet. The pet marathon remained.

“Now it's the end of Grid's role.”

The United States would solidify their first place. Or France would take away the first place. Maybe Canada might reclaim the third place.

The users with drake pets participated in the pet marathon.

『 It's known that there are less than 100 people in Satisfy who have drakes as pets. 』

『 Drakes are the most powerful pet. They have tremendous speed, stamina and combat power. A country with a lot of drakes will become the winner of this pet marathon. 』

『 Grid has also placed his name on the list for the pet marathon. Does Grid have a drake as a pet? 』

『 Even if Grid is a drake user, it's useless. There isn't one user in Korea who uses a drake as a pet. The other drakes will concentrate on Grid's drake and he will eventually be eliminated. 』

『 In the end, South Korea will finish fourth in the National Competition. 』

It was a natural analysis. The pet marathon was an event where only the pets participated, not the players. It was impossible for Grid's pet to win this event unless it had a legendary rank like Grid. As it happened, all drakes had the same rating. The only difference was their attributes.

“Summon Drake!”

Yurea island.

40 players representing each country logged into the huge island that was the size of Jeju Island. Then the summoned drakes roared.

Kyaooooooh!

Kuwaaaah!

Fire, frost, poison, wind, etc. The breaths with different attributes emerged as the drakes roared! The crowd was speechless as they were overwhelmed by the spectacular sight.

“Nyang!”

Grid summoned a cat. People’s expressions twisted.

Chapter 183

Dragons created creatures that vaguely resembled them for fun. Those creatures were the drakes. Drakes had much lower intelligence and physical abilities than the dragons. Compared to dragons that were dozens of meters long, a drake was small, and their bodies were only 3m long, excluding the tail.

But they couldn't be ignored. The blood of a dragon flowed through them, so drakes were the strongest monsters. They had a minimum level of 260 and were two times faster and stronger than griffons. Their maximum speed was up to 120km and they could even shoot out breaths.

That's right. Drakes were considered as the best pets. They had no faults at all, except that they were very difficult to tame. Drakes had different personalities depending on their attributes.

The hundreds of millions of viewers were looking forward to seeing how many different types of drakes they could see through this pet marathon. They paid particular attention to Grid.

“Grid, perhaps he tamed a dark drake?”

“A dark attribute drake? Was there something like that? This is the first time I've heard of it?”

“I'm not surprised. There are less than 100 users in Satisfy who've tamed drakes as pets, so there are only one or two who tamed dark drakes.”

“What is good about drakes with the dark attribute?”

“Like bone dragons, their body is made of bone. To be precise, they are undead. Their stamina is infinite.”

“Wow... Does that mean they don't get tired? Isn't it a scam? Can't you travel anywhere on the continent with a dark drake?”

“That doesn't mean there are no restrictions. The bones in the body must be replaced from time to time because their durability is worn down. And they have a chronic weakness. They are significantly less intelligent than other drakes.”

Dark drakes were so dumb that they couldn't carry out complex orders. So in terms of battle, they were weak. But the amazing thing was that their stamina was infinite. This pet marathon. It was a simple contest about who would reach the goal first. No matter how stupid a dark drake was, they could participate in the simple pet marathon.

“Grid...”

“...He might have a dark drake.”

People had high expectations. The target processing and PvP. Grid had showed shocking appearances since he first emerged in the National Competition, so it wouldn't be strange for him to tame a dark drake.

However.

“Nyang!”

“...”

The creature that Grid summoned wasn't the strongest pet, but a small cat.

“Cat?”

“No, what...”

The expressions of the spectators and viewers instantly became disappointed. But that only lasted for a short time. People started laughing.

“Gwiyeopda.”

“Cute...!”

“Kawaii~”

“Mignon!”

“Niedlich~”

“Carino!”

“Lindo...”

“Bellus~”

Korean, English, Japanese, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Latin and so on. The word for cute in different languages simultaneously emerged. Even people who weren't usually interested in cats were excited. In particular, the children and girls who loved cute things started to flock.

“Mother! Buy me that!”

“Honey~ let's raise a cat. Yes?”

The cat that Grid summoned. It had the typical appearance of a Persian cat. Together with the color of its fur, it was very unique and attractive. Only the paws were white, while the rest of the cat was completely black. If they saw it in the middle of the night, it would look like four white paws floating.

Furthermore, it had little devil wings. It flapped its wings and flew around Grid, looking very mysterious. It was like something from a fairy tale.

The commentators were captivated by the cute appearance for a while before asking the pet experts.

『 What is that winged cat? 』

『 ... 』

None of the four famous pet experts could open their mouths. All of them were unfamiliar with the winged cat. But they were able to be sure of one thing.

『 That cat will become the prey of the drakes. 』

It was something that no one could deny. A cat couldn't go against the strongest monster, a drake. There was a huge difference in size. A drake was 3m long, while the cat was only 40cm. The drakes would eat this cat! Swallow it in one gulp! It was edible enough to be swallowed.

“That cute cat is so pitiful...”

People felt sad. Meanwhile, the pet marathon participants were laughing at Grid.

“Cat? Haha! I thought a legendary class would have the best pet?”

“Pet taming isn't an easy thing to do. He must have no talent, no

talent. Kilkil.”

“How good would it be if he could create an item to assist with pet taming? Right?”

“But it’s too much. That cat is too much. I know that South Korea is a country without any drakes, but... No matter what, he intends to enter with a cat?”

“That’s right. Shouldn’t it at least be a griffon? Griffons are called the prey of drakes. But at least a griffon would be better against the drakes than a cat.”

Originally, South Korea was a country that should’ve come last in the National Competition. But thanks to Grid, they became ranked third. The foreign players wanted to relieve their grudge, so they sneered at Grid.

Grid snorted. “Enjoy your babbling while you can.”

Noe. A memphis wasn’t a cat. His appearance was incredibly cute, but in fact, he was fearsome. He even had the ‘strongest in hell’ attached to him.

“These ridiculous things.”

Grid laughed at the participants before glancing at Noe. However, Noe was a little strange. The brave cat he saw the other day was currently shaking for some reason.

“What?”

Grid detected Noe’s anxiety and checked the status window.

Name: Noe

Species: Memphis

Level: 1 (0/200)

Affinity: 5/100

Health: 5,000/5,000

Physical Attack Power: 60 Magic Attack Power: 30

Defense: 50 Magic Resistance: 80

Attribute: Dark

Status: Fearful

(What is this, nyang? Why are there so many dragons, nyang? Kyak! Crazy Master is trying to feed me to dragons! Nyang! Save me, nyang!)

A memphis was cleverer and stronger than many demonkin, making it beloved by the great demons. Indeed, there were no shortage of demonic beasts in hell. They had high pride and it was rare for them to be intimidated.

But the story was different when it came to dragons. Dragons were the strongest creature in all of hell and on the earth. They were the only things a memphis was afraid of.

“D-Dragons are scary! Nyang!” Noe mistook the smell of the drakes for the dragons, so he jumped into Grid’s arms. Then Noe shook his head with closed eyes. “This evil master! Are you going to throw me towards dragon as food? Nyang! You will go to hell when you die! Nyang!”

Noe grumbled with resentment. Grid was baffled.

‘This is hell’s strongest demonic beast. Yet he’s afraid of drakes?’

It was completely disappointing. Grid clicked his tongue and grabbed Noe. However, Noe immediately struggled.

“Save Noe! Save me! Nyang!”

Noe cried out loudly with a protruding stomach! His short legs were moving and it was tearful at the frightening thought that Grid would throw him to the dragons. It was a pathetic appearance, but Grid was indifferent.

“If you want to live, fly hard and avoid the drakes. You will be safe once you arrive at your destination.”

This was the strongest demonic beast in hell. Grid trusted Noe. This guy was still a baby, but Grid was sure that he was better than the drakes.

“Go!”

Grid forcefully pushed Noe at the enemies.

“This evil bastard! Remove your hand! Nyang! Save Noe! Nyang!”

On the other hand. People were indignant. It was because the appearance of Grid and Noe was caught on screen for all to see.

『 Oh my... That cat is really terrified. 』

『 It is amazing that a cat has wings. Then calling it Slave... Is Slave the name of the cat? 』

『 This is a truly sad sight! It isn't enough that Grid treats his pet as a slave, but now he is abusing it when the whole world is watching? This is too much! 』

『 Even if this is virtual reality, it is too much to abuse an animal. It's clear that the animal protection groups will be in an uproar. In

particular, this is a scene that will adversely affect young children's emotional development. Any parents should cover their children's eyes at this moment. 』

The crowd was booing.

“Grid, you bastard! Don't bother the cat!”

“Making such a cute cat participate in the pet marathon, he's a sick man!”

“We can't show our daughter the sight of a cat being eaten by the drakes! The competition's committee members should have Grid leave immediately!”

“Treating a small animal as a slave! What a demon!”

“The frightened cat is so pitiful... Sob sob...”

“Mother, that cat, is it going to be eaten by the drakes?”

“Ahhh! Scary!”

The young children even started to cry. In their eyes, Grid looked like a demon. There was great confusion. The committee members were worried about whether they should really leave Grid alone. But the players logged into Satisfy had no idea of the circumstances.

Tatang!

The commentator confirmed the time and fired a magic bullet. Regardless of the outside situation, the pet marathon started.

At that moment.

“...Nyang?”

Noe had mistaken the smell of a drake for a dragon. As he was being troubled by Grid, he heard the sound of the magic bullet and his spirit cleared. Then his emerald eyes looked at the drakes.

“...You aren’t a dragon, nyang?” Noe regained his mind. “These lizard bastards tricked me! Kyaak!”

Noe wasn’t nervous anymore. His status changed.

Status: Angry

(What are these lizards? Nyang! I thought they were dragons, but they are actually food! Nyang! Daring to deceive a great demonic beast of hell! Nyang! I won’t forgive them! Nyang nyang!)

The great demon Hell Gao compared the speed of the pavranium to a memphis. But to be precise, a memphis was much faster than the pavranium. It was the fastest creature in hell.

“Kyaak!”

The moment the pet marathon started, an amazing sight unfolded. Noe’s small mouth opened to a gigantic size and swallowed the body of a drake.

“U-Uhh...?”

The master of the swallowed drake was frightened. Then an absurd notification window appeared in his vision.

[Your drake Johnson’s movement speed has dropped by 50%.]

Numerous notification windows popped up in front of Grid.

[Your memphis Noe’s movement speed has increased by 50%.]

[Soul Ingestion Lv. 1]

Has the ability to take away half of the target’s highest stats and transfer it to your master.

Skill Cooldown Time: Your own decision.

It was the moment when the effect of ‘transferring to your master’ from Soul Ingestion was activated.

Chapter 184

Johnson was a drake with the wind attribute. It had the advantage of faster movement speeds than other drakes. It was the most advantageous drake for a pet marathon.

Johnson's master, Pesto, didn't doubt Johnson's victory in the pet marathon. He believed that his drake would arrive at the destination first and he would obtain the first gold medal for Italy.

However.

'Movement speed has dropped by half?'

He had lost his weapon so easily. Pesto looked at Grid's pet like it was a ghost.

'What is that monster?'

Grid's pet was a cat. Apart from the wings, it looked exactly like the casts that Pesto knew. However, the small mouth in the '人' shape opened so large that it swallowed a 3m long drake. It was a sight so incredible that he couldn't believe it was happening. It felt like a dream.

The other participants were also shocked.

"What just happened?"

“Grid’s cat just ate Pesto’s drake.”

“But the drake is fine?”

“Don’t be fooled. Look at Pesto’s complexion. It is completely white. Something absurd definitely happened.”

“Indeed, Grid... He wouldn’t carry around an ordinary cat.”

The pet marathon began in earnest. The 38 drakes, except for Grid and Pesto’s pets who were still at the starting line, flapped their wings and started to fly. The players were relieved.

‘I don’t know what happened, but it’s good.’

Johnson was a strong candidate to win. They weren’t sure about what exactly happened, but it was good news for other players. They now knew that Grid’s pet wasn’t an ordinary cat, but it didn’t matter to them.

The other drakes were already 500m ahead, while Grid and Pesto’s pets were still at the starting line. The two of them had dropped out. The players were sure of it.

“Keeeek.”

On the other hand, Noe was busy burping with a swollen

stomach. Then Grid prompted him.

“Start quickly.”

Grid had become close to Huroi. He experienced Huroi's drake directly. He had to admire a drake's speed and stamina. To be honest, he was skeptical if Noe could afford to be so free. Noe sent a ridiculing expression towards the uneasy Grid. He placed his pink soles on Grid's waist and exclaimed.

“Is Master a coward, nyang? This is the best body in hell, the lizards can't defeat me nyang! Don't rush me! Nyang!”

The east side of the Yurea Island was a mighty mountain. It was Chingsu Mountain. The pets had to compete to reach the top of Chingsu Mountain.

Then Noe declared confidently.

“I'm the fastest! Nyang!”

Then a notification window popped up.

[Your memphis Noe's movement speed has returned to normal.]

“ ... ”

That's right. The duration of the 'Soul Ingestion' effect only lasted for three seconds. Grid had already confirmed the duration while colliding with Yoshimura during the Hell Gao raid.

Grid's expression distorted.

"This stupid cat..."

Meanwhile, Pesto's expression brightened.

[Your drake Johnson's movement speed has returned to normal.]

'The effect is huge but the duration is very short!'

The delighted Pesto ordered Johnson.

"Go forward! Get rid of everyone ahead of you."

Kyaoooooh!

Johnson responded by vigorously flapping its wings. Then it started to chase the drakes ahead of it. Tremendous speed. This was truly a wind drake. But Noe didn't fall behind that speed.

"Nyaang!"

Noe clung to Johnson's back and swallowed Johnson again.

[Your drake Johnson's movement speed has dropped by 50%.]

“What...?”

Pesto was surprised. This crazy debuff skill, the cooldown time was short? This was totally a scam!

“Why are you only bothering my Johnson!”

Pesto cried out angrily after confirming the effect on Johnson. Noe caught up to the 38 drakes.

“Predation! Nyang!”

Jjeok!

Noe's mouth was wide open. Then he swallowed the 3m long drakes.

[Your memphis Noe's movement speed has increased by 30%.]

[Your memphis Noe's health has increased by 250%.]

[Your memphis Noe's defense has increased by 500%.]

[Your memphis Noe's attack power has increased by 400%.]

“What...?”

The owners of the drakes swallowed by Noe were astonished.

[Your drake Thunder's movement speed has decreased by 50%.]

[Your drake Ultima's health has decreased by 50%.]

[Your drake Bugu's defense has decreased by 50%.]

[Your drake Ole's attack power has decreased by 50%.]

What nonsense was this? The highest stats of their drakes disappeared.

Kyaack!

The drakes swallowed by Noe were completely terrified. They instinctively recognized a predator higher than them and felt fear. The drakes were confused and lagged behind. On the other hand, Noe started to outpace them at an overwhelming speed.

『 What is going on...? 』

The commentator couldn't explain the situation. The spectators

and viewers were frustrated. The experts were showing great interest.

『That isn't just a cat with wings and the ability to speak a human language. 』

『 It is a species that can become partially gigantic! Such creatures are very rare and valuable! 』

『 The cat's momentum rises every time it swallows a drake! This act of swallowing seems to take away the stats of the target! 』

It was an accurate analysis. They weren't experts for nothing. The spectators and viewers became aware of the greatness of Noe.

“Cat-chan is amazing!”

“Using a skill to take away the target's stats...!”

“Furthermore, the cooldown time is short. Isn't this completely a scam?”

“Grid even has a legendary grade pet!”

The world was full of admiration. Meanwhile, Zibal, who was participating in the pet marathon, grinded his teeth together.

“Grid, this guy...!”

The United States were the definite winners. Most people and experts predicted that the United States would win with at least five gold medals in this National Competition. But the result? They only won three gold medals. They didn't predict that two gold medals would be taken away by South Korea.

Now at this moment. Another gold medal was being taken away. South Korea would have an equal number of gold medals. The difference in the silver and bronze medals meant the US would still be first, but their pride was upset. They wouldn't be happy to win like this.

South Korea, the candidate for the worst country, had deprived them of three gold medals? It was all due to Grid! The US, with its overwhelming power, was suffering due to one person!

“This is shameful...! My pride won't tolerate this!”

There were a total of six American players participating in the pet marathon. As the country with the strongest power, they had the most drake users. Zibal ordered them.

“Kill that cat!”

Kuoooooh!

The feast of breath attacks began. After that, the drakes poured

fire, ice, poison and light breaths at Noe. Noe was only level 1, so the attacks were quite burdensome on him.

[Your memphis Noe's has suffered 2,430 damage.]

After 3 seconds of buffs, all stats returned to normal. Noe's health was almost halved by the bombardment of breath attacks.

“Noe...!”

Grid was worried. However, Noe was the number one demonic beast of hell. He had no opponent except for dragons. Although he was still young, drakes were on a completely inferior level.

“I am angry! Nyang!”

Noe, who had gone ahead, turned around. Then he grinned at the six US team's drakes flying towards him.

“Kyaak!”

Noe's fur bristled.

Flinch.

The drakes felt the threat and stopped. But it was only for a moment.

“Attack!”

The drakes regained their courage at their master’s command and shot breaths towards Noe or attacked with their tails. This was the start of Noe’s full-fledged actions. He used simple movements to avoid the breath and Fluidization to neutralize the tail attacks. Then he opened his mouth again and devoured the stats of all six drakes.

Kyaooooooh!

The drakes panicked! Then Noe approached and waved his paws randomly at one of the drakes.

[Scratch Lv. 1]

Your paws will attack and poison the target.

Skill Cooldown Time: Whenever you like.

[Your drake Captain America has suffered 2,900 damage.]

[It has become poisoned and is in a petrified state for 3 seconds.]

“Heok...!”

Captain America was Zibal's drake. Its level was 150. That little cat's scratch managed to petrify it for three seconds? The damage to its health wasn't too big, but the status condition was huge.

The same was true for the other drakes. They were struck by petrification and hung in the air like stone statues. Then they fell towards the ground.

Kwaang!

The US team's drakes shook from the great shock. Among them, the one with the lowest level turned to grey light. Noe's level skyrocketed.

[Your memphis Noe's level has risen.]

[Your memphis Noe's level has risen.]

[Your memphis Noe's level has risen.]

[Your memphis Noe's level has...]

Noe gained 26 levels in an instant!

“This body is the best demonic beast of hell! Nyang!”

Dozens of cameras focused on his roar. The hundreds of millions

of viewers were stunned.

“Best demonic beast of hell?”

“That cat is a demonic beast of hell?”

“Wow... Demonic beasts, I have never seen them.”

The experts were excited.

『 Hell is an unknown land with no information revealed about it! Sometimes, demonic beasts and demonkin emerge from hell as boss monsters, but...! 』

『 He tamed a demonic beast! Grid is indeed amazing! 』

『 Kuk...! He is God Grid! 』

『 I would like to analyze that cat that claims to be the best demonic beast of hell. I would be very grateful if God Grid cooperates with me after this tournament. 』

Zibal stared at Grid.

“Demonic beast of hell..? Best demonic beast of hell? What the hell are you? You have already gone to hell?”

Grid seemed to be an adventurer on an entirely different dimension. He tamed a beast from uncharted territory? This was intimidating. At that moment, Zibal and the owners of the drakes, who claimed themselves as ones who mastered the best pets, felt ashamed.

The truth was different.

‘I have never been to hell.’

Grid didn’t even know where hell was. It was a place he never wanted to visit.

Grid shouted, “Go! Noe!”

The remaining distance to the goal was 1km. There was no signs that Noe would be defeated after he overpowered the US team’s drakes. At this time, a very good prey was approaching.

It was Johnson.

“Hahahaha! This is a break! Win while that monster cat is distracted by other drakes, Johnson!”

The drake passed by the US team’s drakes and Noe. It was the moment when the drake that Noe ate twice took the lead. This drake became good food for Noe.

“Nyang!”

He ignored the US team’s drakes that he already defeated and swallowed Johnson.

[Your memphis Noe’s movement speed has increased by 50%.]

[Your drake Johnson’s movement speed has dropped by 50%.]

“Kek.”

The surprised Pesto bit his tongue. He felt wronged.

‘Does this skill have no cooldown time?’

It was ridiculous. Was this truly the best demonic beast of hell?

And in the end. Noe arrived first at their destination. He stood on top of the mountain and waved his short legs.

“I am the best demonic beast of hell! Nyang! Master’s Noe! Nyang!”

“...”

A cat pretending to be Grid’s slave. People started to feel compassion for it. Grid, who enslaved a demonic beast, was like

the devil.

『 Grid has won! 』

Grid was indeed a great figure. He won a gold medal in all three of his events. And in this pet marathon, the US team couldn't even acquire a bronze medal. Therefore, the overall ranking was determined as the US in first place, South Korea in second place and France in third.

“Waaaaaaaah!”

The Koreans cheered at the unbelievable results. The French were aiming for third in the first place, so they were satisfied. But the Americans had rotten expressions on their faces. The first place would 'obviously' be the US, because they had overwhelming power.

The United States, which was originally supposed to take first place with a bigger difference, barely managed to win because there was only one Grid. Zibal was bombarded by the media. He was accused of being incompetent as a team leader.

On the other hand, Grid emerged as the hero of South Korea.

The South Korean government provided him with a huge reward of 300 million won per gold medal. There were numerous requests for CFs. He was also flooded with requests from various talk shows and entertainment programs.

It was time to hire a manager.

“God Grid! God Grid! God Grid!”

000-0 Street, XX Neighbourhood, Geumcheon-gu.

Youngwoo panicked as he returned home. A massive crowd of people appeared in his neighbourhood and warmly welcomed him. At the entrance of the neighborhood, the banner stating ‘South Korea’s Hero, God Grid!’ was hung.

It was the moment when Youngwoo’s image of an unemployed youth freeloading off his parents completely changed. The children, youths and adults of the neighborhood all treated him differently.

At this time, Yura was a great help to Youngwoo.

She was aware that Youngwoo wanted to build a building, so she used her intelligence network and recommended purchasing land where the prices were still low, but would jump up in the future.

After gaining 990 million won and finally barely reaching his target of 10 billion won, Youngwoo immediately bought the land and started construction on a seven-story building with a construction company that Yura recommended.

Then Jishuka declared.

“I will build a place next to Grid’s building. I wanted to stay close to Grid anyway.”

“I was thinking the same thing. I want to be always involved in Taekwondo, except for when I’m playing Satisfy.”

“I like Korean women...”

Jishuka, Regas and Pon planned to move to South Korea. Most of the Tzedakah Guild made a lot of money from illegal gambling and followed suit. It was because it seemed fun. Yura belatedly heard the news and also started construction on a building next to Youngwoo’s. Jishuka became alert.

After that.

Thanks to Youngwoo, Yura and the Tzedakah Guild, a certain satellite city in Seoul, which hadn’t flourished yet, was transformed into a luxury building complex.

And Youngwoo was panicked. He was informed of income-related health insurance premiums, pension insurance premiums, income tax, land tax, and building tax. However, Grid had to pay fees to the item trading site when converting Satisfy’s gold to cash, so he shed tears of blood when the tax bomb hit.

For a while, he was in a deficit.

He was very stressed and suffered from hair loss until Yura recommended a talented tax consultant to him.

Chapter 185

Yubadakan was one of the most developed cities in the Harken Kingdom.

Due to the enormous capital and the ability of competent politicians, the population exceeded 70,000. There were many hunting grounds, so there was a high floating population. The city markets were always crowded. Thanks to that, the economic growth was constant.

The owner of this rich city who would gather more than 1.5 million gold each month? It was a user, not an NPC. The user was Zibal.

“Kukukul! You looked down on Grid, so aren’t you funny now?”

Yubadakan Castle.

Asuka, the 12th executive of the Snake Guild, sneered. “You laughed when Black Teddy and I were defeated by him, but what about you? It was very fun watching your drake be beaten by a cat! Kukuku!”

Immediately after the Pope Drevigo raid. Asuka was a member of the Tzedakah Guild at the time and fought Grid with Black Teddy, Box and Toban, and was badly defeated. Due to that incident, Zibal kept making fun of her.

But what now? Grid wasn't an existence that could be ignored. Zibal was also hurt by him. Asuka felt good. It was like 10 years was taken off of her. Asuka couldn't stop laughing.

“How do you feel being beaten by someone you ignored? Huh?”

“Asuka, act more moderately...”

The moment that Box tried to restrain Asuka.

“I'm sorry.” Zibal respectfully apologized to Asuka. “I underestimated Grid. I'm really sorry for making fun of you.”

Asuka wasn't a narrow-minded person. She was satisfied with Zibal acknowledging his error and bowing to her in front of the 13 executives.

“Well, okay. I will be generous and understand your ignorance.”

“Thank you.”

In the end, the atmosphere calmed down. However, the expressions of the executives still wasn't good.

“Master. Public opinion about you has been the worst since the National Competition.”

“You are the face of the Snake Guild. Your reputation falling means that the reputation of the guild falls. For the moment, you should focus on recovering your image.”

“No, I would rather you get your third advancement class. It’s imperative that you narrow the gap with Kraugel and Grid.”

“Did I hear that you failed to invite Hurent and Lauel? It’s a top priority to replace them with other talented people.”

“Contact Katz. He changed after being defeated by Bondre a few months ago, so wouldn’t he have definitely grown?”

“We need to boost the morale of the guild after they saw the strength of the Tzedakah Guild... The guild members depend not on us executives, but the guild master.”

The executives discussed Zibal’s future route. They came up with ideas about what the guild master needed to do for the guild. But Zibal wasn’t able to concentrate on the meeting.

‘Grid...’

The First National Competition ended yesterday. Zibal was going to perform brilliantly while millions of people were watching. If he had succeeded, the reputation of the Snake Guild would naturally increase and their forces would expand rapidly.

But that plan was in vain due to Grid. The most brilliant

performer in the National Competition was Grid, not Zibal. People's attention were focused on the Tzedakah Guild, not the Snake Guild. The Tzedakah Guild was now going to grow at a tremendous pace.

‘The number of users migrating to Bairan is skyrocketing...’

Some of them were the talents that he wanted. Yes, like Lauel.

‘This can't continue.’

First of all, he needed to swallow the power of the Harken Kingdom, making it the base of his ambition to conquer the entire continent. Money, talent and military power. At first, he planned to collect the talents using money and that would pave the way for his military power.

However, he realized something in the National Competition. It took more than money to collect people.

The reason.

‘...Items.’

Grid's black greatsword and blue greatsword that cut down the best rankers like cream cheese. Chris was defeated by Regas' knuckles. Pon's red spear that pushed Regas to the point of death.

The enormous power of these four items couldn't leave Zibal's mind. He was full of a desire to have them. It was a desire that all users felt, not just him. Indeed, didn't Lauel go to Grid after seeing his items? He wondered if all the talents would be taken away by Grid at this time.

One of the executives mentioned an interesting story to Zibal.

“Should we contact Panmir?”

The 1st ranked blacksmith, Panmir. He was originally a person that guilds actually sought after, but he was overshadowed by the emergence of Pagma's Descendant.

“I've found Panmir's location. He is staying in the city of dwarves.”

“Dwarves...?”

Dwarves were innate blacksmiths. They produced countless blacksmiths with outstanding talent. They were so arrogant that they ignored human blacksmiths. Then how could Panmir stay in the city of dwarves?

The executives speculated.

“Panmir might be recognized by the dwarves and performing a hidden class change quest.”

“Hoh...?”

A small number of dwarves were able to give life to items. And the species itself was capable of dealing well with gunpowder. Pagma might be the overall better blacksmith, but they surpassed Pagma in certain areas. What if Panmir inherited the talent of the dwarves?

‘The only rival of Grid will be born.’

They had to invite him. Zibal decided and immediately got up.

“I will go and see Panmir.”

After that. Zibal succeeded in inviting Panmir, and the Snake Guild grew rapidly with his help.

The Yatan Church’s Third Temple.

The Yatan servants gathered at the temple in the destroyed Bonkost Principality. Yura was also there.

“Finally, the successor of Priest Malacus has been decided.”

Since the Tzedakah Guild and Grid killed Malacus... The Yatan

Church had gradually weakened because they couldn't proceed with their religious rituals. Now a new priest was selected.

‘Level 420...?’

Yura was astonished as she confirmed the newly elected priest. It was because the level of the new priest was 100 higher than Malacus.

‘A fourth advancement NPC...’

It was the same as the Second Servant and the Third Servant. Neberius's successor in the future was expected to be in the same class. Yura was curious about the identity of the First Servant.

‘How strong is the existence who reigns above all of them?’

She had never met the First Servant. Grid said that he needed to receive God Yatan's blessing for his quest, but she hadn't been able to figure out how to help. The Second Servant, Likaos, ordered her.

“Eighth Servant. You are still too weak to show the grandeur of God Yatan. Embark on the Path of Penance and grow.”

[The quest ‘Path of Penance ’ has been created.]

[Path of Penance]

Difficulty Level: SS

Meet the First Servant unharmed.

Quest Clear Conditions: ??

Quest Failure: ??

The description was too poor for a quest of the highest difficulty. She already had a headache.

‘This will be a tough quest.’

But she finally met the minimum qualifications to meet the First Servant. Yura was filled with tension and anticipation.

“For the sake of God Yatan.”

Based on Satisfy’s worldview, she was an obviously evil person.

“Thanks for the hard work.”

S Broadcasting Station located in Ilsan. Youngwoo quickly got up as soon as he finished his talk show. The main host, PDs and other staff members approached and greeted him.

“You did a really good job.”

“The broadcast turned out well thanks to you.”

“Youngwoo-ssi, I’ll see you next time. I want to treat you to a meal.”

“Will you connect to Satisfy as soon as you go home? Please reveal your level!”

Satisfy revolutionized global innovation as the first virtual reality game that surpassed existing technology. It secured over two billion users and deeply penetrated into the world economy. It had an overwhelming influence in all areas. The Korean people were extremely proud that this great work was made in South Korea.

But there was one problem. South Korea reigned as a powerhouse in games decades ago, but it was now weak. Satisfy was definitely a Korean game, but most Koreans didn’t play it. Most of the content in Satisfy was dominated by users from the US, France, Canada and China. South Korea had Yura and Peak Sword, but that wasn’t enough.

The Korean people felt a severe thirst. Why were the Koreans showing weakness in a proud domestic game enjoyed by the world? It was painful.

But not anymore.

One month ago.

Shin Youngwoo participated in the National Competition as a representative of South Korea, and won three gold medals with overwhelming ability. This resolved the thirst of the Korean people all at once.

Youngwoo became the hero of South Korea. Any Korean person would love Youngwoo. His popularity transcended Park Jisung and Kim Yuna in the past. It was close to Yura.

Youngwoo's appearances on TV always had unconditionally high ratings, and his CF's caused sale volumes to rise. Therefore, Youngwoo emerged as the blue chip in broadcasting and advertising.

Many broadcasters and advertisers tried to get him.

But Youngwoo was a very busy person. He tried to play Satisfy at least 14 hours a day.

‘Broadcasts are hard.’

In order for Youngwoo to earn a large profit in Satisfy, he needed to make a level 200 item with at least a unique rating. However, he couldn't make unique rated items whenever he wanted. Sometimes he would invest a whole week into making items and

only got one epic rated item.

On the other hand, he could earn tens of millions of won from one broadcast and hundreds of millions of won from one CF. However, Youngwoo didn't like broadcasts and advertising. At first, he was excited about being on TV, but not anymore.

It was difficult for him to be on broadcasts because he was plain and lacked improvisation skills, while CFs required shooting the same scene many times, showing his lack of acting skills and concentration.

Due to that, he started getting hair loss. Youngwoo would much rather play Satisfy.

‘It's like living on pine needles.’

In the first place, it was much more profitable to invest time in Satisfy than to invest time in broadcasting. It was still profitable, even if he produced rare and epic items.

‘The experience of my production skills goes up.’

The higher the level of the production skill, the better the items produced. Youngwoo planned to stop broadcasting and focus on Satisfy. Yura's advice also played a big role in him making this decision.

‘Minimize my image consumption.’

She said that his influence would decrease because he was too frequently exposed to the public. Youngwoo agreed. In the future, broadcasts and CFs would only be filmed when necessary.

“I hope we will shoot together next time.”

“If I have time.”

Youngwoo gave a vague answer to the eager PD and left the studio at a busy pace. As soon as he reached the parking lot, he got into 23 and looked in the mirror.

“Phew, isn’t it better now?”

Youngwoo had almost no sleep and worked for the past month in order to cope with the tax bomb thrown at him. He played Satisfy 14 hours a day to make items, then he spent 6 hours doing broadcasts or advertisements. He only slept four hours a day.

The stress caused by fatigue made his hair loss progress quickly, so Youngwoo was worried that he would end up like a bald Japanese youkai. However, he steadily took medicines and found a good tax accountant thanks to Yura, so he was gradually overcoming his hair loss. Hair started to appear again on the empty parts of his head.

“Okay, sooner or later, I will be fine.”

Buaang!

Did it notice Master's delight. 23's engine sounded livelier than usual. The destination was naturally his home.

Three months remained until the completion of his building, so Youngwoo's family continued staying in their original house until then.

Chapter 186

『 There are many users who are exploring the path to hell in order to obtain a memphis, commonly referred to as ‘Noe.’ There was a theory that the entrance to hell is somewhere in the Astra Mountains, but that turned out to be false. ‘User robbers’ in the Astra Mountains are believed to have spread the information in order to attract people, so please be careful. 』

『 I’ve just received breaking news. It’s said that a map of the legendary ‘Siren Kingdom’ is being circulated. Countless users are now heading to the Siren Kingdom. Who was the first person to find the Siren Kingdom? There are all types of speculation among the experts... 』

Youngwoo listened to Satisfy related news while driving. It wasn’t out of interest, but obligation. He was now well aware that information was power.

“The first discoverer of the Siren Kingdom... They would get titles, money and reputation. It’s huge.”

He didn’t know who it was, but he was envious. His stomach started hurting.

‘...Mind control. Mind control.’

Youngwoo was worried that his hair loss would start again, so he tried to stay calm until he arrived at his destination.

Creak.

Youngwoo parked 23 and got down. Just two weeks ago, the front of Youngwoo's house was crowded with people, but not anymore. The people of the neighborhood strictly controlled the access of outsiders, so Youngwoo's family was able to regain their normal lives.

"I'm home."

"Welcome."

Youngwoo's mother looked 10 years younger. She had been suffering because of her son over the past few years, but now she was always happy because her son was the hero of South Korea. She could see the greatness of her son. She was welcomed everywhere she went, just because she was Youngwoo's mother.

"Was the filming completed well? Wash your hands first. Then come eat. I roasted some croaker."

"Yep."

In the past, Youngwoo hadn't been motivated by anything. Even eating or washing up was troublesome. But now he was completely different. His motivation was revived. He even jogged in the morning with Sehee.

“Oppa, did you only sleep four hours yesterday?” Sehee came out from where she was studying in her room and asked. She didn’t show it, but recently she was very worried about her brother. She was afraid he might collapse from overwork. There was also the tax bombs.

Youngwoo replied while eating rice. “I will be able to sleep more from today onwards. For the time being, I will refrain from broadcasting activities. So let’s jog every morning, starting from tomorrow.”

“I thought that you didn’t want to exercise?”

“I have to do it. I need to take care of my health.”

“It’s the right idea. Health is more important than money.” Those were his father’s words. He was always strict because he wanted his son to grow up as quickly as possible, and now he treated his son with sincerity.

“Youngwoo, you have already succeeded. You have acquired tremendous wealth and honor at a young age. You’ve also paid off my debt. That alone is enough. Don’t ruin your health by being too greedy.

That’s right. It was enough. How many people built up 10 billion won assets at the age of 28, as well as acquired a worldwide reputation? The best athletes had hundreds of millions in their bank accounts in their 20’s, but Youngwoo’s father thought that wasn’t necessary.

He thought that Youngwoo had the same thought. But Youngwoo was still lacking. Youngwoo was much greedier than his father thought.

‘It’s better to have more money, Father. Now we are eating yellow corvina as a side dish, but what about in the past?’

Up to last year. Youngwoo never saw any beef in his house. There was a lot of radish soups and the meat was always pork. The taste wasn’t that good. The radish soup was too light, and the pork was too dry. Youngwoo misunderstood while eating the radish soup and pork.

‘The beef won’t taste that good in soup... Is there a rule that we shouldn’t have beef in our house?’

But what was the truth?

This year, he ate a lot of beef. The soup broth boiled with brisket was much sweeter and tastier, while the pork skewers made with good pork were soft and easy to chew. It went without saying that the beef short ribs melted in his mouth.

That’s right. There wasn’t a rule against beef. It was just that his family didn’t have money for beef. The difference between having money and no money was revealed from such a small thing.

‘I’m going to make more money, Father.’

Youngwoo's father was a person who lived thinking that he should save, rather than earn a lot. Youngwoo didn't say it aloud, but he was much greedier than his father. He already had a taste of money, so he didn't want to lose it. He didn't want to go back to the life where he didn't have any money.

‘Yes... I will accept Huroi and Lauel's opinions.’

Youngwoo felt aware of it after his father. He was looking at a higher place.

‘Become a lord.’

Bairan Village, ruled by the Tzedakah Guild, was elevated to a city 10 days ago. People were attracted to Grid, Jishuka, Pon and Regas' actions in the National Competition. And Bairan's monthly taxes collected was a huge 500,000 gold. It was valued at approximately 600 million won.

It meant that developing one territory would earn him a huge amount of money every month. He couldn't not feel greedy.

‘I will have an estate.’

In Satisfy, Youngwoo was the husband of a territory owner.

But being the husband and being the lord were distinctly

different. As Irene's husband, he might have some influence on the policies, but he wasn't authorized to directly manage the taxes. Youngwoo wanted to own a territory himself.

After the meal ended.

“Oppa.”

“Huh?”

“...Good night.”

Sehee wanted to say something, but in the end, she just went back to her room. She was acting strange.

“Good night~”

Youngwoo was so deep in thought that he couldn't notice his sister's strange behavior. He immediately entered the capsule.

“Then I will begin.”

The time finally came to log into Satisfy. But before that, there was something he had to do.

“First of all.”

Ttalkak!

Youngwoo accessed the Internet and entered ‘Grid’s Fan Cafe.’ Then as one of the 1.36 million members, he started writing praise about Grid. He did this on a daily basis.

<Grid-nim looks so cool!>

The more I look, the more handsome he is. ^^ ~ There was a rumor that he was bald, but that is clearly groundless ^^ㅎㅎ

“Good.”

He wore a partial wig for a while before of his hair loss. There was some rumors saying that he looked strange on air or that he was bald. Youngwoo was satisfied with the post he wrote about himself and succeeded in joining Noe’s fan club.

Noe’s fan club had 500,000 more members than his.

‘Dammit...’

A cat was more popular than him? His pride hurt every time he saw it. Youngwoo started writing slanderous words about Noe as usual.

<Noe is plain-looking ⇒>

Noe will ruin Grid's beauty when placed side-by-side. The cat is arrogant.

“Now I have released some of my frustration. Huhuhut...!”

Youngwoo was satisfied when looking at his malicious post. He finally logged into Satisfy.

“Dear husband~”

Winston Castle.

A woman with a small figure entered Grid's arms as soon as he opened his eyes. Grid smiled at the familiar sight as soon as he logged in.

“Have you been waiting? Irene.”

Grid's facial expression and tone differed depending on who the opponent was. Shin Youngwoo or Grid. He was a blacksmith or a swordsman. Grid had been living this four-fold life for a long time, so his acting ability naturally increased. No, maybe he had several personalities.

“Am I that good?” Grid asked Irene with gentle eyes.

“There is no one better than you in this world.”

“Irene...”

“Dear husband...”

The two of them slept together just yesterday. This was already the 8th time. Grid was a ‘god’ in bed thanks to his high stamina and dexterity stat, so it was natural to be loved.

“Every day, I want every day to be like yesterday.”

“Haha...” Grid laughed awkwardly as Irene honestly expressed her desire. Then he asked, “Where are my knights?”

“I’m not sure. Everyone is busy today.”

Grid had a total of three knights. One was the NPC Jude, while the other two were Huroi and Lauel. The first dual class and the strongest of the Ten Rookies had pledged their loyalty to Grid. Due to the game system, he had to pay at least 500 gold monthly to each knight, but it was worth it.

The master/slave relationship was useful in many ways. For example.

“Summon Knights.”

[Which knight would you like to summon?]

“Huroi and Lauel.”

[The summoning command has been sent. The response is pending.]

[The targets have accepted the summons.]

[The knights Huroi and Lauel have been summoned.]

Once the knights answered their master’s call, they would be summoned to his side, no matter how far away the two of them were. It was a skill so it couldn’t be used in some areas or when he had the silence debuff on him, but Grid was resistant to the silence debuff. It meant Grid could summon the knights at any time, so this system was very good to him.

“You came, Lord.”

Huroi was loyal to Grid and now he was completely immersed in genuinely serving Grid. He was like a character from a historical drama.

“You connected to the game late today.”

Lauel was no different from Huroi. He was faithful to his role. He didn’t use the exaggerated title of Lord, but he bowed after being summoned. Grid looked at his two subordinates for a while.

“Come, get up. Huhuhut... I am very glad to see your dependable appearances.”

“ ... ”

Irene was embarrassed for some reason. She used the excuse that she was busy and left this place. This meant only three people remained in Grid’s office.

Lauel asked as soon as Irene left. “You could just whisper to us. Why did you use the summoning? Don’t you know that the skill has a cooldown time of 36 hours? What will happen if you can’t use it during a crucial moment?”

Grid was unique to Lauel, because he was the only one who could produce the items Lauel wanted. Grid spoke like it wasn’t a big deal.

“Well, what is the big deal?”

“ ... ”

This was complete carelessness. It was hard to make Grid act carefully after he defeated big names in the National Competition. Sooner or later, his nose would be hurt by it.

‘That big nose, I will protect it.’

As Lael was thinking about the weapon Grid would produce for him, Huroi asked Grid a question.

“Then you summoned us because...?”

Huroi had been in the process of completing a monster hunting sub-quest that took him three hours by drake to get there. He wanted to believe that Grid summoned him because it was urgent.

Then Grid opened his mouth.

“I’m going to become a lord.”

‘Finally...!’

It was after the National Competition. One month passed in reality, while it was three months in Satisfy. During that time, Grid had created items for the Tzedakah and accumulated wealth and skill levels. Grid acted faithfully as the guild’s blacksmith. Grid was satisfied with this. He was overjoyed every time he got a new production method.

But Huroi and Lael thought this was a waste of Grid’s power. It was unfortunate to see such a unique existence be satisfied with being the blacksmith of a small guild, without any larger goals.

The two of them tried to persuade Grid. Escape from the small

cage called the Tzedakah Guild and expand into the wider world.

Grid worried over his decision for a few days.

“I will withdraw from the Tzedakah Guild. I will create my own unique force, based on your opinions.”

In the end, he decided. Thanks to this, Huroi and Lael were ecstatic. They thought that the moment to show off their talents had arrived.

‘Lord will be the first user...’

‘To become a king.’

The two men were thinking about the Snake Guild. With Grid’s power, couldn’t they dream about conquering the continent? It wasn’t Zibal, but Grid’s fate to become the first emperor. The two people didn’t doubt it.

Grid currently only had the simple goal of ‘becoming a lord,’ but Huroi and Lael were dreaming of placing Grid on a higher mountain. In order to do that...

“After establishing your new guild, invite the Tzedakah Guild.”

Inevitably, a lot of talent was required. The Tzedakah Guild had the strongest rankers and were a force that must be absorbed.

Lauel explained, “The Tzedakah Guild is already addicted to the items you produce and won’t want to lose this. Some of them, including Jishuka, have a vested interest in you. They will surely join you. If you want, they will surely become your subordinates.”

Lauel was certain of it. He had only followed Grid for a month and within that month, he became someone that couldn’t live without Grid. He was a slave to items.

At the same time.

“It has been a long time.”

A blonde female was attracting attention as she entered Winston. The girl’s ID was Euphemina. She was the first epic class and the first discoverer of the Siren Kingdom.

Chapter 187

“The time for revenge has come.”

The assassins Shay, Kerb and Sniffer. The three people tried to hunt Grid without knowing his identity, but it was frustrating that they lost their items. Their grudge against Grid was quite deep. They felt angry whenever they thought about the value of the dropped items.

“We must assassinate him and make him drop his items.”

The three people finally came to Winston after leaving Rolling. They were eyeing the enormous items that Grid used in the National Competition. In particular, they wanted the blue greatsword and golden blades. If the assassination was successful, they would be able to get a jackpot from his items.

‘Our stealth is now at level 6...’

‘... If we can approach Grid, we can successfully assassinate him.’

Shay was ranked 3rd, Kerb ranked 7th, and Sniffer ranked 9th. Their rankings had risen compared to before. In addition, they had a third advancement assassin NPC on their side. After completing an S-grade quest for the Assassins Association, they could hire the best assassin for an expensive price.

They could assassinate Grid if they had the power of this

assassin. At least, they thought so.

Class: Duplicator

- * The target's skill can be perfectly replicated.

Title: A Qualified Hero

- * You won't get tired easily.

- *Your stats will grow faster.

Title: Competitor

- * Interacts with high luck.

- * Skill 'Rolling Dice' can be used.

Title: Friend of the Water Clan.

- * It is possible to breathe in water for a long time.

- * Movement speed in water doesn't decrease.

* Have a high affinity with the Water Clan.

Title: One who Receives Sunlight

* Health +2,000. Mana +2,000.

* Under sunlight, all skills will increase by 7%.

* Under sunlight, the power of fire skills will increase by 16%.

[Skill Observation Lv.8 (51.3%)]

You can observe the skill used by the target and analyze the information thoroughly.

The analysis of the skill can be saved for only 3 minutes.

Skill Mana Cost: 300

Skill Cooldown Time: None.

[Skill Duplication]

Successfully duplicate the observed skill.

The duplicated skill will be permanently stored in your skills list

until it is used. It will be deleted when used once.

Skill Mana Cost: 1,050

Skill Cooldown Time: 8 hours.

[Rolling Dice]

Roll a dice and a phenomenon will occur, depending on the number that is rolled.

* If the target is yourself or an ally: There will be a beneficial effect if the number 4 or higher is rolled. There will be a harmful effect if the number rolled is 3 or lower.

* If the target is an enemy: There will be a beneficial effect if the number 3 or lower is rolled. There will be a harmful effect if the number rolled is 4 or higher.

Skill Mana Cost: 30

Skill Cooldown Time: 20 minutes.

The first epic hidden class, Euphemina. In other words, she was superior. If she invested a few days into duplicating dozens of skills, she could be called the strongest. She was the one who defeated the 1st ranked assassin, Faker.

“Once the lord changed, it really developed a lot.”

She entered Winston quietly. It had been already half a year in reality since she came to Winston to participate in the item production game with Grid. She felt refreshed.

‘It’s completely like heaven compared to when the villainous lord ruled.’

Winston was large half a year ago. The population was large and it was economically developed. Nevertheless, the faces of the NPC residents were always dark. The lord was selfish and always neglected the interests of the people.

But now the people’s faces were full of energy. There were many facilities to take care of them. The new ruler was certainly worthy.

‘By the way... Where is Khan’s smithy again?’

Euphemina was amazed as she saw the bustling streets and tried to remember the way. However, Winston had changed too much, so it wasn’t easy to find the way. She had to spend quite a lot of time looking for Khan’s smithy.

After a while.

“Show me a level 150 longsword.”

“Are these the only helmets?”

“Wow, this plate armor is amazing! How much?”

“Look at this greatsword... Amazing.”

“Eh?” Euphemina was surprised as she arrived at Khan’s smithy.

‘Oh my god, why are there so many people?’

The smithy was bustling with guests. No, it wasn’t enough to call it bustling. The queue of customers was at least 100m long. This was the aftermath of the National Competition. After Grid revealed his identity in the National Competition, many people frequently visited Khan’s smithy.

They went looking for Khan’s smithy in the hope of purchasing items made by Grid, but they became fascinated by Khan’s items. It was natural. Khan’s blacksmithing skill rose by five levels thanks to Blacksmith’s Affection, and it was now advanced level 7.

A blacksmith of the same level didn’t exist on the entire continent. Therefore, word of mouth spread about the outstanding performance of his items and visitors from other countries also came.

“Uhh, there is no end to the procession of customers.”

Khan hired four workers, but the smithy was non stop busy. It was a lot of money to pass onto Grid, but his old age meant that he had limited stamina.

“Sigh... Huh?”

Khan was making items without stopping in order to catch up with orders, only to find a familiar girl among the customers. Color returned to his face.

“Ohh! Isn’t it Euphemina? It’s been a long time!”

Khan liked Euphemina a lot. She was the one who helped saved Grid, who had been locked in prison after the item production game.

“It has been a long time Khan. You look younger.”

“Hahaha! I stopped drinking thanks to Grid and was rejuvenated. You are more beautiful than before. Have you been well?”

Euphemina didn’t dislike it. “Uhh, don’t be ridiculous. Anyway, I have been travelling the continent in order to find the best orb production method.”

“Huhu, and did you find it?”

“Of course.”

Khan looked expectant as Euphemina pulled out an old scroll. Khan's eyes widened with surprise.

“This is truly a great orb... Even the word ‘best’ is attached to it.”

It was a tremendous orb that he couldn't produce with his skill. It was doubtful that even his grandfather could produce it, despite being a craftsman.

‘But if it's Grid...’

“Isn't it amazing? You're truly a determined woman.”

Euphemina spoke to the admiring Khan. “Where is Grid? Is he in the middle of making items?”

Khan shook his head.

“Grid isn't here. There will be an uproar if he showed up here. He already hasn't been here for a few days.”

Euphemina laughed. “Right. Now that Grid is a huge celebrity, his actions will be limited. So where should I go to meet him?”

“Um...”

Khan didn't answer right away. He was reluctant to reveal Grid's whereabouts, even if the other person was Euphemina.

‘In the first place, Grid doesn't like Euphemina...’

Euphemina nodded with understanding.

“It's difficult. Well, it can't be helped if there's a problem.”

Originally, Euphemina planned to visit Grid without contacting him beforehand. Now she was forced to send him a whisper in order to find his location.

–Grid.

Euphemina's whisper reached Grid.

At that moment.

“Heok...!”

Winston Castle. Grid was discussing future policies with Huroi and Lauel when he suddenly shuddered.

Huroi cried out with fright. “My Lord! What is going on?”

Was there an assassin? Huroi was about to draw his sword.

“What it it?”

Lauel also panicked. He was quite surprised. Grid’s complexion was pale. He was even sweating, so his condition wasn’t right. It was the first time Lauel saw Grid like this. The Grid he knew was always dignified and had no fear of the world.

But what was this situation? Grid was acting like a frightened rodent in front of the cat?

‘To make Grid shake to this extent... What on earth happened?’

Gulp.

Was a disaster coming? Lauel nervously gulped as Grid opened his mouth. “...Euphemina sent me a whisper. That girl, she is currently in Winston.”

“Euphemina?”

It was an unfamiliar name to Lauel. On the other hand, Huroi was glad.

“Euphemina is here? Ohh, isn’t it a reunion after a long time?”

From Huroi’s perspective, Euphemina was another savior. In the past. She rescued Grid in the prison, meaning Grid was able to save

Huroi.

“Why did she come here now? I want to meet her... Um? Hum hum.” Huroi was excited about the idea of reuniting with Euphemina, when he suddenly fell silent. He stared at Grid. “Isn’t Euphemina good? Why don’t you accept her as your subordinate?”

“...”

Grid was reluctant to meet Euphemina. Huroi belatedly noticed this fact.

‘Is the relationship between My Lord and Euphemina not as favorable as I thought?’

Lauel asked, “Who is Euphemina?”

Grid gave a clear description.

“She is a terrible person.”

Duplicator. Euphemina was able to duplicate top-grade spells and instantly use them without casting. Grid didn’t know about the disadvantages so from his point of view, she was the most OP person.

“She has one of the three epic classes. I promised her that I would make her an item, but I’m worried about what she will do if I make

an item below the unique rating.”

“...!”

Agnus and Katz were the only ones known to have an epic class. The first epic class was completely hidden. No one knew their identity. But it turned out that Grid was acquainted with the first epic class. Lael was filled with admiration.

‘He is big.’ Lael was very interested. ‘If Grid could bring an epic class to his side...’

Lael’s eyes shone as Grid ordered Huroi.

“Go to Khan’s smithy. Then bring Euphemina to the castle.”

“...Yes.”

Huroi politely answered and left the castle.

Winston Street.

As Huroi moved alone, a group was secretly following him. It was Shay’s group.

“According to the information collected, that guy is Grid’s aide.”

“He is 900th on the unified rankings.”

“His class isn’t anything special either. An orator?”

“According to our source, he’s the embarrassing type of person who always bows down to Grid. Considering his class, he will be weaker than we think.”

“Kill him. Won’t Grid be angry if we kill that guy? I want to see him shaking.”

“Yes, let’s kill him.”

Shay’s party had fairly decent intelligence. They looked at Huroi and made fun of him.

A deserted alleyway. Three assassins appeared behind Huroi, who was heading to Khan’s smithy.

“...You are?” Huroi asked calmly and Sniffer smiled.

“We are the ones who will kill you.”

Shay remarked.

“The villains have appeared. I guess?”

“...Villains?”

This was the first time he appeared in public since Grid participated in the National Competition.

Huroi frowned. “Someone dares touch My Lord... Aren’t your mothers ashamed of giving birth to people like you?”

“What...?”

Why was he suddenly talking about their parents? What was this wicked guy? Then a notification window flashed in front of Shay.

[You have been overwhelmed by the spiteful tongue. Defense and attack power will decrease by 30%.]

In this gap, Huroi pulled out his sword. It was a one-handed sword that seemed to be a compact version of Dainsleif.

Chapter 188

If Pagma's Descendant was a class that relied on items, orators were a class that specialized in talking.

They could get more favorable conditions for quests by talking to NPCs, or give buffs or debuffs with specific remarks. In particular, orators were absolutely necessary for nobles and lords. It was possible to boost the morale of the army through eloquence, and it was easily to appeal to the people and take control of the public opinion.

But an orator wasn't a preferred class for users. Most users were reluctant to become orators, so they were a very rare class. The problem was that it was difficult to raise their level. The weapon they could equip was 'books.' They had only one attack skill. There were no defense or escape skills. They had lower health than a magician.

First of all, the problem was that their weapon was a book. A book had the option of adding to the narrative power, but it didn't have the ability to increase magic power or store magic like orbs. They had to charge with the weapon and swing it at the target. But would the target be hurt if hit with a book? Not at all. The attack power was too weak. A book exerted much less damage than a blacksmith's hammer.

The only attack skill an orator possessed was Spiteful Tongue. This was also a problem. It wasn't practical at all, because there was a 80 second cooldown and it only dealt 200% damage to a single target.

It was practically impossible for an orator to hunt solo. They had to rely on hunting in parties. Unfortunately, it was difficult for an orator to find a party. It was due to the lack of viability. What did the great buffs and debuffs matter?

It was obvious when an orator participated in battle. Their constant words were tiring. The party members also had to keep an eye on the orator to make sure they didn't die. Most users didn't like having orators in their party. Apart from the orator class, there were clerics, black magicians, dancers, linkers, etc. to give buff skills, so there was no need to add an unstable orator to the party.

As a result, it was very difficult for an orator to level up through hunting. They weren't able to level up through production like production classes, so they had to rely on leveling up through quests.

In other words, the level of difficulty for an orator was the highest among all classes in Satisfy, and most users avoided the orator class due to this. This was despite the fact that orators were a class that nobles and lords all over the continent would pay expensive money for!

Grid was truly lucky to obtain the 1st ranked orator as his subordinate.

'...Does Grid know such facts?' Lael questioned as he looked at Grid, who always made Huroi run errands.

At the same time, in the outskirts of Winston.

“...Sword?”

The ‘unique’ Huroi who obtained a second class in Satisfy. Shay’s party was frowning at the horrifying debuff that was placed on them. Now the orator was armed with a sword? Moreover, the sword had a sinister appearance. Didn’t it resemble the greatsword that Grid used to smash them in the past? They felt anxious as the bad memory popped up.

‘It can’t be... No?’

Shay tried to calm down as he smiled awkwardly.

“An orator armed with a sword... Isn’t he still an easy threat? Right? Are you bluffing? You, you can’t wield that. Right?”

Huroi was exactly 937th on the unified rankings. This was a similar ranking to Shay, and was high enough to be compared to Kerb and Sniffer. Nevertheless, the reason why Shay dared face Huroi was simple.

Huroi was an orator. Wasn’t an orator the weakest? His level might be high, but it was thanks to Grid’s power and repeated party hunting. Huroi himself would be extremely weak. Why was he armed with a sword?

Shay rapidly became uneasy. It seemed that he couldn't grasp Huroi properly.

"...Originally, I was a helpless existence." Huroi gazed at Shay's party and brought up an old story. "I raised my level while doing small quests. Then one day."

Yes, he first met his lord in Winston.

"I acquired the first S-grade quest of my life."

He was forced to do an outrageous quest where he was trapped in a narrow dungeon for 50 hours of real time. It was unimaginably painful. It wasn't a level he could endure with his usual mentality.

He wanted to give up and logout many times. But he endured it. He persevered in the hopes of going beyond the limits of an orator. However, he kept waiting and waiting.

"I didn't think the quest would end."

A quest where he had to wait for a savior who might not appear. Huroi had gone half crazy by the quest. He couldn't log out for more than 150 hours in game time and was trapped in a dark place. His sense of time blurred. He wasn't aware of what he was doing. It was just hell.

Just before the quest's time limit ended. A ray of light appeared in the darkness. It was the moment when Grid appeared.

“...My Lord saved me. Thanks to him, my wait wasn't in vain and I was able to complete the quest.”

He got a new strength.

Second class: Apostle of Justice's Partner.

- * A matchless bravery.

- * When you are with the Apostle of Justice, all stats will increase by 20%.

- * The skills Unbreakable Justice and Sacrifice for Justice can be used.

Title 'One who Overcomes Hardships.'

- * Holds extremely high mental strength.

- * Won't give in to any trials.

- * Skill 'Strong Will' can be used.

“Master has given me new strength.”

Now he was strong. He only existed for his lord!

“I won’t allow anyone to harm My Lord!”

Shay’s party was thrilled by Huroi’s story.

‘This is a touching story...’

‘Grid, this guy...!’

‘My heart is heavy!’

This was truly an orator. Huroi’s story made people listen to him. Therefore, Shay’s party couldn’t help concentrating on Huroi’s story. It was like they were the protagonists of the story. They were thrilled when Huroi got to the part when he was saved. They couldn’t help thinking of Grid as wonderful, despite being their enemy.

That was the problem.

[You have become fascinated by the interesting story.]

[You feel like the main character of the story.]

[Thanks to the story, you have lost all sense of reality. You are unable to grasp the situation.]

[You will feel confused for 3 seconds.]

“Heok?”

Originally, an orator’s weapon was their mouth. Giving an orator a chance to use their mouth was no different from suicide.

“W-What is this...!”

“Shit! What is this fraudulent skill?”

Shay’s group never had experience dealing with orators, so they became easily confused. Huroi stared at them and shouted, “You dare try to kill me? Come!”

[Your morale has increased.]

[The next attack will be a critical hit!]

This was the highest buff skill of an orator, that applied a buff to all allies for two seconds. Then Huroi swung his black sword.

“Unbreakable Justice!”

[Unbreakable Justice Lv.5 (88.1%)]

Deals 650% of your attack power.

Skill Mana Cost: 500

Skill Cooldown Time: 100 seconds

Unbreakable Justice was an unique skill that only the Apostle of Justice and his partner could use. It dealt damage in a wide area and the cooldown time was very short compared to its power.

But Grid hardly ever used Unbreakable Justice after acquiring Pagma's Swordsmanship. Compared to the legendary rated Pagma's Swordsmanship, Unbreakable Justice had no advantages except that it was an immediate use skill. For Grid, it was more mana efficient to use Pagma's Swordsmanship than Unbreakable Justice.

But Unbreakable Justice was Huroi's main skill. He relied on the skill so much that he already built up tremendous proficiency with it. It was level 5. Now it dealt 650% wide area damage. Furthermore, the black sword that Huroi was currently armed with...

[Mass-produced One-handed Sword (Prototype)]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 49/51 Attack Power: 423

Attack Speed: -7% Accuracy: -2%

A trial work by the legendary blacksmith G.

A one-handed sword that can be easily used by anyone, and is designed to exert high attack power.

It's an aggressive design made by referencing Dainsleif (Reproduction), and has succeeded in manifesting great attack power. However, it emphasizes convenience, so the overall perfection is poor, meaning additional functions such as durability are weak.

If steel was used as the main material rather than black iron, the limitations of this work would be more prominent and it would be treated as a consumable item.

User Restriction: Level 230 or higher. 300 strength. Beginner Sword Mastery.

Weight: 410

Huroi generated the Sword Mastery passive after acquiring his second class. He could now use a sword as a weapon. But he was an orator and his strength stat was very low, so it was impossible for him to use a proper sword for his level.

His troubles ended after Grid made the Mass-produced One-handed Sword (Prototype) for him. The name indicated that Grid planned to earn money through mass production of it someday, but the attack power was already beyond the limits of a one-handed sword. It was comparable to the minimum attack power of Dainsleif.

Half of Grid's intentions when producing it was successful.

Kwaaaang!

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 7,910 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 9,250 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 10,180 damage to the target.]

Assassins invested their points into agility instead of stamina. Therefore, they relied on high evasion instead of defense. But they were in a state of confusion and couldn't avoid the attacks. Shay's party was struck by the power of Unbreakable Justice.

"Cough!"

"Cough!"

[You have suffered fatal damage!]

[You can't regain your mental state.]

The enormous damage caused them to suffer from confusion again. It was the 'confusion linkage' that they had only heard rumors about. An orator managing to do something like this...

'...Does this make sense?'

'Ah... Really, shit...'

Shay was grouchy. They dreamed of getting revenge on Grid, only to be killed by his subordinate before even meeting Grid? And the subordinate was an orator?

"Damn..."

They couldn't help cursing. Three assassins being beaten by an orator. If this was known, they would be ridiculed everywhere they went. They were also worried about their experience and items dropping.

Chapter 189

“This is the end.”

Huroi was an ordinary orator until level 127, so he invested his stat points in both intelligence and persuasion. Since getting a second class at level 127, he was now level 236 and he invested his stats primarily into strength, stamina and agility.

It was to take advantage of the Apostle of Justice's Partner class. The courage stat he acquired increased his attack and defense at the same time.

But it still wasn't enough. Even considering the effect of his courage stat, his starting line was completely different. Therefore, Huroi was lacking in physical ability compared to others of the same level. His Sword Mastery was only intermediate level 2.

It would take more time for Huroi to demonstrate the true combat ability of his class. However, things changed recently thanks to Grid. Grid created and produced the Mass-produced One-handed Sword (Prototype) for him, which was enough to cover Huroi's lacking combat power.

This was the power of items.

Swaeek!

The black sword that the group was confronted with!

“Ugh!”

Shay’s group tried to get revenge on Grid, but they would die without seeing him? No. They still had a means. Just before his heart was pierced by the sword, Shay shouted urgently.

“Kasim!!”

At that moment. A shadow emerged from behind Shay and wielded his daggers.

Chaaeng!

The movements were as fast as lightning. The dagger blocked the black sword and then sliced at Huroi’s neck.

[You have suffered 4,140 damage.]

“Ugh...!”

The bleeding Huroi retreated and immediately took a potion to restore his health. It was instincts that caused him to move and avoid death. The person who appeared from the shadow, Kasim, looked at Huroi and asked.

“You escaped a fatal wound? Your sensitivity is better than I thought?”

‘He isn’t a player?’

It was a thin man wrapped in grey clothing. The name ‘Kasim’ floating above his head was green, indicating an NPC. Huroi was baffled.

‘An NPC assassin is escorting them.’

He wasn’t a normal assassin. Huroi lost 4,000 health from one blow. It was estimated that the opponent was at least a level 280 named assassin. How did Shay’s party get such a big shot as an escort? Huroi was questioning it while Shay overcame his confusion and shouted while taking a health potion.

“Willingly give up your life! Kasim is a third advancement assassin! You’re not his opponent!”

‘Third advancement class?’

Huroi started sweating. The abilities of a second and third advancement class were as different as the sky and the earth. If two level 299 and one level 300 person fought, the third advancement level 300 person would win.

Furthermore, Huroi was only level 236. Not just the class difference, but the level difference was enormous. For him, the current situation wasn’t good. He had to judge carefully.

‘Calm down.’

It wasn't a matter of pride. He didn't know who these people were and he didn't want to die. First, he had to escape from them and secure his safety. Then he would send a whisper to Euphemina. As Huroi was making a decision, Shay's party became excited and their momentum increased.

“We completed a S-grade quest and paid a huge sum of money to hire Kasim! All in order to get revenge on Grid!”

“Before we kill Grid, we will experiment with Kasim's power on you!”

“What...?”

They wanted to hurt Grid? He finally figured out why he was attacked. Huroi froze in place instead of stepping back. Then he glared like a devil at Shay's party.

“You guys, I will kill you here.”

He would wipe out Shay's group, even if he died from that NPC assassin. It was his duty.

“I will never let you see My Lord's shadow!” The furious Huroi summoned his drake. “Descend! Lord of the Skies above the Grasslands!”

The naming sense of the Mongols was emotional and descriptive. The fire drake ‘Lord of the Skies above the Grasslands’ flew above Huroi’s head. Shay’s party were pushed back against the walls by the wind pressure.

“Drake...!”

After the National Competition, the drakes had lost most of their dignity. In the pet marathon, dozens of drakes were defeated by Grid’s cat. Some people dismissed drakes, stating that their reputation was exaggerated.

But what was the truth? Drakes were still great pets. Their combat ability, mobility, intelligence, stamina, and all other abilities were overwhelming. Grid’s cat, the best demonic beast of hell, was just unusually strong.

“This guy has strong items and a strong pet? What the, you! You are compatible with Grid!”

Huroi didn’t respond to the shouting Shay. He just commanded the drake.

“Turn these people to ashes. I acknowledge you. You are the strongest drake, so you can do it.”

Kwaaaaah!

[Your drake ‘Lord of the Skies above the Grasslands’ was inspired by your words and his morale has risen. His attack power and magic power has greatly increased.]

Hwaruruk!

The drake was powered by the orator’s buff skill and spewed out a mighty fire breath. This was a narrow alley. Shay’s party couldn’t escape it, while Winston became covered with flames. Many people witnessed it.

“What? A drake?”

“Wow... Is it a fight between rankers?”

“In the middle of the city? Amazing! Let’s go!”

Was there anything more fun than watching a fight? This was a great opportunity to enjoy it. Numerous users and people scattered around the city rushed in the direction of the turmoil. The soldiers also saw it and hurried.

“Captain! We have to hurry!”

“Go ahead and bring the guards!”

Winston’s security policies were excellent! The guards took pride in this. They immediately went to the scene of the crime in order

to calm the turmoil. But the security chief was the problem.

“We need to turn off the lights. Wind...? Fan?”

The chief of the security forces saw the flames burning the city and wondered what was necessary to suppress the fire. The person was none other than Jude. In order to evenly grow his stats, Grid had given him all types of tasks such as monster subjugation, security activities, minerals extraction, sparring, etc.

“First of all, a fan. Please.”

Jude’s intelligence was at the level of an idiot. He came up with a stupid answer to the troubled guards.

“Fans won’t be able to stop this!”

“Bring in others to put it out!”

The guards urged him. In the end, Jude reached the limits of his patience. As always, he didn’t think.

“I will go.”

The fire didn’t matter. He would go there and see. He forgot about Grid’s urging to always think carefully before acting, and chose swiftness.

Tadak!

‘Fast!’

The guards were dismayed. Jude ran three times faster than them despite wearing full-plate armor and carrying a 3m long greatsword on his shoulder. He didn't look like a human in their eyes. Indeed, there was a reason for his ignorance.

At Khan's smithy.

“Hrmm, isn't there a splendid fight over there?” Euphemina's eyes shone as she discovered the fire outside the window. “I will go.”

For Euphemina, fights were important. It was an opportunity to duplicate outstanding skills. She, like everyone else, ran straight in the direction of the turmoil. Thanks to this, Khan was finally able to breathe. He was able to take a break for the first time today as the customers ran out towards the fight.

At the same time, Winston Castle.

“What?”

Grid had one habit. He disassembled and assembled items every day to increase the understanding of items. He had reached 100% understanding with Dainsleif a long time ago, so now he was devoted to disassembling and assembling the Holy Light Armor.

Grid was waiting for Euphemina at the castle's smithy. Then he heard the soldiers rushing towards the flames that were soaring in the area where Khan's smithy was located.

“Khan...!”

Was Khan in danger? Grid worriedly ran out of the smithy, then equipped Braham's Boots and flew into the sky. Lael followed behind him.

The fire drake's greatest strength was their high damage. The drake's fire breath was the strongest among any other drakes. However.

“How is this possible...?”

Huroi couldn't believe the sight in front of him. The moment that Lord of the Skies above the Grasslands fired his breath. Kasim summoned dozens of shadow soldiers as a barrier, completely blocking the breath. Due to that, the breath didn't cover Shay's group and scattered in all directions. There was a sea of fire.

‘How does an assassin have that type of defensive capabilities?’

An assassin was agile. They had outstanding attack power and mobility. On the other hand, their defensive ability was poor. However, Kasim use the shadow soldiers as shields and showed

excellent defense. He was completely different from the known concepts of assassins.

Shay shouted to the stunned Huroi. “This is the power of the third advancement! It’s my future! How about it? Isn’t it a class completely incomparable to an orator? Hahahat!”

Assassins were classified into four major categories. There were those who specialized in stealth and assassination like Faker, those who used swords like Shay, those who threw weapons like Sniffer and those who installed traps like Kerb.

But that was the case for second advancement assassins. A third advancement assassin had more techniques. One of them was shadows. The shadow technique allowed the assassin to perfect assimilate to other’s shadows, move between shadows or even summon shadow soldiers.

And Kasim was a master of shadows. He was the peak of the assassins, only rivaled by Doran. He wasn’t someone that the present Huroi could deal with.

“Let’s play a little bit.”

Sururuk.

Kasim disappeared into Shay’s shadow. Then he appeared in the shadow behind Huroi and wielded his dagger.

Seokeok!

[You have suffered 4,010 damage.]

“Ugh!”

Kasim relentlessly aimed at the weak points. It was impossible to defend or avoid. If Huroi tried to fight back, Kasim would hide in the shadows again so it was useless.

Puok!

“Kuak!”

If he attacked the shadow, Kasim would reappear in the shadows of other objects. It was a spectacular sight. The people who gathered admired it.

“He is terrific. What is that skill?”

“A hidden class?”

“Assassin...? Considering that he’s an NPC, is he a third advancement class?”

“Wow, this is a big hit. I’m going to be an assassin.”

Sakak! Seokeok!

Huroi lost most of his health after being attacked by Kasim, who used all the shadows around him. He would've died already if it wasn't for the drake protecting him.

[The Apostle of Justice's Partner's bravery is unmatched. Your current health has fallen below 20%, so all stats will increase by 30%.]

This was his last chance. He was strengthened so he needed to defeat Shay's group now. After judging that Kasim had disappeared into the shadows again, he headed towards the giggling Shay's group, who were caught off guard. Then something rose from Shay's shadow. A shadow soldier.

Kwachak!

Huroi's desperate sword swing collided with a shadow soldier and was nullified.

"This...!"

The moment that Huroi felt despair.

"This isn't fun. I will end it quickly."

Kasim emerged from the shadow behind Huroi and pointed his

dagger at Huroi's neck. Then a woman's voice was heard.

“Raise Shadow Soldiers.”

Kuoooh!

“...!”

Kasim was amazed. Shadow soldiers rose in the vicinity and attacked him?

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Kasim's attack was defeated and he lost interest in Huroi.

‘The same technique as mine was used?’

Did that mean there was an assassin with a similar level in the area? Kasim started to observe the spectators. He commanded the shadow soldiers in the crowd and quickly discover who was attacking him. It was a blonde girl.

Kasim thought it was ridiculous.

“An assassin wouldn't have such white skin. Then how did you use the shadows technique?”

The blonde girl, Euphemina replied to Kasim. “What is this? Is it a technique that only you can use?”

“Kukuk...! Stop talking nonsense!”

It must be black magic. Kasim ignored the shadow soldiers and focused on Huroi. He would take care of that girl after killing his target. However.

“What are you doing?”

A cold voice was heard from above. Kasim and Huroi. Thousands of spectators, including Euphemina and Jude, turned their gaze towards the sky.

Shay shouted, “Grid!”

That’s right. The person who appeared in the sky was Grid. The spectators’ eyes shone like lanterns.

“God Grid! God Grid has showed up!”

“Pagma’s Descendant...!”

“Kyaaak! Oppa!”

Indeed, he was really popular. Everyone praised Grid,

irrespective of national and gender. People shouted at Grid to look at them and enthusiastically waved their arms. However, Grid's eyes were only fixed on Kasim. He didn't like Kasim pointing a dagger at the wounded Huroi's neck.

“Take your hands off what is mine.”

The command entered Kasim's ears, who replied. “What if I don't want to?”

“Then die.”

Chwachwachwachwachwa!

Seven golden blades were revealed as everyone was paying attention. It was the special item of Pagma's Descendant that attracted the attention of the world at the National Competition. People were excited, while Kasim breathed out.

‘Artifacts that move by themselves?’

He originally didn't feel anything remarkable from Grid. But he seemed to be more than what Shay's group told him. In addition, there was a boy with silver hair with him. But the more important thing...

‘Why does he have Doran's Ring?’ Kasim's attention was stolen by the blue ring on Grid's finger. ‘This is interesting. I need to learn a bit more, rather than fighting needlessly.’

In the end, Kasim let Huroi go. Then he disappeared into the shadows.

“...Eh?”

Shay’s group was left alone. How could they think that Kasim would flee? How much money did they spend to hire him?

‘Is this a lie?’

Grid smiled at Shay’s party who couldn’t grasp the situation.

“You came again? Did you come to give me more items? Eh?”

Grid showed the Kenen’s Belt, the trap installation tool and poison blender that he received from them. They wanted to kill him even more. However, it was an impossible task without Kasim.

“...Haha.”

Shay’s group laughed awkwardly, but Grid asked coldly, “Is something funny?”

Thanks to realizing his strong sense of camaraderie at the National Competition, Grid was furious at the people who hurt Huroi. He was pulling out Failure to kill them when Lauel stopped

him.

“Imprison them instead of killing them.”

“Why? Isn’t that a waste of the taxpayer’s money?”

Lauel whispered to the grim-looking Grid.

“If a criminal is put in prison, the ruler can check the criminal’s belongings. You can dispose of them after asking Lady Irene to check the items they have. Anyway, can’t you kill PK users at any time? It is more beneficial to trade them the items for their lives.”

“Hoh...”

Lauel had a lot of ideas and knowledge. Therefore, he was always helpful. This was the reason his mother told him to make smart friends when he was in elementary school. Grid was convinced and ordered Jude.

“Lock them up in jail.”

Euphemina approached him. She carried the production method to create the best orb associated with Braham.

Chapter 190

One and a half years ago in Satisfy time. It was a story when Grid was still level 21 after becoming Pagma's Descendant.

‘How about an item production game over the smithy?’

The Mero Company was exploiting the residents of Winston, when Rabbit came to Khan and made a suggestion. From Khan's point of view, accepting the offer and winning the game was the only way to keep the smithy.

But Khan was an alcoholic and not in a position to play. He couldn't fully demonstrate his abilities as a blacksmith. So Khan asked Grid to participate in the game for him. Grid was blinded by the compensation and readily accepted.

He competed with Euphemina, who was hired by the Mero Company, to make an item. The result was Grid's loss. Grid would've won if the contest was normal, but due to the tyranny of the Mero Company, he was arrested during the contest and locked in prison.

The situation was desperate. Grid was unlucky enough to fail the quest and was fuming in prison. He was completely out of his mind, screaming that the game gods had cursed him. But then an unexpected savior appeared.

It was Euphemina. Thanks to her help, Grid was able to regain the Ideal Dagger, rescue Huroi, and gain the title ‘Apostle of

Justice.’ Strictly speaking, Euphemina was Grid’s savior. But.

‘I’m not pleased at all.’

Grid was uncomfortable reuniting with Euphemina. He was reminded of old memories and positive sentiment was unwelcome. It wasn’t because he had bad feelings towards Euphemina. Grid was just scared.

‘If I can’t produce a unique rated orb... what will she do?’

Grid didn’t know about the disadvantages of the Duplicator class, and he thought Euphemina was the best OP. He was suspicious of anyone stronger than him. Euphemina wanted at least a unique rated orb in exchange for returning the Ideal Dagger.

What if he didn’t meet her expectations? Would she PK him if he completed a normal or rare rated orb?

Grid was really scared. He couldn’t afford to endure the bombardment of Euphemina’s best spells.

“It’s been a while.”

On the other hand, Euphemina was very glad to see Grid. In the past, Grid deliberately (?) acted foolish, but he actually had a legendary class. She was glad about the fact that the famous Pagma’s Descendant would make her an item.

“I watched your great performance in the National Competition on TV. You were really cool.”

Euphemina greeted him with charming eyes, and boasted an outstanding beauty that attracted people's attention. The onlookers made a fuss.

“Who's that girl?”

“Seriously adorable. I want to put her in my pocket.”

“Damn Grid... He already has Yura and Jishuka, now there's this girl. I'm seriously envious.”

“Beauties always follow the heroes. God Grid deserves to be king of the harem.”

Euphemina had a short height of 150cm and a small figure. The innocent face was cute and stimulated a protective instinct. Some men were filled with desire towards her. But she didn't suit Grid's taste. Grid favoured a mature body more than Euphemina's childish one. Therefore, Grid could be calm without being swayed by Euphemina.

“There are many eyes watching. Let's talk after moving.”

‘That attitude is still present.’

Grid was like this the last time they met. He was indifferent to her beauty. No matter how lovely her eyes, he never noticed it. She even suspected if he was gay or impotent. But he got into a scandal with Yura and Jishuka during the National Competition.

Euphemina's pride was hurt.

‘Are Yura and Jishuka better than me?’

She ran after Grid's party with puffed up cheeks and they soon arrived at Winston Castle.

“Welcome!”

The soldiers saluted Grid and hurriedly opened the gates.

“You worked hard.”

Grid naturally greeted the soldiers and entered. Euphemina admired him. “You seem to have become a noble?”

As the overall level of users increased in recent years, quite a few rankers had become nobles. Experts speculated that there were at least 15 rankers who were awarded the title of a baron. Euphemina also wanted to become a baron. As expected, a legendary class was truly great.

Then the boy with the ID of Lael said unexpectedly. “He is a viscount. In addition, he is the husband of Lady Winston.”

“...Huh?”

Euphemina was stunned. He wasn’t a baron, but a viscount? He was at the same level as masters of large guilds like Zibal and Chris?

‘And Lady Winston...’

Irene. She was the only successor of Earl Steim, one of the supreme powers in the Eternal Kingdom. Her marriage was significant enough to cause an uproar in the world. But her undisclosed marriage partner was a user, not a noble NPC?

‘It was Grid...’

He couldn’t get married to a noble just because he had a legendary class. The relationship between Grid and Irene was obviously deeper than anyone imagined. That type of bond couldn’t be gained by accident. Euphemina misunderstood that Grid intentionally approached Irene to marry her.

‘Marrying a female NPC, he is playing a completely different game from others.

It was like the dating simulation games that girls liked to play.

‘Amazing.’ Euphemina’s eyes shone brightly like lanterns as she watched Grid. ‘The first legendary class person transcends common sense.’

Grid was the first person whose skills couldn’t be duplicated by Euphemina. Therefore, she tended to overestimate Grid. During the National Competition, people ignored Grid for his lacking control. But she thought differently.

‘There is no need for control, as he can just roughly use his skills.’

She was proven right by Grid’s overwhelming actions in PvP. It might be a fate that started badly, but Euphemina was proud that she knew Grid. But Grid didn’t know her inner thoughts. He had no interest.

“Did you obtain all the materials needed to make the orb?”

Winston Castle’s smithy.

Grid asked in a blunt voice as he lit the furnace. Euphemina felt unhappy at his continued apathetic attitude and responded with a sullen face.

“Of course. It took me a year to get the orb production method and then six months to obtain all the ingredients listed. My preparation is perfect.”

‘One year? Half a year?’

Was she crazy? Investing a year and a half just to make a single item? Grid thought Euphemina was a fool. But in reality, Euphemina was extremely normal.

Users played the game with specific goals. The characteristic of heavy game users was doing their best to achieve that goal, no matter how long it took, while light game users gave up when it became difficult.

Euphemina was a level 283 private ranker, so of course she was a heavy user. She didn’t think it was strange to invest a year and a half to obtaining the best orb. It was just the way she enjoyed the game.

In the past, Grid was also like her. Grid was someone who discovered Pagma’s Rare Book after a few months of hard work without giving up. But Grid had changed. He forgot how to enjoy playing the game because he considered it as a means of making money. It was impossible for the current Grid to understand Euphemina.

‘She truly is scary.’

He couldn’t upset her. He didn’t want to imagine what type of terrible things would happen if he broke Euphemina’s year and a half of hard work.

‘It must be at least a unique rating.’

Grid pledged. He prayed to the gods.

‘God, Buddha, Goddess Rebecca, God Judar, God Dominion, please protect my experience.’

Grid might not be religious, but he didn’t reject the existence of a god. He sincerely prayed to the popular gods in reality and Satisfy. He begged them to help him make a unique rated orb. After a short prayer.

“Let’s begin.”

Grid braced his heart and cut to the chase.

Then.

“I’m asking you, the legendary blacksmith.”

Euphemina handed Grid the production method that she took a year to obtain.

[‘Mumud’s Orb Production Method’ has been acquired.]

‘...Mumud?’

The name of the most powerful orb was truly terrible. He was disappointed.

‘It’s like Dainsleif.’

Grid had no idea who Mumud was. So he was surprised when he opened the production method.

‘This...!’

[Mumud’s Orb Production Method]

Learning Conditions:

Mastered the Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship skill.

Or have Dwarven Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship skill level 5 or higher.

* Mumud’s Orb

An orb designed by the dwarven craftsman Milepeu, who taught Pagma before he became a legend. It was widely known as Mumud’s Orb because Braham’s disciple, Mumud, loved this orb all of his life.

It needed the blacksmith craftsmanship skill to be mastered? The learning conditions were unusually high. It was the highest level among all the production methods that Grid had acquired so far. Even Albatino, who was called the greatest blacksmith before Pagma's appearance, wouldn't be able to make this orb.

In other words.

'This orb, it's an item of a higher rank than Dainsleif.'

This was a precious production method he got for free, without having to pay for it. Euphemina hadn't wasted the year and half that she invested in this. Grid thanked Euphemina. He felt appreciation towards her for the first time.

"Euphemina."

"Huh?"

Euphemina was surprised when Grid called her name for the first time. Grid promised her, "I will do my best."

"..."

The reunion after one and a half years. Grid never paid attention to Euphemina even once. But his attitude changed at this moment. He gazed at her with calm eyes. His facial expression made him look like an entirely different man.

Euphemina felt confident in him and smiled brightly.

“Thank you.”

A notification window appeared in front of Grid.

[‘Mumud’s Orb Production Method’ has been acquired.]

‘Interesting.’

This was a rare opportunity to create the best item. As a blacksmith, Grid was very motivated.

Chapter 191

[Mumud's Orb]

Rating: Rare ~ Legendary

Rare Rating Information:

Durability: 149/149 Magic Damage: +13%

Magic Casting Speed: +5%

Number of spells that can be stored: 3

* You can permanently store one spell at or below B-grade.

Epic Rating Information:

Durability: 175/175 Magic Damage: +16%

Magic Casting Speed: +8%

Number of spells that can be stored: 3

* You can permanently store one spell at or below B-grade.

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 200/200 Magic Damage: +20%

Magic Casting Speed: +12%

Number of spells that can be stored: 4

* You can permanently store one spell at or below A-grade.

* 10% reduction in skill cooldown time.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 247/247 Magic Damage: +27%

Magic Casting Speed: +18%

Number of spells that can be stored: 4

* You can permanently store one spell at or below S-grade.

* 15% reduction in skill cooldown time.

A orb designed by the dwarven craftsman Milepeu, who taught Pagma before he became a legend.

The crystal ball made by combining the abyss mithril, Frost Queen's Breath and Water Clan King's Tears allows it to contain enormous power and special functions.

User Restriction: Level 280 or higher. More than 3,000 intelligence. Advanced Orb Mastery Level 5.

Weight: 150

Grid was astounded as he checked the orb's information.

‘A magic possession item?’

The concept of storing and possession was different. Stored magic was consumed once it was used, while possessed magic became the unique function of the item and could be used permanently. It was reminiscent of the Fly magic that belonged to Braham's Boots and allowed non-magicians to fly.

The efficiency of magic possession items were excellent. Depending on what magic the item possessed, the use could become very different. Indeed, millions of people wanted magic possession items. They wanted a magic possession item for themselves.

But they were rare treasures that couldn't be bought even with money. Even some of the earliest users who had been playing Satisfy since it opened couldn't see a magic possession item. There

was only a rare chance of acquiring them through monster hunting, boss raids and quest rewards. In the past, it wasn't an exaggeration to say that Vantner would've paid everything he had to buy Braham's Boots off Grid.

‘It's an area that blacksmiths can't produce.’

Grid was a legendary blacksmith, but he didn't know how to make magic possession items. His (Witness of God's Weapon) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill was level 5, but the knowledge about how to make magic possession items was blank.

Based on this, Grid assumed that Pagma didn't know how to make magic possession items. But now he learned how to make Mumud's Orb. Grid became the first and only person in the world of two billion users to create a magic possession item.

‘If I study Mumud's Orb, I might be able to figure out how to make magic possession items.’

The dwarven craftsman Milepeu, who taught Pagma. Grid also got a chance to receive his teachings through this work.

Kkuok.

Grid held the Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer with all his strength.

Dugun dugun.

His heart beat wildly.

Ssik.

A smile appeared on his face. There was a sense of excitement. He was filled with joy.

‘Through this production...’

He would grow. He could go beyond Pagma in this specific area. In return for this opportunity to grow, he would bless Euphemina by producing a unique rated orb for her. Grid confirmed the list of materials needed for the production and reached out to Euphemina.

Then Euphemina handed him the materials.

[5 abyss mithril have been acquired.]

[One Frost Queen’s Breath has been acquired.]

[One Water Clan King’s Tears has been acquired.]

[22 deluxe magic stones have been acquired.]

“I’m asking you.”

These were the precious materials that she barely collected after investing half a year and going through all types of incidents. The mithril abyss, Frost Queen's Breath and Water Clan King's Tears were impossible to determine the value, while the magic stones were worth 4,000 gold each.

What if the orb was created using these materials and an epic or lower rating emerged? She wouldn't be able to hide her disappointment. Euphemina was eager to avoid such a thing, while Grid gladly nodded.

“Believe in me.”

At that moment.

‘This is serious.’ Lauel had been remaining silent to not interfere with the two people, but his complexion quickly deteriorated. He had been with Grid for a while, so he was well aware that when Grid told people to believe in him, the worst result would emerge.

“Okay. I'll believe in you.”

Euphemina was delighted without knowing anything.

Lauel smiled awkwardly at her. “Let's leave Grid alone so that he can concentrate.”

“Yes.”

She smiled. Euphemina felt better thanks to Grid and beamed brightly. Lauel made a sad expression and left the smithy. Lauel gritted his teeth.

‘A unique orb has gone away.’

It was the worst. Lauel wanted to make Euphemina join Grid. If Grid was to produce a unique or higher rated orb, it was likely that Euphemina would become Grid’s slave. However, the situation wasn’t right, so he couldn’t help feeling uneasy.

‘It would’ve been big if she became our colleague...’

Some people might calmly enjoy Satisfy in their own way. Those who suffered from disabilities in reality could enjoy a normal day, places more beautiful than Earth could be seen, or they could enjoy foods that didn’t exist in reality.

However, Satisfy had the system of level up and a gap between the rich and the poor. In the end, a competitive society was inevitable. Due to that, only a few users played Satisfy like a regular online game.

They frantically levelled up and competed against each other. They tried to build power, wealth, and reputation, so they could someday become nobles and kings. Satisfy’s vast territory, currently owned by NPC nobles and royalty, would gradually fall

into the hands of users.

It was a natural flow and Lael hoped to piggyback on Grid along that flow. He dreamed that the person he followed would become a king. In order to do that, he needed a lot of human resources such as Euphemina. Thus, Lael was very disappointed at missing this chance.

On the other hand, Huroi was belatedly thanking Euphemina. “I really appreciate it. In the past and this time, you saved my life.”

Euphemina explained, “It was Grid, not me, who helped you in the past. I just helped Grid to clear my own quest. So don’t think about the past. This time... it’s too hard to pretend that I didn’t see it, so it isn’t something to be thankful for.”

Euphemina was the type of person to deceive others to accomplish her goals. But she wasn’t heartless towards those she knew. This was her weakness and strength. Euphemina blushed as she replied to Huroi’s thanks.

Huroi quietly smiled as he watched her. Thanks to her, his life was saved from Kasim and he avoided losing any experience. He was going to repay the favor someday. As such, Euphemina built up a positive impression with Grid and Huroi.

However, Euphemina wasn’t aware of this fact. Grid got a precious production method for free, while Huroi could keep his experience. But her only interest was on the result of the orb.

Puruk! Puruk!

A sound was heard from inside the smithy. Euphemina peeked at Grid through a small window. His sweating appearance in front of the blast furnace was very attractive.

‘He has changed.’

The Grid in Euphemina’s memories was very different. His appearance was less than ordinary. Now Grid had a good appearance. She liked the high nose and moderately protruding forehead, and his eyes without double eyelids emanated the mysterious charm of Asians. It was difficult to call him a handsome person. However, he had a look that would appeal to quite a few people.

‘He doesn’t appear to have had plastic surgery... Anyway, the difference is his hairstyle and facial expression. His physique has also improved.’

Previously, Grid’s hair covered his good forehead and nose. It was just messy. In addition, his expression was always full of discontent and he kept complaining. She couldn’t feel any attractiveness from a man who had no muscles. His slumped shoulders and bent over back were especially jarring. But now his hairstyle was neat, his physique improved, his expressions and gestures showed confidence, making his overall impression completely different than before.

‘It is a miraculous change.’

It felt good. She thought seriously about whether someday she could also make a more positive change. It was the moment when Grid's existence became big in the journey of her maturing process.

Chapter 192

‘The more I look, the more impressive it is.’

He had to admit it.

Mumud’s Orb was truly qualified to be called the best. In addition to being able to possess magic, it had a number of functions that were different from ordinary orbs, such as increasing the casting speed of magic and reducing skill cooldown time.

However, the magic damage was somewhat plain. Of course, it was excellent compared to other orbs, but lacking compared to the other features. Why was this?

Grid pondered. Then he realized.

‘Balance. Magic damage was intentionally suppressed to maintain balance. If the basic performance is good along with the additional options, it will inevitably lead to higher usage conditions.’

It was a great study for Grid.

‘When I create new items in the future, I have to pay attention to the balance.’

The first item that Grid created, Failure, only specialized in aggression. Indeed, it showed tremendous attack power. If he was to exclude the weapons possessed by Rebecca's Daughters, he could positively assert that Failure was currently the strongest weapon.

But in return, Failure had ridiculously high usage conditions. It required Advanced Sword Mastery level 8 and more than 5,000 strength. It was estimated that users with more than 5,000 strength wouldn't appear for at least two years, so Failure was nothing but a special item for Grid until then.

Failure was a failure for a reason.

'If I designed it to be more versatile like Mumud's Orb by lowering the attack power...'

The usage conditions would've been lowered and it would be more usable.

'Then by now, I would be sitting in money.'

It was the moment he learned how to create the best items with the right level of performance. Grid was enlightened and felt a huge sense of accomplishment. He was filled with joy.

'I can see a way to improve the Mass-produced One-handed Sword. Okay. Then let's get started.'

Grid smiled and started to observe the materials needed to make

Mumud's Orb. The abyss mithril, Frost Queen's Breath and Water Clan King's Tears were unfamiliar items. He was deeply interested. However...

“Eh?”

Grid's expression twisted after he checked the details of the items. It was unbelievable that he had been smiling with joy just a moment ago.

[Frost Queen's Breath]

The extremely low temperature climate of Heraris caused the Frost Queen's breath to crystallize. This crystal will never melt and has the effect of amplifying magic power.

Weight: 0.1

[Abyss Mithril]

Deep in the ocean.

A rare mineral that is only found near the Siren Kingdom.

Its harmony with magic power is three times better than normal mithril.

Weight: 15

[Water Clan King's Tears]

The Siren King sheds tears every five months, longing for his daughter who left the world before him.

These tears have the mysterious function of imbuing items with magic.

Weight: 0.1

Grid was happy at first. It was because he easily figured out how to create magic possession items.

‘The secret is the tears of the Water Clan. If I design an item with this as the material, I can create magic items that possess spells.’

What if S-grade magic was attached to weapons and armor? He would become incomparably stronger.

‘If my armor has Counter Barrier and my weapon has Meteor, I can be a 100 man... no, a 1,000 man army?’

Maybe it would be enough to fight with the great demon Hell Gao.

‘Then what about the pavranium?’

What if magic possession items were made out of pavranium? The golden discs that could drop Meteor from the sky. Golden blades that fired all types of spells while flying. Golden boomerangs that could create a sea of fire. Golden needles that could emit lightning. Golden items with all types of magic attached to them would reign hell down on his opponents.

From then on, a true overgeared person would be born.

‘I am a genius.’

He thought about the good idea for a while. The momentum lasted.

But then his face distorted. There was one part that disturbed him from the beginning. How was Euphemina able to obtain the abyss mithril and Water Clan King’s Tears?

‘The first discoverer of the Siren Kingdom. It was Euphemina.’

How much did she gain as the first discoverer of the Siren Kingdom? The amount of money would be huge. When considering the quests and titles, he was sure that she would’ve benefited beyond imagination.

Shake shake.

“Kuoh...”

How did Grid feel about it? His stomach started cramping. He was conflicted.

‘I want to return the favor by making a unique rated orb, but...’

Thanks to Euphemina, he was able to acquire a precious production method and learned how to make magic possession items. He was so grateful that he wanted to do something for her. He might seem simple, but now he felt a huge affinity with Euphemina. He didn’t feel reluctant to see her anymore.

‘But Euphemina has more luck than a lottery winner. Wouldn’t it be nice to let her experience some trials?’

He was blinded by jealousy. He might’ve matured compared to the past, but human nature didn’t change easily. After all, Grid was still active as keyboard warrior. In the end, he eventually started with the intention of shoddily making an orb.

He poured the abyss mithril into the furnace and worked the bellows. It was silent. But then, “Sigh. I can’t do this.”

This rottenness wouldn’t help him in the long run. Grid controlled his heart. Then he took a serious posture. He smelted the abyss mithril to the best of his ability.

Ttang! Ttang!

He started to make the ornaments and handle part of the orb.

“ ... ”

The work had to be careful in order to properly express the old-fashioned design and make it a perfect fit. The extremely focused Grid handled the Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer very delicately.

Three hours later.

Grid finally completed the handle and started smelting the magic stones. Then according to the process described in the production method, he mixed the Frost Queen's Breath with the Water Clan King's Tears.

‘Strange.’

The finished crystal glistened with a blue color. As the name suggested, this was a transparent crystal. But it was as hard as steel. The magic stones, Frost Queen's Breath and Water Clan King's Tears combined into one and were reborn as a whole new mineral. Just as Pagma and Braham created the mineral called pavranium, Milepeu created this blue crystal mineral.

‘Milepeu... he was an amazing person. Then Euphemina will take this special mineral as well as being the Siren Kingdom's first discoverer?’

Grid couldn't help feeling jealous of Euphemina again. Naturally, his hands became dull.

Kaaang! Kaaang!

The crystal that was supposed to have a smooth bead shape became distorted.

“Heok?”

Grid looked at the shabby appearance caused by his jealousy and controlled his heart.

‘Wake up.’

Grid focused. He tried to get rid of his malice. He did his best to deal with the delicate modifications.

Ttang! Ttang!

The crystal ball became increasingly beautiful and sleek. He had a hunch that at least an epic rated orb would be produced. Grid's stomach cramps appeared again at this thought.

“Kuoh...!”

Why did he have to give the best gift to Euphemina, who was already the first discoverer of the Siren Kingdom? Was it fair for one person to have such a monopoly on good luck?

‘Dammit! I should make it rare rated.’

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Grid’s hammering once again became sloppy.

But then,

‘...This isn’t it. Euphemina gave me a big present...’

Ttang! Ttang!

He worked delicately.

‘Ohh! First she has the fraudulent class of Duplicator, now she found the Siren Kingdom...’

Kaaang! Kaaang!

More shoddy work.

Ttang! Ttang!

Then he did his best.

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Shoddy work. He didn't know how many times this repeated. Due to this uncontrollable behavior, Grid was like a madman.

“Hah... what am I doing now?”

Before he knew it, a whole night passed. The crystal ball was finished perfectly when seen from the outside.

Clink.

Despite the unfaithful attitude of the maker, a blue crystal ball with a beautiful shape attached to blue silver handles could be seen.

“Sigh...”

He didn't know how many times he sighed during this work. It must've been at least 100 times. Yet he didn't stop working. Grid's heart didn't wander anymore as he finished the job. And along the way.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Patience skill has been activated. Concentration, stamina and defense will rise to the extremes for

one hour.]

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Breath has increased the effectiveness of your production items]

“ ... ”

He didn't know whether to be happy or sad at the notification windows that flashed in succession. This was the result.

[Indecisive Mumud's Orb]

Durability: 311/311 Magic Damage: +34%

Magic Casting Speed: +23%

Number of spells that can be stored: 4

* You can permanently store one spell at or below the S-grade.

* 15% reduction in skill cooldown time.

* There is a certain chance that magic damage will decrease by 50%.

* There is a certain chance that magic damage will increase by 100%.

* When using the possessed magic, there is a certain chance of the effect halving or doubling.

Among the items made by the great blacksmith 'G,' this is the third piece born with emotions. It has been affected by the indecisiveness of its creator. Due to the emotional ups and down, it might not work properly or perform better than expected.

The compatibility with its creator will differ depending on its mood on the day.

User Restriction: Level 280 or higher. More than 3,000 intelligence. Advanced Orb Mastery Level 5.

Weight: 150

[An legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +10 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +500.]

“...This, is it okay?”

Grid found it difficult to predict how Euphemina would react.

The Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill Lv. 4 increased the basic abilities of the item by 18% and the Legendary Blacksmith's Breath Lv. 3 increased it by 8%, so the basic

performance of the orb rose sharply. However, he was uneasy because the power might be halved.

‘How did it turn out like this?’

Grid was worried about the finished orb, even if it had a legendary rating.

He didn’t know.

In the past, Euphemina acquired the title of ‘Competitor’ for winning the item production game and opened the good luck stat. After that, she was more likely to get a positive result when it came to random effects.

“Amazing...”

Euphemina was completely thrilled by the orb. Her face brightened like the dawn and she even shed tears. The reaction was natural. The orb Grid produced far exceeded her expectations. Moreover, the random option made it seem like an exclusive item just for her.

“Thank you...”

Euphemina was truly impressed. It was even greater than the joy she felt at discovering the Siren Kingdom.

“I’m really grateful. Encountering you was the best luck I ever had.”

The smiling Euphemina still looked pretty, despite her runny nose. This was the first time Grid truly saw her without any pretenses.

“What, why are you crying?”

Grid’s jealousy had already disappeared like melted snow. On this day. Grid achieved great growth as a blacksmith and overcame the ‘Believe in me’ jinx. And Euphemina became a slave to the power of items.

Huroi and Lauel really liked their new colleague.

Chapter 193

It was around one year and eight months ago in reality. Satisfy's service launched with the interest of the world.

Since that day, Euphemina had been playing Satisfy for more than 14 hours everyday, without taking a single day off. 19 years old, 20 years old, the precious time of her youth was spent in a game.

Some would say that her youth was wasted. These youthful days would never come back. They didn't know. Euphemina didn't have any regrets. Satisfy was a more joyful and precious world for her, who was always alone in her own home environment.

And today. In this precious world, it was the first time that Euphemina met an object of longing. That person was Grid.

‘He can produce legendary items...’

Euphemina had killed countless monsters and raided bosses, eventually reaching level 283. She cleared hundreds of quests. Nevertheless, the maximum rating of items she acquired was a unique rating.

Legendary items? She never even saw it. She thought legendary items were something that only existed in fantasies. Therefore, she never imagined that Grid would make a legendary rated orb. She just wanted Grid to make a unique rated orb.

However, Grid made a legendary rated orb. The result was truly amazing. To be honest, she couldn't really believe it. It felt like a dream. It was like a halo was coming from Grid. She was blinded by him.

‘Grid, you are the god in my heart from this moment on.’

Euphemina was ecstatic.

Lauel whispered to her, “If you become Grid’s subordinate, you will be able to get more magnificent items like this orb.”

“...”

It was the temptation of the devil. It was impossible for her to refuse. Euphemina became Grid’s subordinate.

“You can use this room in the future. You will normally have freedom, and only have to follow Grid when there is a specific mission.”

“I understand.”

“Then I will be going. Huroi and I have to accompany Grid to Bairan.”

Winston Castle.

Euphemina received a place to stay. It was a moderately large room. When she opened the window, she saw a beautiful garden and a wide sky. But most of all, it was close to Grid's bedroom.

“Hihit.”

She couldn't help laughing. She had been playing Satisfy for a long time, but it was the first time she felt excited to gain colleagues. She was happy because she could see the glorious Grid every day. She was very excited about the adventures she would experience with Grid.

“First of all, I need to permanently store a spell on my orb.”

Thanks to Grid making a legendary orb, she could give the orb an S-grade spell. Euphemina called up her skills list. The S-grade magic that she duplicated and stored were classified separately.

[Demon King's Tail Lv. 2]

It can burn up to 16 people.

It will deal 2,509 fixed fire damage per second for up to 4 seconds.

Skill Range: 10m radius

Skill Mana Cost: 3,200

Skill Cooldown Time: 15 minutes.

[Fluid Escape Lv. 1]

The soul and body of the caster will be separated for 3 seconds.

The caster can control the soul that emerged from the body, while the body will be immune to all damage.

The soul can deal $1,030 + (\text{half of the caster's current magic power})$ damage to all targets in the way.

As soon as the soul returns to the body, a shockwave will be generated, pushing all nearby enemies back.

Skill Mana consumption: 65% of your current mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

[Storm Gravity Field Lv. 1]

Installs a gravity field 5m in diameter at the specified location. It will take 1.2 seconds to install and all objects trapped in the gravity field will be suppressed for 2 seconds. After that, the raging storm will deal 8,600~15,900 damage.

Skill Range: 20m radius

Skill Mana Cost: 2,500

Skill Cooldown Time: 18 minutes.

[Carshian's Fury Lv. 2]

Shields the caster with a fire shield.

The shield absorbs a total of 15,000 damage and will return half of the absorbed damage back to the opponent.

Physical defense and magic resistance will increase by 20%, and fire resistance by 99% while the shield is active.

Skill Mana Cost: 3,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 20 minutes.

In order to acquire S-grade magic, a user had to be at least level 280 and meet other difficult conditions. In the first place, S-grade spellbooks were rare. Looking at the users and NPCs, there were only a few who had acquired S-grade magic.

Therefore, Euphemina couldn't duplicate a lot of S-grade magic.

Her choices were narrow. Nevertheless, she wasn't disappointed. The reason was simple. It was because of Fluid Escape, a fraudulent magic that had the most usefulness among her S-grade spells. It was a rare spell that dealt damage proportional to magic power and made the body invincible.

Learning this spell was the standards of a great magician. In the past, Euphemina followed Earl Ashur for a month before barely managing to duplicate it. She cherished it so much that she didn't even use it when her life was in danger, so she permanently stored it in the orb without hesitation.

[Do you want to attribute the spell 'Fluid Escape' to the Indecisive Mumud's Orb?]

"Yes."

[The spell can't be released when attached to an item. Do you still want to progress?]

"Yes."

The blue orb shone brightly.

[The skill 'Fluid Escape' has been removed from the Duplicator's skills list.]

['Fluid Escape' now belongs to the Indecisive Mumud's Orb.]

Bururu.

Euphemina's small body shook as she confirmed the result. It was due to the thrill she felt. Her cheeks flushed and she stroked the orb with a joyful expression.

“Beautiful. This is too good.”

At this moment, she finally realized that she was the owner of such a great item. She tried to equip the orb in order to fully realize it.

[You have equipped the Indecisive Mumud's Orb.]

The normal notification window appeared.

[Your position has been revealed to someone. You won't be able to escape from the eyes of surveillance.]

“Huh?”

Then an unknown notification window popped up.

“What does that mean?” Euphemina was stunned as she blinked her large eyes. Then she nodded as if she understood. “My position is being delivered to Grid.”

The orb's maker was Grid, so it made sense to think so. It was a legendary item. It wouldn't be strange to have specific features built into it, so she didn't think about it any longer. She rushed in front of the mirror and admired the beautiful sight of her holding the blue orb.

But what was the truth? The eyes of surveillance on her wasn't from Grid. At the same time, in one of the 27 golem labyrinths throughout the continent.

[I finally found it.]

The voice of the great magician Braham rang out through the labyrinth. He issued a command to thousands of golems.

[Show the fool who dared to ignore the great me.]

Kuuong! Kuuong!

All types of powerful golems moved in unison. They were slowly but surely heading to the same destination. Soon after, this spectacular scene was captured by users across the world and would once again bring a big wave to Satisfy.

“What?”

Bairan Castle.

Grid visited with some shocking words. The Tzedakah Guild gathered in the meeting room didn't welcome it.

"Are you serious about withdrawing from the guild?" Toban asked again and Grid nodded.

"Yes."

"Why all of a sudden?" The one who asked was Overgeared No. 2, Ibellin. He was looking at Lael. "What did that guy say to mislead Grid?"

As one of the 10 Rookies, Ibellin had a fierce rivalry with Lael. So he growled every time they met, but Lael never gave him a second thought. But this time was an exception. Lael replied to Ibellin.

"Ibellin. Are you saying that Grid is an idiot who would be swayed by my words?"

Twitch.

Huroi's eyes narrowed from where he was silently standing behind Grid. Ibellin was baffled.

"W-What...? What did you leap to that conclusion? That isn't

what I meant!”

“Quiet.”

Jishuka finally came forward. Her folded arms highlighted her big chest as she stared intently at Grid.

“Why do you want to leave?”

“I want to become a lord.” Grid answered simply.

Jishuka asked him again, “Why?”

“You’re asking why?” Grid made the shape of a coin with his fingers and spoke bluntly. “Because of money.”

Now they understood everything. Certainly, the amount of taxes collected from Bairan after being promoted to a city was so big that it couldn’t be ignored. It was natural to feel greedy. Especially for Grid, who was only playing the game for money.

“Can’t you be a lord even if you belong to the guild?”

Jishuka didn’t want Grid to leave. Putting aside her personal feelings, she didn’t want to lose one of the factors that made the guild strong.

“Well...that...”

Grid tried to explain but it wasn't easy.

Then Lael came out.

“In order to become a lord, a certain position is required. It isn't enough to be a viscount. Grid is only a member of the guild, but he also has a lot of subordinates. Therefore, he can't be left as a guild member of the Tzedakah Guild.

Grid nodded.

“That's what I was trying to say.”

“...”

The eyes of the Tzedakah Guild members were cold as they looked at Lael. They didn't like that he was encouraging Grid to cut ties with his close companions. Based on this situation, Lael seemed to be trying to separate them from Grid.

Only Faker was watching Lael with a happy expression.

‘Indeed... he fills everything that Grid is lacking.’

It was really great. The other guild members were jealous of

being deprived of Grid and didn't recognize him. But Faker knew that someday the guild members would recognize Lauel.

Jishuka explained, "Grid, if it is just money then, I will give you the taxes from Bairan. So why don't we stay like this?"

The taxes from Bairan were shared fairly between the guild members. Now she would ignore the other guild members and give the taxes to Grid. It was a truly shocking offer. The other members expressed no dissatisfaction, despite Jishuka deciding it on her own. It was because Grid was worth more. They already made a lot of money due to betting on Grid in the National Competition.

On the other hand, Lauel wanted to curse. He thought that Grid would accept Jishuka's proposal. But Grid's response was surprising.

"I don't want to."

"...?"

Didn't Grid want money? Hadn't he suffered from hair loss due to the money problems recently? Then why did he so easily refuse? It was so surprising that even Huroi and Lauel shook. Everyone was confused by Grid's shocking remark.

"I can't be satisfied with just the taxes of one city."

"..."

Bairan achieved an incredible growth after the National Competition and was now called the third largest city in the north. Yet this city wasn't enough for him?

“Grid, perhaps you...”

Grid was looking higher. Jishuka's eyes widened as she realized this fact, while Grid declared.

“The minimum of what I want is a territory the size of Winston. That is the starting point.”

Huroi and Lauel asked him to be king. He would grasp it first before the two billion users of Satisfy. He couldn't resist. Why? It was a chance to become the richest man on Earth.

“Jishuka, take the kids and come under me.”

“Huh...!” Jishuka burst out. He wanted to swallow the elites who were in the top 100 of the unified rankings at all once? “A complete thief.”

There was no saying more accurate than that.

Chapter 194

“Jishuka, take the kids and come under me.”

The moment that Grid said so. Lael winced and hurriedly sent him a whisper.

–Grid, what did you say just now?

Grid was confused.

–What’s wrong?

Lael spoke with frustration.

–Your way of talking is wrong!

Lael knew that the Tzedakah Guild was a prestigious guild that existed since the days of L.T.S. The scale was small, but they had a tradition of at least six years. They had the pride of those who reigned at the top. But rather than respecting them, Grid told them to come under him? It was obvious that the proud guild members would be disappointed and repelled by Grid.

–You should negotiate. You have to respect them. Then convince them to cooperate. Do you think that if you speak to them like that, they will just follow you?

“ ... ”

Grid noticed his mistake. If he thought about it from the position of the guild members, he realized that he made a huge mistake.

‘Disgusting.’ Was he any different from Lee Junho in his high school days, who made Grid his bread shuttle just because he was more powerful? ‘In the first place, the words I chose were wrong.’

But things had changed since entering the Tzedakah Guild. Grid had many memories with his guild members. They got to know each other little by little. Grid recognized the guild members as friends or colleagues. Yet he told them to come under him, like they were servants.

Grid was very disappointed in himself.

‘How could I treat them like this?’

He controlled them with his items, so did he subconsciously perceive them as below him?

‘I am better than them. I also have high fame.’

Was he ignoring them? Just like the alumni ignored him in the past?

‘Dammit! Just a while ago in the National Competition, I realized

that I fought for my companions!’

Grid’s character had deepened and matured compared to the past. But that was only when compared to the past. His personality was still lacking. The evidence was that he was jealous of Noe’s popularity and posted malicious comments about him on the Internet. His nature was filled with self-righteousness and egotism due to his unfavorable environment, so he couldn’t mature in such a short amount of time.

But.

“I’m sorry. I’ll correct what I just said.”

By default, Grid was someone who tried hard. Thanks to his efforts, he could barely be middle of the pack at school, despite having no talents. In addition, he was able to become the first legendary class in Satisfy.

As long as he realized and corrected his mistakes, he would change quickly.

“I will say it again. All of you, please join the guild that I will make. I want to continue to be with you, and I need your strength. I will also give you strength... Let’s join together to build a country. I consider you as friends and colleagues, so please.”

Grid bowed deeply. His attitude was very polite. The stiff expressions of Jishuka and the guild members slowly released.

Jishuka spoke, “Give us time to talk about it.”

“What should we do?”

Grid returned to Winston after causing a fuss. The Tzedakah Guild started to engage in an in-depth discussion.

“Grid is a necessary existence for us. Not just as a blacksmith, but also as a warrior. He’s a source of great strength. We can’t lose him.”

“I agree with that part, but can Grid be the leader of a guild?”

Leadership was needed to lead an organization. In order to exert leadership, they needed charisma to force people or to make people loyal to them. But that ability wasn’t something that anyone could have.

Why was the Tzedakah Guild operating on a small scale? There were many reasons, but the important one was that there was no leader in the guild. Those who acted to rise to the top possessed strong individualistic tendencies. None of them had the talent to lead others. Even Jishuka was limited to just commanding the current personnel.

Grid was stingy, filled with jealousy and only acted for money, so could he fulfill the role of a leader? Furthermore, he wanted to

become a king? It was impossible.

“A clever person like Lauel can make up for the intelligence that Grid is lacking. But it is impossible for someone who isn’t a leader to maintain or expand the organization.”

“That’s right. If Grid creates a guild, won’t it soon collapse?”

A competent leader of a small guild was better than an incompetent one of a large guild. Everyone thought so. They judged that it was just Grid’s futile dream. But an unexpected person came up with a different opinion.

“Grid is a natural leader.”

What was this nonsense? Everyone’s eyes focused on one person. The person who received their interest. It was Toban. He was the Tzedakah Guild’s chief of staff, who became Grid’s slave in the past. At one time, he was reluctant about Grid, but now he appreciated Grid more than anyone else.

“What is required to be a leader? Isn’t it to unite and lead the organization, and ultimately develop the organization? Think about it. Grid has a power that can replace leadership.”

Buzz buzz.

The guild members started murmuring.

“Power that can replace leadership?”

“What is it? I can’t figure it out.”

Toban gave a hint to the guild members who couldn’t understand. “Don’t overlook the fact that Satisfy is a game.”

“Ah...!” Jishuka and Pon noticed before anyone else. They shouted at the same time. “Items!”

Toban was satisfied.

“That’s right. When people play games, they have one basic desire. And Grid can meet those needs. As long as he makes items for the guild members, they will never betray him. And Grid will evolve while trying to do his best for the guild.”

The main reason why the Tzedakah Guild was reluctant to lose Grid was due to his ability to make items. That’s right. At least in Satisfy, Grid was fully qualified to be a leader.

“If Grid produces items for the guild members with high achievements as a reward, the members won’t want to leave Grid forever. At the same time, they will gradually become elites.”

“Just like us...”

In the first place, a smart person like Lael wouldn't become Grid's king maker if he didn't have a reason. Lael obviously planned to foster the strongest guild through Grid. The guild would become tremendously powerful through items.

"It's lucky that Grid has Lael." Those were Jishuka's words. She continued. "Thanks to Lael, Grid will be able to reign at the top."

Currently, Pagma's Descendant was the strongest class in existence. But there were a total of nine legendary classes in Satisfy. As a blacksmith, Pagma's Descendant was relatively weak in combat compared to the other legendary classes.

If Grid kept playing the game in an individual manner, there would eventually come a day when he couldn't surpass this limit and would have to concede the position of the best to someone else.

But the story would change if he owned the strongest guild. The strongest guild that only Grid could create! This power would make Grid reign at the top!

"Why don't we go under Grid? Anyway, we have reached the limitations of expanding our power."

"I think so as well. I don't want to watch Zibal or Chris' guilds slowly swallow up this continent."

"Certainly... unlike L.T.S., there is a limit to what a small

number of people can do in Satisfy. It would be better in the long run to be included in a bigger force.”

“I can never escape from Grid’s items. I unconditionally want to go under Grid.”

All the guild members agreed. It was decided.

Jishuka stood up and declared, “Today, the Tzedakah Guild will be disbanded. The 21 members, including myself, will go under grid.”

They dreamed of becoming the strongest, like they were in L.T.S. In order to achieve those dreams, they chose Grid. Thanks to that, Grid swallowed up the strongest force for free. It was an event that would go down in history.

The guild that represented the Eternal Kingdom was by far the Giant Guild. The Tzedakah Guild was famous for its small number of elites, but that couldn’t compare to the Giant Guild. It was because the Giant Guild had more than 700 people. It was a level that could deal with the Snake Guild, who was expanding its power in the Haken Kingdom.

“Golem army?”

Pedro City, in the southern part of the Eternal Kingdom.

Chris was stunned. More than 1,000 golems were advancing towards the Eternal Kingdom.

“What type of magician can control over 1,000 golems? It isn’t possible, even if all the great magicians on the continent joined their power together. Isn’t this ridiculous?”

The golems weren’t roaming a particular area. Rather, they were moving with a clear destination, so someone was obviously controlling the golem. One of the seven captains, Zirkan, responded to Chris with wide eyes.

“This information is definite. The golems are currently advancing towards the Eternal Kingdom, and it is likely that the south will be the first target, based on their movement path.”

Another of the seven captains, Asellas, spoke. “In the future, there will be a quest from the king of the Eternal Kingdom to defeat the golem army.”

Chris smiled widely. “This is a good sign.”

So what if over 1,000 golems gathered? They were just slow masses of stones. Chris was determined to defeat the golems in order to raise the guild’s reputation and increase their contribution to the kingdom.

“This is an opportunity to become an earl.”

After Chris was defeated by Regas in the National Competition.

The Giant Guild became confused. The loss of the guild master reduced the guild's morale, and the guild seemed to be walking down a path of decline.

However, Chris was a person with outstanding charisma. He led the guild along with the seven captains, and the Giant Guild managed to escape its confusion. They boasted a stronger force than before.

Chris was confident.

“We will be thoroughly prepared when the king's quest arrives. First of all, tell the magicians to store AOE magic in their orbs, and distribute large weapons to the physical damage dealers.

Then after a few days. There was a messenger from the capital.

“In the name of the 13th king of the Eternal Kingdom, King Wiesbaden. Viscount Chris, slaughter the golems that dare advance towards my sacred kingdom!”

[Defense War]

Difficulty: S

Precisely 1,231 golems have crossed the border of the Eternal

Kingdom.

Defend the Eternal Kingdom.

Quest Clear Conditions: Repel the golem army (0/1,231)

Quest Clear Rewards: One small city. 25,000 contribution to the kingdom. The guild level will rise by 1. Two million gold will be obtained.

Quest Failure: The golems will advance to the capital of the Eternal Kingdom. The kingdom will fall into chaos.

They were colossal rewards.

Chris' blood was boiling.

'Zibal, you aren't the first user who will become an earl. I will also be the first one to get 1,000 guild members!'

Chris didn't doubt it. He had experience with clearing guild quests with an A-grade difficulty, so he didn't shrink back before the S-grade one. He just wanted to defeat the golems to achieve his goals. All the Giant Guild members, there wasn't one person who thought this quest might fail.

Three days later.

Breaking news appeared around the world.

『 A few days ago, golems gathered from all over the continent and advanced into the Eternal Kingdom. The Giant Guild acted to intercept them... 』

It was a tragedy. The Giant Guild could only defeat 300 golems. The southern part of the Eternal Kingdom was ravaged. Chris was desperate as he looked at Pedro, swallowed up by a raging fire.

“How did this happen...?”

One year and six months ago.

When Chris became a viscount and gained Pedro, it had only been a small village when he first arrived. In the past year and a half, Chris had developed it into a city. It was lost in an instant. All the buildings collapsed, while thousands of NPCs turned into grey light. The damage would be difficult to repair.

Chris was frustrated, but he had no choice but to watch as the golems advanced to the capital. The true destination of the mighty golem army was the north of the Eternal Kingdom. They planned to advanced from the south to the north through the capital.

The great magician Braham did this just to draw Grid's attention.

Chapter 195

Humanity started to receive news through smartphones dozens of years ago. Nevertheless, newspapers still had a steady consumer base.

The full subway. Some passengers were holding newspapers in their hands. The newspapers were published by different places, shown by the different political stances. However, the newspapers all had the same headlines.

[The Golem Army's Attack on the Eternal Kingdom!]

One month after the National Competition. There hadn't been any special incidents in Satisfy, except for the fact that Kraugel was the first user to get a third advancement class.

The Internet was in an uproar.

–Why the Eternal Kingdom? The Eternal Kingdom is neutral, so there shouldn't be any countries hostile towards them? What kingdom sent the golems to the Eternal Kingdom?

–There are 17 kingdoms on the continent. They all have their own interests, so even a neutral kingdom isn't guaranteed to be safe.

–To be able to send so many golems, isn't it impossible for one country alone to have that strength? It is impossible to control that

many golems unless dozens of great magicians join forces.

–Wow! Then several countries have united to attack the Eternal Kingdom...?

–Is this the precursor to a massive episode?

–No matter how high their numbers, golems are golems. How did the Giant Guild get smashed by the golems?

Chris' level was 298 and he had the dignity of the third ranked user. The seven captains were top ranked users over level 260, and the average level of the 700 Giant Guild members was 180. It was honestly unbelievable that more than 1,000 golems with a maximum level of 200 could one-sidedly massacre the Giant Guild.

As the world became increasingly confused, footage started to be shown around the world.

『 This is a video of the Eternal Kingdom war that we just obtained. Watch this video and you will see how bad the Eternal Kingdom's current crisis is. 』

The screen that switched.

“Through this war, our Giant Guild will take one step further. Record this glorious moment carefully.”

The video started with Chris talking to the camera.

Kuuong! Kuwuong!

The massive sound of footsteps shaking the ground was clearly heard from far away. The viewpoint of the camera, as well as Chris and the guild members' eyes, moved towards the horizon.

Kuoooh!

One, two, three. Tens, hundreds. Over 1,000 golems were slowly but surely approaching from the horizon. They gradually came closer. The appearance of the golems lined up was truly spectacular. It was like a ridgeline.

The size of the golems varied. The names were also very unusual. There were around 1,000 'old golems' that didn't look much different from existing golems, and 200 small golems with the same body shape as humans called 'soul dolls.' Finally, there were 12 extra large golems exceeding 8m in height and 4m in width that were called 'ancient weapons.'

"The names are great." Chris spoke warily. "Based on the names alone, they seem much stronger than existing golems. In particular, those super-sized golems and humanoid golems."

The magician Asellas, one of the seven captains and a specialist in petrification magic, came up with his own opinion.

“The humanoid golems look very difficult. We should take care of them first.”

The advantages of a golem were their high physical defense and health. Instead, they were vulnerable to magic and relatively slow, making them easy to deal with. It was clear that if the humanoid golems had the existing strengths of a golem and were fast, they would be hard to deal with.

Asellas' comments quickly convinced Chris.

“Okay. Take care of the humanoid golems.”

“Yes!”

From then on, a splendid magical bombardment began. Asellas and 200 magicians attacked the humanoid golems with their most powerful magic.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

An explosion occurred in many parts of the wilderness and a dust storm rose. The camera became blurry and nothing could be seen in front. They suspected that the powerful magical bombardment would completely destroy the 1,000 golems.

However.

“What...?”

After a while, the dust storm lifted and everyone was astonished. The golem army was completely fine. They didn't even suffer minor damage from the magical bombardment of Asellas and the other guild magicians.

Asellas' face turned white.

“Anti-magic Shield...?”

The Anti-magic Shield was a spell that blocked all types of magic. It was a perfect counter for magicians and classified as S-grade magic, so it wasn't something that everyone could use. However, the golems were using Anti-magic Shields.

Asellas stared blankly at the pink transparent shields deployed by the 12 super-sized golems.

“No way. How is this possible?”

The golems could use magic? In addition, it was S-grade magic? The Giant Guild couldn't understand it. In particular, Asellas and the magicians lost their morale.

“I used all my mana...”

“I used all the magic stored in my orb...”

“We couldn’t even do any damage...”

“What should we do if the golems are immune to magic?”

The Giant Guild’s morale rapidly deteriorated. The golem army continued to advance and was gradually getting closer. Chris hurriedly ordered, “We will change the target to the super-sized golems.”

The magicians were useless as long as the super-sized golems used the Anti-magic Shield. That’s why Chris decided to deal with the super-sized golems first, but it wasn’t easy.

Kuwaaah!

The physical damage dealers and tankers tried to attack the huge golems, but the old golems blocked their way. Their appearance was similar to general golems, but they weren’t ordinary.

“These damn things!”

Chris and the damage dealers charged at the golems with their large, prearranged weapons. But the defense of the golems was uncommon. Their attacks didn’t work as they wanted. They felt much more solid than the hardest iron golem.

Chris realized that the situation was worse than he thought. He

smashed a golem using his strongest technique.

[You have destroyed an old golem.]

[350,300 experience has been acquired.]

In the case of a monster that was already hunted, the level and details could be grasped. Chris used this basic system to verify the information of the old golems.

[Old Golem]

Level: 240

A relic of the past. A golem made of volcanic rock mixed with black iron, making it harder than an iron golem. Existing magicians can't produce this level of golem.

‘Dammit!’

Existing golems had a level range of 50~200. However, the old golems were level 240. It wasn't a big deal for Chris and the seven captains, but they were too hard for the general guild members to deal with.

Chris shouted.

“Every three people organize into one group to fight!”

The average level of the Giant Guild was 180. He judged that three members would be able to deal with one old golem. But the problem wasn't the old golems. The real crisis started once the 200 humanoid golems entered the battlefield.

Pepeok! Kwakwang!

“Kuak!”

“H-Hik!”

The guild members were logged out in front of the swift and accurate attacks of the humanoid golems. The perplexed Chris ordered the seven captains.

“We will mark the humanoid golems! Kuk!”

The strength of the humanoid golems transcended common sense. Not only were they fast, but their combat skills were very good. Some of them wielded their fists and feet like a martial artist, while others used parts of their bodies like swords or spears. Even the seven captains found it hard if they were attacked by two or more humanoid golems.

There were 200 of them.

Kwajak!

Chris defeated a humanoid golem and confirmed the details.

[Soul Doll]

Level: 280

A battle doll made by capturing the soul of a warrior. The ego isn't maintained but the soul can demonstrate its original life's fighting skills.

‘What is this fraudulent..!?’

The strength of the soul dolls was at the level of a field boss. What type of magician created these monsters? Chris got goosebumps. The battlefield was disadvantageous. Magic shields didn't help because of the Anti-magic Shield, and most guild members were too busy dealing with the old golems.

The seven captains were unable to cope with the pincer attacks of the soul dolls. It had been less than 10 minutes after the fight started, and half of the guild members had already been logged out.

‘It is finished.’

The S-rank guild quest exceeded common sense. Chris realized

this and shouted angrily, “These damn pieces of scum! I will smash one more of you before I die!”

The soul dolls came from every direction. Chris wielded his greatsword at them. The third ranked user didn’t fall down easily. Over time, all the guild members were logged out, but he survived and defeated hundreds of golems. But he wasn’t invincible. Soon after his stamina was depleted, he left the battlefield. Then he could only helplessly scream as the golems destroyed Pedro.

The war footage switched back to the news studio. The hosts and experts appeared with a serious expression.

『 The biggest reason Chris was defeated in his match against Regas was because he was careless. As he proved now, Chris is much more powerful than what he showed in the National Competition. 』

『 That’s right. He’s stronger than Regas, and not weak. But that alone can’t stop the golem’s advance. It’s sad. 』

『 In particular, the soul dolls are too powerful. Chris was only able to defeat four soul dolls. The ancient weapons are extraordinary, but they didn’t directly participate in battle. Who is the creator of these mighty golems? 』

『 The old golems and ancient weapons... Based on their name, they seem to be a heritage of the past. Maybe it is the legacy of the great magician Braham. 』

『 Braham? Aren't you thinking too much? Even if the creator of these golems is Braham, what type of magician can control Braham's golems? 』

『 Perhaps the golems are made by Braham's disciple. Well, it will be revealed gradually. Right now, the key question is whether or not the Eternal Kingdom can withstand the attacks of the golems. 』

『 The military power of the Eternal Kingdom is very powerful. That's why they could exist as a neutral kingdom. But that is a story of when it is a human against human battle... They might be helpless against the golems. 』

『 Then there is only one conclusion. Users, please leave for the Eternal Kingdom right now! It's a great opportunity to get a quest that will give you enormous rewards! 』

The users and guilds already knew this and were moving towards the Eternal Kingdom. King Wiesbaden of the Eternal Kingdom gave a wide range of quests to prevent the unprecedented advance of the golems.

[Fight the Golems]

Difficulty: B~S

The Giant Guild was brave enough to defeat the golems that crossed the border of the Eternal Kingdom, but were eventually defeated. As a result, the southern part of the Eternal Kingdom was

destroyed and the golem's army is advancing towards the capital of the Eternal Kingdom.

King Wiesbaden senses the crisis and summoned his troops from all over the kingdom. He is asking you to cooperate with them.

Quest Clear Conditions: Repel the golems.

Quest Clear Rewards:

After defeating an old golem, 300 gold and 100 kingdom contribution will be acquired.

After defeating a soul doll, 1,000 gold and 500 kingdom contribution will be acquired.

After defeating an ancient weapon, 3,000 gold and 1,500 kingdom contribution will be acquired.

100 gold was worth 120,000 won. In addition, accumulating 3,000 kingdom contribution could earn the user the title of a baron, and 10,000 contribution gave the title of a viscount. From the users' perspective, there was no reason not to join this quest. From all over the continent, tens of thousands of users gathered in the capital of the Eternal Kingdom.

“Everyone! I have a party! We must make a party to defeat the golems!”

In Satisfy, up to 24 people could join one party. The users formed parties and went to war. But could regular users handle the soul dolls that even the seven captains of the Giant Guild had difficulty with? It was a useless defense.

Most parties barely managed to defeat one or two old golems, but they were easily destroyed by the soul dolls. The Anti-magic Shields didn't allow magicians to exert their power, so the battlefield went badly.

And.

Kuweeeeeeh!

Hundreds of users were logged out when the ancient weapons occasionally fired a massive ray of magic energy, causing the Eternal Kingdom to face a crisis. The users didn't want to continue any further, forcing the Eternal Kingdom to fight against the golems with their own soldiers.

King Wiesbaden was furious.

“What wicked person? Why? What purpose is there behind giving this trial to my kingdom?”

On the other hand, a grocery store in the capital.

Two girls was pushing through a crowd, struggling to get anything done.

“I chose this place because I heard it was the most comfortable place for beginners to start, but what is this? We can’t go hunting because of these big stones, so we can’t do anything until the capsule room booking time ends.

The ID of the complaining girl was ‘Sexy Schoolgirl’. It was a fairly childish name, but her face was really pretty. She actually was sexy. Her name was Park Yerim in reality. She was the best friend of Grid’s younger sister Sehee. Sehee was the neat girl standing next to her.

Chapter 196

Sehee was in her second year of high school, and she was a girl who only knew about studying. She studied all day, except for jogging in the morning and yoga in the evening.

Idol music, makeup, dramas, shopping, etc. She wasn't interested in all the hobbies that other girls her age enjoyed. She only went to school, the library, and home. Was studying interesting? No. It was due to her strong sense of responsibility. She was worried about her brother and determined to succeed in order to support her family.

But then her brother succeeded. He became the best celebrity and was economically wealthy. Thanks to that, Sehee was able to escape the obsession that she should do well for her brother. She still studied, but wouldn't it be nice to have a hobby? She had room enough to think.

And the thing she became most interested in was Satisfy. She couldn't ignore the game that many people in the world were enjoying, and a strong point was that she could enjoy it with her brother.

Saturday at 1 p.m. Sehee visited a capsule room for the first time in her life with Yerim.

“Hey~ aren't the two of you really pretty? I will play with you, giving you items and helping you hunt. Just let me know your game IDs.”

“Come here and sit down. I’ll buy you some drinks.”

Most of the capsule room customers were university students. Most workers enjoyed Satisfy at home by purchasing a capsule directly, but the capsule fee was too expensive for students. Some university students lied to their parents about going to school and headed to the capsule room instead.

“Wow~ that uniform! Young Ladies High School?”

“Wow. Isn’t Young Ladies High School ranked in the top 10? These pretty girls are good at studying.”

“Students of the Young Ladies High School are great. Please marry me. Yes~?”

For university students who were interested in the opposite sex, the emergence of beautiful girls like Sehee and Yerim was an exciting event. They persistently clung to Sehee and Yerim.

‘How cheap.’

To Yerim, these people looked like nerdy university students. She decided to teach these guys who didn’t know the world about how fearful women could be by eating their items and capsule fees.

Yerim’s eyes curved as she started to smile. Sehee noticed Yerim

was emitting her distinctive pose to deceive a man and urgently restrained her.

“Just ignore them.”

Sehee hated all men except for her father and brother. She kept attracting men due to her innate beauty, but she found it annoying.

“Hrmm~”

If it was like the old days, Yerim would’ve thoroughly tricked the university students without listening to Sehee.

‘I don’t want to have any clashes with my future sister-in-law.’

Yerim easily followed Sehee’s words. Afterwards, they connected to Satisfy and created a character in the city called Reinhardt, the capital of the Eternal Kingdom. As they were people experiencing virtual reality for the first time, they were astonished at the implementation of their five senses that was just like reality.

Yerim moved her body back and forth, drinking in the clean air when she suddenly grumbled. “What is this? Why don’t you want to tell your brother that we started the game? Isn’t it more comfortable and enjoyable to play with him?”

“If Oppa knows that I started Satisfy, he’ll order a capsule for me. Not long ago, I rejected his offer to buy me a capsule.”

Yerim's eyes started sparkling.

“Youngwoo oppa is truly great. What brother would buy a 10 million won machine for his sister? It's on a different level from my brother. Then...” Yerim didn't understand why Sehee was reluctant to have her brother buy her a capsule. “If your brother wants to buy it, shouldn't you just accept gratefully? Why did you refuse?”

Sehee was worried about her brother.

“I don't want to spend money just because Oppa is making it. I want Oppa to value his money and save it.”

Satisfy's popularity seemed eternal for now, but she didn't know about the future. What if one day, a virtual reality game bigger than Satisfy was released? At that time, her brother's income would decrease. Sehee hoped that her brother would become someone who thought about the future.

“If I had a capsule, wouldn't I use it all the time? It's a luxury. Once I get a job and buy a capsule using my own money, then I'll tell Oppa that I'm playing Satisfy.”

Yerim clicked her tongue.

“Amazing, amazing. You're a very virtuous woman.”

Someday when she married Youngwoo, it would be very tiring to have Sehee as a sister-in-law.

Yerim opened the map. Then along with Sehee, she started exploring Reinhardt. The scenery of Reinhardt was very beautiful, looking much bigger and more spectacular than medieval movies that cost hundreds of millions to produce. Due to the wealth of things to see, the two girls didn't know how to spend their time.

“Those girls are pretty.”

“An Oriental girl is white, but aren't they whiter than white? There are no flaws. A complete milky skin.”

“They look like complete noobs... Isn't there a chance to become friends if we help them on a quest or hunt?”

In the end, Yerim and Sehee was followed by a lot of male users. Two girls with prominent beauty were walking beside each other, so it was natural for them to catch the attention of men. In particular, Yerim had the ID of Sexy Schoolgirl, so many men were interested.

‘Schoolgirl...’

‘Sexy Schoolgirl...’

‘Her ID is actually Sexy Schoolgirl...’

Gulp!

The male users couldn't help gulping! Suddenly, a quest window appeared before them as they watched the girls with serpentine eyes.

[Fight the Golems]

Difficulty: B~S

Quest Clear Conditions: Repel the golems.

Quest Clear Rewards:

After defeating an old golem, 300 gold and 100 kingdom contribution will be acquired.

After defeating a soul doll, 1,000 gold and 500 kingdom contribution will be acquired.

After defeating an ancient weapon, 3,000 gold and 1,500 kingdom contribution will be acquired.

“Huh, it is finally here.”

“Aren't the rewards greater than expected?”

“It means the opponents are tough. Anyway, it is good. This is an opportunity to reverse my life.”

The users already knew that the golem army was advancing to Reinhardt. They rushed out of the city to defeat the golems. Meanwhile, Yerim and Sehee were confused after being given the quest.

“I was just walking and I received a quest? Was it originally like this?”

“What are golems?”

“I saw them in movies. They are giants made of stone, but very solid and strong.”

“Strong? Can we get rid of them?”

“I don’t know...”

The male users approached the two stunned girls.

“Golems are monsters that beginners can’t deal with. Don’t even think about leaving the city, or you will be wiped out in two minutes.”

The users who approached with friendly smiles were armed with

brilliant armor and weapons. It was in stark contrast to Sehee and Yerim, who wore shabby clothing. Yerim's eyes widened and glistened.

“Oh my, really? The rewards are too tempting. As beginners, do we have no chance for the rewards? Right?”

Yerim's seduction was a truly great thing. The male users were dazzled by her eyes and nodded excitedly.

“You can get the rewards if you party with us!”

“Really! We can defeat the golems, so you can get the rewards just by watching!”

Yerim was pleased by the reaction and laughed. Then she raised a hand and asked, “So, who are the cool men who will invite us to the party?”

“Me!”

“No, come with us, Sexy Schoolgirl!”

“I have the highest level here! Come to our party!”

Users over level 150 competed to get two level 1 users into their party. As the situation grew bigger, Sehee sighed with a troubled expression while Yerim laughed.

Then after a while.

The two girls were shocked at the cruel scene in front of them. The party of 22 men who were over level 150 left the gate and all 22 men were instantly defeated by a huge golem.

“H-Hik!”

“S-Save me...!”

Screams were occurring everywhere. Sehee and Yerim were still underage so the protection system worked, meaning they didn't see blood splattering and wounds were blurred. But they still felt fear and disgust at the sight of people being killed by golems.

“Ooof...!”

Sehee and Yerim were nauseous at the sight of people they just talked to dying, and fled back to the city.

Originally, beginners slowly adapted to the system by hunting small creatures such as rabbits and deer. Therefore, the two girls received a big shock because they witnessed the death of humans as soon as they started Satisfy.

“It's too cruel.”

“Oh my god, what is this terrible game?”

Hundreds of thousands of people were crowded in the city. There were those who came to fight the golems realized the powerlessness and withdrew, the merchants, the frightened NPCs and the beginners.

All types of people gathered. Sehee and Yerim were pushed by the crowd and suffered trying to take just one step.

“We can’t move because of all the people.”

“Uhh I chose the city that was first ranked in the recommendations, so what is this situation?”

It was at this time.

Kuuong! Kuuong!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The huge 10m walls of Reinhardt were unable to cope with the magic energy fired by the ancient weapons and collapsed.

“Kyaak!”

“R-Run away!”

The soul dolls and old golems moved through the destroyed walls and started to indiscriminately attack people.

The armies of the nobles that were gathered from all over the place resisted, but they were helpless. The average level of the soldiers was 60~90, so they died in one blow from the golems. Unless they were top rankers, the users also had difficulty.

It was truly hell. Sehee and Yerim's first sight of Satisfy was truly terrible. They were in tears as they watched the expressionless golems killing the screaming users and NPCs.

“Scary...”

“Those cruel monsters are killing children! Bad people!”

It was true. The golems were killing all humans indiscriminately. Even users who could resurrect again were running away from the golems, so what about the NPCs? Those who had a finite life tried their best to escape from the golems. But they were so many people that it wasn't easy to move. Some people died from being trampled by others.

“Ahhh! Mother! Mother!”

A five year old child lost his mother in the crowd. He cried and fell down.

Grrr...!

Then a huge shadow covered the boy's small body. It was an old golem. Its huge hand descended towards the boy. Sehee was surprised and reflexively moved her body. There was no time for Yerim to stop her. Sehee was acting in the hope that she could somehow save that boy.

Most users considered NPCs as artificial intelligences and masses of data, but Sehee had been in Satisfy for less than an hour and didn't know about NPCs.

Kuuong!

Sehee embraced the boy and prepared for death. The golem's merciless hand flew towards her back. People thought that both the boy and Sehee would die. But there were numerous knights and soldiers here in Reinhardt. It wasn't strange that someone found the people in crisis and ran to save them. Fortunately, their savior was very strong.

Chaaeng!

Phoenix, the strongest knight of the north, blocked the golem's hand with the Sword of Self-transcendence.

“Flee with the child!”

“T-Thank you!”

Sehee thanked him and lifted the boy. In a corner of her vision, notification windows emerged.

[You are weak. Nevertheless, you have the spirit of sacrifice to save others. You will be an example to the people.]

[You have reached the conditions required to become the growth type hidden class ‘Saintess.’]

A level 1 female user willing to sacrifice herself for a NPC. If someone fulfilled this condition in Satisfy, they would receive the hidden class called ‘Saintess.’ The Saintess was Satisfy’s strongest healer, who could heal with her own abilities without borrowing the divine powers of Goddess Rebecca. It was a hidden healing class that could reign supreme in Satisfy, and the one who obtained it was the younger sister of the first legendary class.

‘A hidden class?’

Sehee might be a beginner in Satisfy, but she knew the greatness of a hidden class. A soul doll approached her as she was feeling stunned.

“Danger!”

This time, it was Yerim’s turn. She pushed Sehee aside and faced the soul doll instead.

At that moment. A blue greatsword fell from the sky.

Peeeeeeong!

The soul doll hit by Grid was unable to cope with the shock and collapsed.

Chapter 197

Sword of Self-transcendence.

Divine Shield.

Thorn of Deep Grievance.

Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer.

Failure.

Relieved Wave Armor.

Fantastic Pickaxe.

Indecisive Mumud's Orb.

This was the list of legendary items that Grid made after becoming Pagma's Descendant. He'd made only eight legendary items in a period of a year and a half. From the viewpoint of the S.A. Group, it was a very small number. They were saddened that Grid couldn't show off his presence as a legendary blacksmith.

But from the standpoint of Grid who lived an unlucky life, eight legendary items was amazing. No, it was more accurate to call them his salvation. Now Grid was in a state where he didn't complain even if the items were normal or rare rated.

“Hmmm...”

There was a ‘special event’ when he made five legendary items, giving Grid a reward and punishment. His mind was complicated after recently making a legendary item (Indecisive Mumud’s Orb).

Sooner or later, he would make 10 legendary items. Would the special event at that time be beneficial? Or would the punishment be bigger? He was full of expectations and fear. He was worried that the small amount of stats gained from unique rated items would disappear.

‘Do I have be nerfed again?’

A nerfed Grid got +4 to all stats when making a unique rated item and a +10 to all stats when it was a legendary item. This was lower than the stats that ordinary blacksmiths gained when making items. Realistically, the parts about stats acquisition was unlikely to be downgraded any more.

Grid thought about it positively.

‘Something good will surely happen when I make the 10th legendary item.

He hoped for that day to come.

Ttang! Ttang!

A full day had passed since he returned to Bairan. Grid was making items while waiting for the Tzedakah Guild to choose. Based on the enlightenment he got from making the Indecisive Mumud's Orb, he sought to create a one-handed sword that improved the prototype's shortcomings.

After a while.

[Mass-produced One-handed Sword]

Rating: Epic

Durability: 171/171 Attack Power: 264

Attack Speed: +8% Accuracy: +3%

A weapon made by the legendary blacksmith G.

A one-handed sword that can be easily used by anyone, and is designed to exert high attack power.

It's an aggressive design that references Dainsleif (Reproduction), and works to improve the disadvantages of the prototype.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. 1,000 strength. Advanced

Sword Mastery level 1.

‘A failure.’

Compared to the prototype, it had a much better balance, but the conditions of use were too high. Of course, it was rather low compared to other weapons of the same class, but Grid wanted it to be a weapon that anyone could use.

“Next time, I’ll have to delete an option.”

Thanks to the attack speed and attack accuracy options, the usage conditions seemed to be higher. Grid decided to change the design to something simpler and cruder. Then he would change the materials to get more attack power.

Didididi.

His alarm rang. He checked the upper left hand corner and confirmed that it was 12:50 p.m. in reality. Lunch time. Grid had to log out. Then Shin Youngwoo emerged from the capsule in reality.

“Today is kan jajang.” (A different type of jajangmyeon.)

A few months ago, Youngwoo had to worry about eating cold noodles or ramen noodles. He couldn’t enjoy the luxury of eating expensive delivered food. But now the situation changed. Thanks to his economic success, he could eat delivered food at will. It wasn’t burdensome to eat the more expensive kan jajang over the

normal jajangmyeon.

This type of thing was a huge happiness for someone like Youngwoo. It was a happiness that only those who experienced poverty could understand. Youngwoo ordered the delivery and sat down on the sofa. Then he habitually turned on the TV.

‘Will the Tzedakah Guild join me?’

The Tzedakah Guild had built up their reputation and memories, so they might not want to disband the guild.

‘But I overlooked that and even said those words... I’m disappointed in myself.’

From Youngwoo’s point of view, it was hard to be confident that the Tzedakah Guild would come to him. It was fortunate they didn’t call him a traitor for trying to withdraw from the guild.

‘But Lauel told me to wait and believe, so let’s hope.’

The new on TV was conveying the situation of Reinhardt, the capital of the Eternal Kingdom.

『 A huge 100,000 users gathered in Reinhardt to carry out the golem quest. In addition, nobles from all over the kingdom came with large armies under the order of King Wiesbaden. 』

『 This is the end of the golem's advance. No matter how strong they are, there are only 1,000 golems. Can 1,000 enemies deal with 100,000 users and 200,000 soldiers? 』

It was the opinion of the experts, and Youngwoo agreed.

“My father-in-law brought 60,000 troops... Reinhardt will be safe.”

Youngwoo hadn't seen the war video between the Giant Guild and the golems. It was because he was busy discussing with the guild and making items. He just knew that the golems were on their way to the kingdom's capital. So he thought it was easy to defeat the golems. He dismissed the invasion of Reinhardt as a small event.

However.

Kwaaaaah!

He was able to see that the atmosphere was incredibly because he was watching the Reinhardt war video in real time.

“What are these golems? Why are they so strong?”

The golems that invaded Reinhardt were beyond common sense. They were too difficult for the normal users to handle, even when gathered in groups of dozens or hundreds. The NPC soldiers couldn't even survive one blow from the golems. The high level

users and NPC knights were slaughtered by the sleek humanoid golems.

There was also the super-sized golems. There were exactly 12 golems that could use magic. Every time they launched magic energy, hundreds of users and NPCs turned to grey light. They also protected the golems by using Anti-magic Shields to block the attacks of the human magicians.

“Wow...”

Reinhardt quickly fell into a crisis. The walls crumbled and the users tried to get away. Despair filled the faces of the nobles and military leaders. Youngwoo thought it was absurd. Based on the video, the 12 super-sized golems were at least as strong as the Awakened Guardian of the Forest. And the 200 humanoid golems were like boss-sized monsters.

What type of magician could make this golem?

“...Uh?”

Youngwoo was feeling doubts when his eyes suddenly widened. It was because he found a familiar face in the video where people were dying in Reinhardt.

“Sehee?”

It was clearly Sehee. His sister Sehee was squatting in a corner of

Reinhardt and shaking.

“Damn!”

The reason why Sehee was playing Satisfy didn't matter now. He threw his food on the table and rushed out. He headed straight to the capsule. He was determined to rescue Sehee before the food got cold.

Winston Castle.

Lauel sent a whisper to Grid like he had been waiting.

–You came. A king's quest was granted to all users within the Eternal Kingdom a little while ago. The rewards are enormous, so why don't you try the quest?

Then the [Fight the Golems] quest window emerged in front of Grid. Meanwhile, Irene came running.

“Dear husband!”

“Irene?”

Irene was teary-eyed. She rushed at the confused Grid.

“The battle for Reinhardt isn’t going well. I’m anxious about my father.”

After the [Fight the Golems] quest, a new quest appeared.

[Save Earl Steim]

Difficulty: A

The golems that invaded Reinhardt Capital are stronger than expected and the situation has worsened.

Earl Steim is almost certainly in a crisis.

Save him for Lady Irene.

Quest Clear Conditions: The survival of Earl Steim.

Quest Clear Rewards: Your affinity with Earl Steim will reach the maximum and you will be able to exercise great power in the north.

Quest Failure: Level -1. If Earl Steim dies, Lady Irene will be locked in grief for a while. There is room for your marital relations to worsen.

“Please help my father.”

Despite being a NPC, Irene was a precious person who taught Grid how to love. Grid didn't want to see her look sad.

He decided. "I will bring Father-in-law back unharmed. So don't worry and wait."

[The quest has been accepted.]

He needed to arrive in Reinhardt as quickly as possible. But Grid hadn't been to Reinhardt so he couldn't measure the exact distance.

-Lauel, what is the distance from Winston to Reinhardt?

-It will probably take half a day if you use Fly.

-This...

Noe was too small to ride, so he needed help from a drake. He was about to call Huroi when Lauel gave him advice.

-Euphemina is a Duplicator, and doesn't she always have a number of spells copied? She might've duplicated Mass Teleport.

He was truly smart. The impressed Grid sent a whisper to Euphemina.

–Euphemina, do you have Mass Teleport available?

“I do. It is precious magic that I’ve saved, but I am willing to use it for you. What’s the destination?”

Euphemina’s answer came from behind him. She had good timing as she was on standby in Winston. It was lovely.

Grid smiled brightly and immediately replied. “Reinhardt.”

“Are there no mighty warriors to deal with those golems? The shortage of talent is too great!”

Reinhardt.

King Wiesbaden screamed from the walls.

The north’s strongest knight, Phoenix. The west’s strongest knight, Ector. The east’s strongest knight, Kis. King Wiesbaden felt desperate, as there weren’t enough people in the kingdom to deal with the golems except for these three and a few others.

Even the royal bodyguards made up of elite knights were helpless in front of the golems. The hundreds of thousands of troops? They were useless. The soldiers stabbed with their swords and spears, but they couldn’t even scratch the golems.

Magic was necessary to deal with golems, but the magic had no effect because of the Anti-magic Shield. It was a total crisis. The city was rapidly collapsing. Wiesbaden and the nobles prayed to the gods.

“Rebecca, goddess of light! Please give me strength to protect my kingdom and my people...!”

The gods certainly existed. However, there were few cases where prayers succeeded. The king and nobles knew this. In the end, the prayers dwindled.

Kuuong! Kuuong!

There was only the sound of walls and buildings collapsed, as well as the screams of the people.

“All of them are gathered together.”

Happy, the 304th ranker on the unified rankings looked at the battlefield and clicked his tongue. Out of the 100,000 users in Reinhardt, 99,900 of them were average level users, so the situation went bad.

“Sigh, I was expecting more.”

The top ranking players tended to engage in personal hunting rather than events. Happy once again realized that he had to leave Reinhardt. Most users were like him. How many of the 100,000 users gathered here were willing to fight in the hopes of protecting Reinhardt? Most of the people came to try out the quest, and there was no merit to them staying.

“Huh?”

There was a big fuss in North Street. The gazes of Happy and other users turned in that direction. Then they saw it. A female user wearing novice clothing was throwing herself over a NPC. The people laughed.

“Pfff, beginners are so pure.”

“I agree. At first, I tried to save NPCs as well. Kilkil.”

“Well, it’s not like experience will drop when dying for a beginner. Huh?”

“What?”

The users mocking the beginner turned their eyes towards the sky. It was the same for King Wiesbaden and the nobles on the wall. A bright light flashed in the evening sky and started to grow.

“Mass Teleport?”

A few people quickly figured out the identity of the light. Soon, a man and woman emerged from the light. There was a blonde girl with a lovely doll-like appearance and an Asian man.

“This damn thing!”

The Asian man who appeared from the Mass Teleport. He plummeted towards the ground while screaming.

“Get your hands off my sister!”

His furious voice spread through Reinhardt. Everyone, including the users, NPCs and golems, turned their gaze towards the sky. Then they witnessed it at the same time. The blue greatsword reminiscent of a predator of that sea that smashed into the soul doll!

“Heok! T-That person!”

“G...God...!”

The person who used the blue greatsword in the National Competition. He was an existence that all users in Satisfy knew. The first legendary class. That’s right. It was the moment when Grid appeared.

The users cheered as they saw him.

“God Grid! God Grid has showed up!”

『 Grid has appeared with exquisite timing! 』

『 Doesn't this remind you of the scene in the National Competition a few months ago? 』

『 A protagonist always followed the basic rule of coming late. 』

The Reinhardt war video got the highest ratings as it was broadcasted through various channels around the world. Grid succeeded in protecting Sehee and Yerim as the world watched.

He shouted. “Summon Knights! Huroi! Lauel! Jude!”

Pak! Papat!

In front of Grid, the strongest of the 10 Rookies appeared. There was also the first ranked orator Huroi that some people knew about. In addition, there was an NPC.

‘Summon knights?’

‘Truly God Grid...! He's become a noble!’

‘He summoned three knights, so he is a viscount? Amazing...’

As people felt admiration, Grid commanded his party.

“Smash all these damn golems. First, I need to make a party with my sister.”

“ ... ”

It was the moment when the struggle was about to begin.

Chapter 198

“Are you okay?”

“Sniffle! Thank you.”

Shortly after Sehee rescued the NPC boy.

Kiyaaak!

A soul doll sprang towards Sehee.

“Danger!”

Yerim moved. It was a reflexive action. She just wanted to help a friend in crisis, so Yerim pushed Sehee and became the target of the soul doll instead. She would’ve done the same thing even if this was reality. Sehee was her only friend, so she was as precious as family.

Anyway, the Satisfy system recognized her as a ‘hero who saved the Saintess.’

[The Saintess is the symbol of wisdom and virtue.]

[I applaud your courage for making a sacrifice on behalf of the unique Saintess who will benefit the world.]

[You can convert to the epic rated hidden class, Saintess' Knight.]

“Eh?”

Yerim became stunned as she checked the odd notification window that appeared in front of her. She faced the soul doll's kick with her pretty face. At that moment. A blue greatsword fell from the sky like a lightning bolt.

Peeeeeeong!

Kyaak!

It was a truly amazing sight. The soul dolls were armed with spectacular weapons and armor, so they couldn't be defeated even when attacked in groups. Who was the person who saved them by showing strength on another dimension?

Sehee and Yerim gazed at the man who descended from the sky. He had neat black hair with a crown on top of it. He wore red and gold armor that matched with the black boots. A cloak that emitted a bloody smell. Seven golden blades revolved around him.

He was a person who showed his absolute dignity in the National Competition. That person was Shin Youngwoo, Grid.

“Oppa?”

The two girls' eyes fluttered. How did he know to come to this place and save them? The girls felt like it was destiny.

‘As expected from Oppa.’

‘He truly is my prince.’

“Come this way.”

Grid hid the girls behind his back and studied the situation. Hundreds of golems were approaching. They were red from the blood of the slaughtered humans.

Kwaduduk!

Grid gritted his teeth. If he had been even a little later, these damn bastards would've hurt his little sister and her friend. The Grid from a month ago would've rushed over to the golems straight away. But since Lauel joined him, his prudence had doubled every day.

Yesterday, he had a slip of the tongue with the Tzedakah Guild members, but that didn't often happen.

–Euphemina, how many golems are there?

Euphemina observed Reinhardt from the sky and replied.

–There are 733 old golems, 187 soul dolls and 12 ancient weapons.

As a Duplicator, Euphemina had high insight. It was higher than Grid, whose insight was currently close to 1,000. Thanks to that, she could quickly and accurately identify the number of golems.

Grid nodded and measured the combat power of the golems.

‘The old golems have a combat power of 9,300, the soul dolls are 15,000 and the ancient weapons are 26,000...’

Grid frowned.

‘The pope’s attack power was 24,000.’

Even a difference of 100 was big when it came to combat power. Let’s assume that 1 was the power of an ant and 100 was the power of an eagle. The ancient weapons had 2,000 more combat power than the pope, so they were hard to ignore.

‘There are 12 opponents more powerful than the pope...’

Even the weakest of the old golems were stronger than the knights. Every soul doll was equivalent to a top ranker. Grid couldn’t afford to take on these golems alone. Wasn’t ‘Fight the Golems’ a cooperative quest in the beginning? Grid thought for a moment before shouting.

“Summon Knights! Huroi! Lauel! Jude!”

Pak! Papat!

It was the moment when the privilege of a noble was invoked. The called people appeared in a flash of light around Grid. Grid invited them and Euphemina to the party before saying.

“Smash all these damn golems. First, I need to make a party with my sister.”

[Ruby has joined the party.]

[Sexy Schoolgirl has joined the party.]

‘Sister?’

They turned their gaze behind Grid. They were surprised to see two beautiful girls wearing novice clothing. The party information window showed they were only level 1.

Lauel asked, “Do you plan to be a bus?”

Bus. It was a term used for high level users raising a low level user. In Satisfy, it was impossible to hunt in a party with a 35 level difference, because the low level user wouldn’t gain any experience.

“A level 1 noble will be born.”

However, the rewards for a cooperative quest were shared equally among all party members. If Grid killed one golem, it was treated as all the party members killing one golem. And the rewards for the ‘Fight the Golem quest were as followed:

After defeating an old golem, 300 gold and 100 kingdom contribution would be acquired.

After defeating a soul doll, 1,000 gold and 500 kingdom contribution would be acquired.

After defeating an ancient weapon, 3,000 gold and 1,500 kingdom contribution would be acquired.

A user couldn’t become an earl, marquis or duke just through contribution points. However, a baron required 3,000 points and a viscount 10,000 points to be upgraded, regardless of the level.

In other words.

‘Thanks to Grid, Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl can enjoy the game from level 1.’

Was this being born with a gold spoon?

‘No... It is diamond cutlery, not a gold spoon. No, it is adamantium.’

Anyway, the world was unfair. Lael became aware of this once again as Grid ordered.

“Jude, Ruby and Se...xy Schoolgirl...”

What was with this ID? Grid looked at Yerim incredulously. Yerim just laughed at him. Grid sighed before speaking again.

“Jude, protect Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl. The rest will help me deal with the ancient weapons.”

The main reason for the NPC army and the users’ lack of strength was because magic attacks didn’t work on the golems. In order to allow Euphemina and the other magicians to play an active role and to make the battlefield more favorable, they had to deal with the ancient weapons first.

“Right? Lael.”

“You are wise.”

Lael complimented and Grid grasped the +9 Failure. The thrilled Huroi shouted, “My Lord! You are a divine being and nobody can block your way! All results will be done according to your will!”

[Your morale has increased.]

[Your attack power and magic attack power will significantly rise for the next attack.]

[The next attack will be a critical hit!]

A buff skill that was only possible for a second advancement orator was applied to Grid! He smiled and called out the name of his skill.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship! Transcended Link!”

The goal was the ancient weapon 200m ahead. A total of 20 energy blades that inflicted 150% of his damage per hit flew towards it. The golem that didn’t allow one attack while advancing from the south of the Eternal Kingdom was hit.

Kuuuuong.

Transcended Link was a critical and caused the ancient weapon to fall to one knee. In the aftermath, the buildings in the area shook greatly.

Kik. Kikik.

The ancient golem suffered damage that was more than two-

thirds of its health and made a bizarre sound. Then the Anti-magic Shield was turned off. Euphemina saw this and used magic from the sky.

“Storm Gravity Field.”

Jjejejeok!

A gravitational field 5m in diameter was created around the fallen ancient weapon. 10 old golems and one soul doll in the vicinity were also sucked into the gravitational field. Then on top of that.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

A huge storm struck from the sky.

[The Indecisive Mumud's Orb's option effect is activated, increasing magic damage by 100%.]

[Magic damage has increased by 68%.]

Kiyaaaaaah!

The golems shrieked from inside the storm. Their bodies slowly disintegrated and stone powder was spread all over the place. Then Lael came out. Armed with Grid's unique rated qi gun, Lael proved why he was 1st on the qigong master rankings.

“Dragon’s Scream.”

It was a neat finish. The golems, trapped in the gravitation field, collapsed due to the damage and soon turned to grey light.

[You have destroyed an ancient weapon.]

[3,342,000 experience has been distributed.]

[You have destroyed a soul doll.]

[87,300 experience has been distributed.]

[You have destroyed an old golem.]

[24,550 experience has been distributed.]

“Heok!”

“Crazy..!”

The golems had overwhelmed the hundreds of thousands of troops in Reinhardt with absolute strength. Yet they collapsed due to the combination of only four skills, so people were amazed beyond admiration.

In particular, Happy, who was ranked 304th.

‘What type of monsters are they?’

Everyone knew that Grid was strong. But what about Huroi? As the only non-combat class in the top 1,000 rankings, his strength was more than Happy imagined. Grid had obviously become twice as strong due to his fraudulent buff ability.

Lauel was also more than rumored. His rapid growth seemed to be related to the huge qi gun on his shoulder.

There was also the person called Euphemina...

‘Who is she?’

She was a completely unfamiliar person, but she was a powerful magician who seemed to have the strength of the 5th ranked Yura. Finally.

“Ruby. Sexy Schoolgirl. Jude will protect them.”

Kwaaaaang!

The NPC was armed with the black sword that Grid used to defeat Bondre in the National Competition, and was overwhelming three old golems alone.

“Hiccup!”

People were so surprised that they couldn't help hiccuping. As hiccups were heard from all directions, Grid wasn't feeling very impressed.

“These golems, why don't they drop items?”

“...I'm not sure.”

Lauel didn't know. He couldn't always answer Grid's questions.

『 Grid doesn't just have outstanding ability as an individual. He also has strong knights. 』

『 In particular, the user called Euphemina used S-grade magic without any casting time.. She must have a hidden class. 』

『 The conclusion is that we must praise God Grid. 』

The anchors and experts relaying the Reinhardt war situation praised Grid. The netizens were the same. It has been a long time since the National Competition, so they watched the exciting battle video and praised God Grid. The seeds of praising Grid were planted in Satisfy.

It was the same for Wiesbaden, king of the Eternal Kingdom.

“Ohh...! Who’s the brave person who is dealing out justice to the cruel golems? Goddess Rebecca heard our prayers and sent us a mighty warrior...!”

Earl Steim proudly explained.

“He’s my son-in-law.”

Earl Steim cleared his throat and proudly stuck out his chest.

Chapter 199

“Son-in-law?”

The fact that Earl Steim’s son-in-law was a commoner had now spread through the kingdom. The royal family and nobles thought that Earl Steim was crazy. What idiot would marry his successor to a commoner instead of a political force or a rich noble?

Earl Steim was over 60 years old, so they thought he had become senile. But now...

‘It was like this. Such a sly snake wouldn’t pass on his only successor to some rabble.’

‘Despite being a commoner, he has great abilities.’

‘So reliable... I’m envious.’

The nobles saw the black-haired man as a heroic warrior. Didn’t he defeat an ancient weapon that couldn’t be scratched by hundreds of thousands of troops?

King Wiesbaden was amazed. “Your son-in-law is a hero fighting for the kingdom! Earl Steim’s acumen is truly amazing! Your presence is the light of hope for this kingdom!”

There were two dukes and three marquises in the Eternal

Kingdom, but Earl Steim had the highest authority. It was because his family was able to build up his power by defending and developing the north over three generations. Thus, many nobles were watching out for Earl Steim. The king praised Earl Steim, so the nobles became nervous.

‘There’s no way to stop the rise of Earl Steim.’

‘He might become a marquis due to this achievement.’

Several shrewd nobles started to flatter Earl Steim.

“It’s amazing. Having a heroic warrior as a son-in-law, your abilities are really impressive.”

“The power of the earl, who has obtained a heroic warrior, will affect other countries. I respect you.”

Heroic warrior! This meant they were someone who was talented and brave, and who alone could exert the value of hundreds of thousands of troops. A person of this era who deserved to be admired.

Earl Steim was annoyed at the nobles who misunderstood Grid.

“My son-in-law isn’t a heroic level warrior...”

“Hahaha! Aren’t you too humble?”

The nobles thought that Earl Steim was being modest. They misunderstood and thought he was managing his image. But what was the truth?

“My son-in-law is a heroic warrior, but a legendary warrior! Hahahahat!”

“ ... ”

It was the moment when Earl Steim’s pride in his son-in-law reached the peak. The king and nobles were embarrassed.

‘What is he saying now...?’

‘He’s too arrogant just because we flattered him a little bit.’

They thought Earl Steim was bluffing. It was natural. There were only nine legendary warriors in history. After Pagma and Sword Saint Muller, only one legendary warrior had appeared in the last 100 years. Now Earl Steim was calling his son-in-law a legend? Wasn’t this more arrogant than necessary?

“My son-in-law, isn’t he the greatest? Hahahat!”

“Hahaha...”

The king and nobles laughed at Earl Steim.

Reinhardt's West Street.

Kiyaaak!

“Ugh!”

The army from the north were facing a major crisis.

They were hit by rays fired by ancient weapons in succession, and had already lost one-third of their troops. The old golems were pushing the soldiers and the knights were struggling against the soul dolls.

Captain Phoenix, who they had been relying on, left for a while to save a boy and girl, so the situation become more desperate.

“H-Help me...! Kuak!”

“Ugh! My wife in Winston will become a widow today... Please remarry a better man...”

Kyaak!

Three soul dolls entered into the gap between soldiers and swung a sword made up of parts from their bodies. The series of assaults

caused many victims.

“Ugh!”

Winston’s knight, Romeo Laniche, had come as part of Earl Steim’s troops. He was stabbed in the stomach by a soul doll.

Flop!

He fell to the ground and gazed up at the sky, thinking about his old colleague. Knight Deck, who lost his life while facing the Awakened Guardian of the Forest for Viscount Grid. Romeo smiled at the thought of reuniting with an old friend.

“Deck... I will be your sparring opponent again in the afterlife...”

He had stepped down from the line of succession for Viscount Laniche. He was bachelor and only cared about training. He had no regrets about leaving this world because he didn’t have a wife or child to worry about. Just,

‘It is too bad that I haven’t dated in awhile.’

Romeo lamented as he closed his eyes. He was prepared to accept death. But he couldn’t die.

“I can’t watch my wife’s knight die before my eyes. She will be sad.”

Jeeeong!

It was Grid. He killed the soul doll with a blue greatsword and threw a potion at Romeo.

“Viscount Grid...”

Wasn’t this an exquisite moment of salvation? Romeo and the Winston soldiers were thrilled.

“Thank you.”

Romeo didn’t expect it, but he was joyful after he was saved. He bowed to Grid who said, “Stay alive and pay me 50 gold. It’s the value of the potion.”

“...The price of this potion is 8 gold.” Romeo said carefully, but it was useless.

It was because Grid had already left this place. He was heading towards the center of the gathered soul dolls and old golems that were slaughtering the northern army.

“Viscount Grid!”

The knights and soldiers were worried about Grid. It was hard to imagine that Grid would be safe alone against all those strong

golems. However, Grid was a legend. He fought alone against Pope Drevigo, the Awakened Guardian of the Forest, Neberius of the Yatan Church and the great demon Hell Gao. The ancient weapons might be different, but the old golems and soul dolls couldn't do any harm to him.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link.”

He dodged the golems’ attacks while dancing. The muscles that squeezed during the dance were released at once. At the same time, the blue greatsword moved explosively. 21 blue and white energy blades sped through the air at a terrible speed, compressing all the air it passed through.

“ ... ”

Silence fell. The knights, soldiers and golems were all silent.

“This is the time.”

After Grid spoke,

Pipit! Pipipipit!

The compressed air exploded, breaking the bodies of the old golems and soul dolls into dozens of pieces.

Kukukukung!

The golems scattered as pieces of stones. Grid stepped forward. This gaze was directed at the ancient weapon 100m ahead.

“My Lord! I’m ready!” Huroi shouted as he followed Grid.

Grid responded to him. “I am also ready.”

The voice of an orator rang through Reinhardt.

“The world is watching My Lord! Show them your dignity! I, Huroi, will help you with my strength!”

[Your morale has increased.]

[Your attack power and magic attack power will significantly rise for the next attack.]

[The next attack will be a critical hit!]

Huroi’s ‘Morale Boost’ buff skill had a cooldown time of 10 minutes. It meant that 10 minutes had passed since the first ancient weapon was defeated, and it was the moment that Grid would turn the battlefield upside down again.

“Blacksmith’s Rage! Fly.”

Grid used his own buff skill and flew into the sky. It was the sight of a blacksmith holding a big sword in one hand while using magic. People witnessed it many times in the National Competition, but they were still impressed.

『 God Grid has come forward! 』

The cries of the program anchors relaying Reinhardt's war situation resonated through the TVs.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship!”

A white light surrounded the blue greatsword, like the sight of the universe in a dark night sky. Grid approached the ancient weapon from the sky, while unfolding a sword dance like a butterfly. The air around him was heavy, due to all the hatred and killing intent. It was a precursor of a disaster.

[Linked Kill]

A minimum of three to seven blows will be randomly generated that will deal 1500% damage per hit (the current damage of Kill -300%).

The hundreds of thousands of NPCs and users in Reinhardt. In addition, the hundreds of millions of viewers watching it in real time.

“Linked Kill!”

The greatest skill that he used to defeat Hell Gao was activated.

Roaaaaar!

The ancient weapon whose height exceeded 8m. The white glow from the blue greatsword aimed at the giant's head.

Jjejeong!

[Critical!]

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

[You have dealt 6,250,900 damage to the target.]

The second blow.

Jjejejeok!

[The Holy Light Gloves's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

[You have dealt 2,238,400 damage to the target.]

The third blow.

Jjeejeeong!

[You have dealt 445,200 damage to the target.]

The fourth blow.

Jjeejeeong!

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

[The Holy Light Gloves's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

[You have dealt 4,851,000 damage to the target.]

“ ... ”

This was the perfect deadly move that made the world shocked. The head of the ancient weapon was completely destroyed.

Kung! Kukung! Kukukung!

The scattered rocks fell like meteors, destroying the surrounding buildings.

Kukukukukung...

The ancient weapon sat down silently. Lael scratched his head while looking at the dust that rose. “This time, I didn’t have a chance to act.”

In fact, Lael was sweating. He didn’t know that Grid was this strong.

‘Did he not show all of his skills in the National Competition?’

Gulp.

Lael gulped while Sexy Schoolgirl shouted excitedly, “Oppa is so cool!”

This was the beginning.

“Waaaaahhhhh!”

Starting with the Sexy Schoolgirl’s cry, all the NPCs and users in Reinhardt started shouting.

“L-Legendary...!”

The mouths of the king and nobles on the walls looked like a

goldfish's mouth. Earl Steim's power soared into the sky today. On the other hand, Grid was grumbling. "These damn golems don't give items to the end. They also give less experience."

Lauel clicked his tongue from his spot on the ground.

"Aren't these golems quest monsters? Every time you hunt, you can earn 300 gold and 100 kingdom contribution. Isn't this enough?"

Grid tsked. "Why can't I be greedy? Isn't it natural to wish for more?"

Lauel was amazed by his words.

'It's the first time I've seen someone like this.'

Indeed, there seemed to be no end to Grid's greed. While they were caught off guard,

Kikik. Kik.

A strange sound was heard from the body of the ancient weapon.

"...?"

The seven golden blades moved before Grid could react. The

moment that the golden blades gathered together to protect Grid.

Kuwaaaaaang!

A powerful explosion occurred around the body of the ancient weapon.

[You have suffered 591,140 damage.]

[A legend doesn't die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

“Cough!”

Grid was swept away by the blast and crashed into the ground. The astonished Huroi, Lauel and Euphemina ran towards him. Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl were pale and stuck in their place like a stone statue.

At the same time. In the golem labyrinths scattered all over the continent, Braham's murmur rang out.

[My golems will grow as they fight and will eventually destroy Grid. I will teach you a lesson. Then... Huh?]

The 28 scattered pieces of Braham's soul became agitated.

[What power is this?]

As Braham was feeling confused, a notification window appeared in front of all users connected to Satisfy.

[The Saintess, an existence with superior wisdom and virtue, has emerged.]

[The Saintess will be an example for the people and will benefit the whole world.]

“...Sehee?”

Reinhardt.

Grid was surprised. It wasn't because of the notification window in front of him, but because the status of the party window had changed.

Name: Ruby

Level: 1

Class: Saintess

“Don't hurt my brother!”

Sehee rarely showed her true feelings. Her warm touched started to heal Grid's ragged body.

[20% of your total health has been restored.]

“... Percentage heal?”

The strongest healer in Satisfy appeared.

Chapter 200

Kuaaaaaaang!

There was a flash of light from the ancient weapon and a powerful explosion occurred. Everything within a radius of 15m was destroyed.

“Oppa!”

Sehee became pale as she witnessed Grid being swept up in the explosion. Grid’s health in the party window was at the very minimum.

“My Lord!”

“Grid!”

Huroi and Lauel had only seen Grid’s invincible appearance. Grid dying in battle? They never even imagined it. The two people filled with severe confusion and the panicked Euphemina ran towards Grid. On the other hand, Grid was relieved and surprised.

“Ouch... Why did an explosion occur all of a sudden? I have a headache.” Grid questioned it. He grumbled as he rose from his spot.

Exactly one. He only had one point of health left. Thanks to this

one point, he didn't die. It truly was like a miracle.

The excited Huroi shouted, "The heavens helped you!"

Lauel was relieved. "It is hard to believe that you survived that explosion. What type of defense do you have?"

"It isn't higher than most people. It is the power of items?"

Grid spoke with a smile, but he was inwardly uncomfortable.

'I lost my insurance.'

The reason why Grid could be confident in battle every time was because he believed in his invincible passive. Compared to ordinary users, he had two lives. Now that he lost his invincible passive, he was forced to cower.

'The cooldown of the invincible passive is one day...'

Grid decided that he should be cautious. Then he asked Lauel. "The first one didn't explode. Then why did the second ancient weapon explode? What is the rule?"

"It is hard to guess accurately with only two examples. The best we can do now is fight with the assumption that the 10 remaining ancient weapons will explode after death."

“That means we need to leave immediately after killing...”

Grid was looking troubled when the golems started to gather from all directions. It was the worst situation. The golems scattered throughout Reinhardt all started targeting Grid. There were 800 of them. Grid’s group had destroyed a lot, but there were still many of them left. It was a life or death crisis.

“It seems that you drew the aggro after successively killing the ancient weapons. Euphemina, have you duplicated Heal?”

“Unfortunately, I haven’t. The Rebecca priests are so precious that I didn’t have many opportunities to duplicate Heal.”

“Retreat.”

Grid needed time to recover. Huroi and Lael tried to get him to escape, but the soul dolls’ speed was too fast.

Kyaak!

Jjejeong! Jjeejeeong!

“Ugh...!”

Huroi barely prevented the onslaught from the soul dolls and sat down after being stabbed. It was difficult for him to deal with the soul dolls with his skills. He barely managed to survive thanks to

the protection of his drake. Lael was also vulnerable when it came to close combat.

Euphemina tried to support the two, but it was no use because of the Anti-magic Shield.

In the end, Grid had only one way out. In the past, he would've saved his life by running away alone. However, now he had no thoughts of throwing away his companions.

“Support me from the rear.”

Grid had been sitting in order to speed up his recovery, but now he stood up. Then he stepped out in front of the part and took the finest potion.

[7,500 health has been be restored.]

“Che.”

If he combined all his items and titles, Grid's health was close to 60,000. The recovery amount of 7,500 wasn't great.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

Grid became aware of the danger of allowing attacks and his movements became very passive. He couldn't help sweating as 100 soul dolls and 700 old golems came at him. He defended with the

pavranium while waiting for the cooldown time of the potion to run out.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The 10 ancient weapons in different locations fired their rays of magic power, further pushing Grid on the defensive.

“Protect Viscount Grid!”

The northern troops from Winston tried to help Grid’s party. But it didn’t help much. The casualties kept increasing. Grid felt regret.

‘I should’ve worn Doran’s Ring in advance.’

Grid had become better at using Doran’s Ring in battle. He wore Doran’s Ring the moment the enemy used a powerful skill in order to maximize the recovery effect. But he didn’t wear Doran’s Ring in battle.

He was too overconfident. As a result, he couldn’t cope with the sudden explosion of the ancient weapon and couldn’t use Doran’s Ring to restore his health. So now he was in a crisis.

“Oppa...!”

Grid was dealing with the golems with a low amount of health.

He was visibly struggling to Sehee.

‘I want to help.’

Sehee didn’t want to see her brother being harassed. She also didn’t want to ignore the soldiers dying for her brother. More power was needed.

“I will become a Saintess.”

Immediately after the announcement that she could become a Saintess, a golden exclamation mark appeared on one side. Unlike her brother, Sehee immediately realized what this exclamation mark was.

‘If I click on this, I can go through the process of becoming a Saintess?’

Ttalkak.

Sehee touched the exclamation mark. Then the warm voice of a woman started to flow into her brain.

[The Saintess must be a role model for everyone. If you become the Saintess, you are obliged to do 50 or more good works every month. If you violate this rule, you will be deprived of your status and won’t be able to become a Saintess again.]

[It isn't possible for a Saintess to acquire any skills other than class specific skills.]

[A Saintess can one use class specific weapons.]

[Do you still want to become a Saintess after knowing these facts?]

“Yes.”

Swaahh!

After answering, Sehee's body started to shine with a warm golden light. The notification windows flashed before her.

[You have become the growth type hidden class, a Saintess.]

[A Saintess class starts at the epic rating. You must meet certain conditions in order to raise the rating.]

[You have obtained the Saintess class weapon, Wooden Staff. As the class rating grows, the rating of the weapon will also grow.]

[The Goodness stat has been opened.]

[The Composure stat has opened.]

[The skill Hope has been created.]

[The skill Discipline has been created.]

[The skill Benevolent Light has been created.]

[The skill Upright Heart has been created.]

[The title ‘Everyone’s Role Model’ has been obtained.]

[The skill Sacrifice has been created.]

[Congratulations! You are a unique existence in Satisfy. Your great power to heal others without borrowing from divine power is backed by a strong sense of responsibility.]

Sehee wasn’t a fool. She equipped the Wooden Staff and quickly discovered what skills could help her brother.

[Wooden Staff]

Rating: Epic

Durability: 200/200 Attack Power/Defense: 133

* All stats +50.

A staff made of unidentified wood. It is very hard and can't be cut by a sword.

There are no special features yet.

Conditions of Use: Saintess.

Weight: 180

[Hope]

Skill Rating: Epic

Randomly recovers 10~30% of the target's maximum health.

Skill Mana Consumption: 10% of your maximum mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 minute and 30 seconds.

* The skill rating will increase as the class rating increases.

[Discipline]

Skill Rating: Epic

After restoring the party member's condition, the status conditions immunity effect will be given for a certain period of time.

Skill Mana Cost: 2,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 5 minutes.

* The skill rating will increase as the class rating increases.

[Benevolent Light Lv. 1]

Restores the health of the party members, including yourself, by $3,500 + (\text{Goodness} \times 3 + \text{Intelligence} \times 2)$.

Skill Mana Cost: 1,500

Skill Cooldown Time: 3 minutes.

[Upright Heart Passive]

Skill Rating: Epic

Immune to all abnormal conditions.

You will give off a feeling of threat to vampires, demonkin and other such corrupt beings.

* The skill rating will increase as the class rating increases.

[Sacrifice]

Skill Rating: Epic

Resurrects the dead in return for your health and mana dropping to 1 point. This skill can't be used on NPCs.

This skill will do huge damage when used on a corrupt being.

Skill Cooldown Time: 12 hours.

* The skill rating will increase as the class rating increases.

She needed to use the Hope skill to help her brother. She was lacking mana at level 1, so Hope and Sacrifice were the only skills she could use. Sehee was determined to reach Grid, but Jude restrained her.

“Ruby. Sexy Schoolgirl. You shouldn't go to that dangerous place. You must be safe. It is Viscount Grid's command.”

Sehee saw that Jude was a simple person and easily convinced him.

“Do you think that our lives are more important than the life of Viscount Grid? We aren’t the ones in danger right now, it’s Grid. If we don’t help him, he might lose his life.”

“... Viscount Grid is more important.”

Jude grabbed the black greatsword with both hands. Then he ran 150m to the place where Grid was located, mercilessly breaking through the old golems and soul dolls.

Jjejeong! Jjejejeok!

Kiyaaaaak!

After Grid’s nurturing, Jude’s strength was now at 2,080.

“Ohhhhhh!”

Among the top rankers, it was extremely rare to have a strength exceeding 2,000. In addition, the power of the +8 Dainsleif that Jude wielded with all his power was comparable to Grid’s offensive power, making it difficult for the old golems and soul dolls to endure.

In the end, Sehee was able to approach Grid safely thanks to Jude.

“Sehee?”

“Don’t hurt Oppa!”

Sehee used the Hope skill and a warm light surrounded Grid’s body.

[20% of your total health has been restored.]

[The option effect of the Holy Light Armor has increased the power of recovery magic by 300%.]

[35,580 health has been restored.]

It was the moment when the strongest healer and the best armor evoked a massive synergy effect.

“... Percentage heal?”

Grid was astonished. His sister was a beginner, but then she suddenly became a Saintess and could use a healing skill?

Sehee shouted while he was confused, “Oppa, aren’t you the best? Go and smash these bad guys!”

The best? He was the pathetic person who did nothing for 28 years and worried his family. Grid was thrilled.

‘Thank you, Satisfy.’

He became the legendary Pagma’s Descendant in Satisfy and was able to change his life. The worst person turned into the best.

‘Without Satisfy, I would still be living a trivial life...’

At this moment, Grid was able to completely remove his shame at his pathetic past self and he felt his blood boiling. Aura sprang up around him. He felt stronger than when he received Huroi’s Morale Boost buff. Thanks to Sehee’s heal, he recovered 40,000 health. Therefore, he started his sword dance with confidence.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship! Wave!”

Roaaaaar!

Hundreds of blue-white waves of energy spread all over the place. The golems directly attacked by him suffered great damage and suffered a slow debuff at the same time. But there were many more golems unaffected.

Kiyaaak!

The attacks of the soul dolls randomly struck Grid’s body. Grid didn’t shrink back. He kept attacking as he was being hit. Grid had the strong healer called Sehee behind him, so he was able to use his combat style that required no control to destroy the soul dolls.

[You have suffered 3,300 damage.]

[You have dealt 20,900 damage to the target.]

[You have suffered 2,930 damage.]

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 44,200 damage to the target.]

[You have suffered 3,080 damage.]

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

[You have dealt 101,500 damage to the target.]

[You have destroyed a soul doll.]

[15% of your total health has been restored.]

[The option effect of the Holy Light Armor has increased the power of recovery magic by 300%.]

[26,685 health has been restored.]

“Sehee! You’re really the best! The best! Puhat! Puhahahat!”

This synergy between brother and sister was truly good. Grid couldn’t stop laughing. His momentum increased as he fought.

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

Now Sehee was level 13. She got a lot of experience in return for using healing on the level 270 Grid.

“ ... ”

Huroi, Lauel and Euphemina were speechless at the sight. A class that could only use heals from level 1? Yet the amount of healing was so enormous? Didn’t this rival the heals of high level priests? In particular, Euphemina received a great shock.

[You have failed to observe the target’s skill.]

[You have failed to observe the target’s skill.]

[You have failed to observe the target’s skill.]

It has been a very long time since she failed to observe Grid and Agnus' skills.

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